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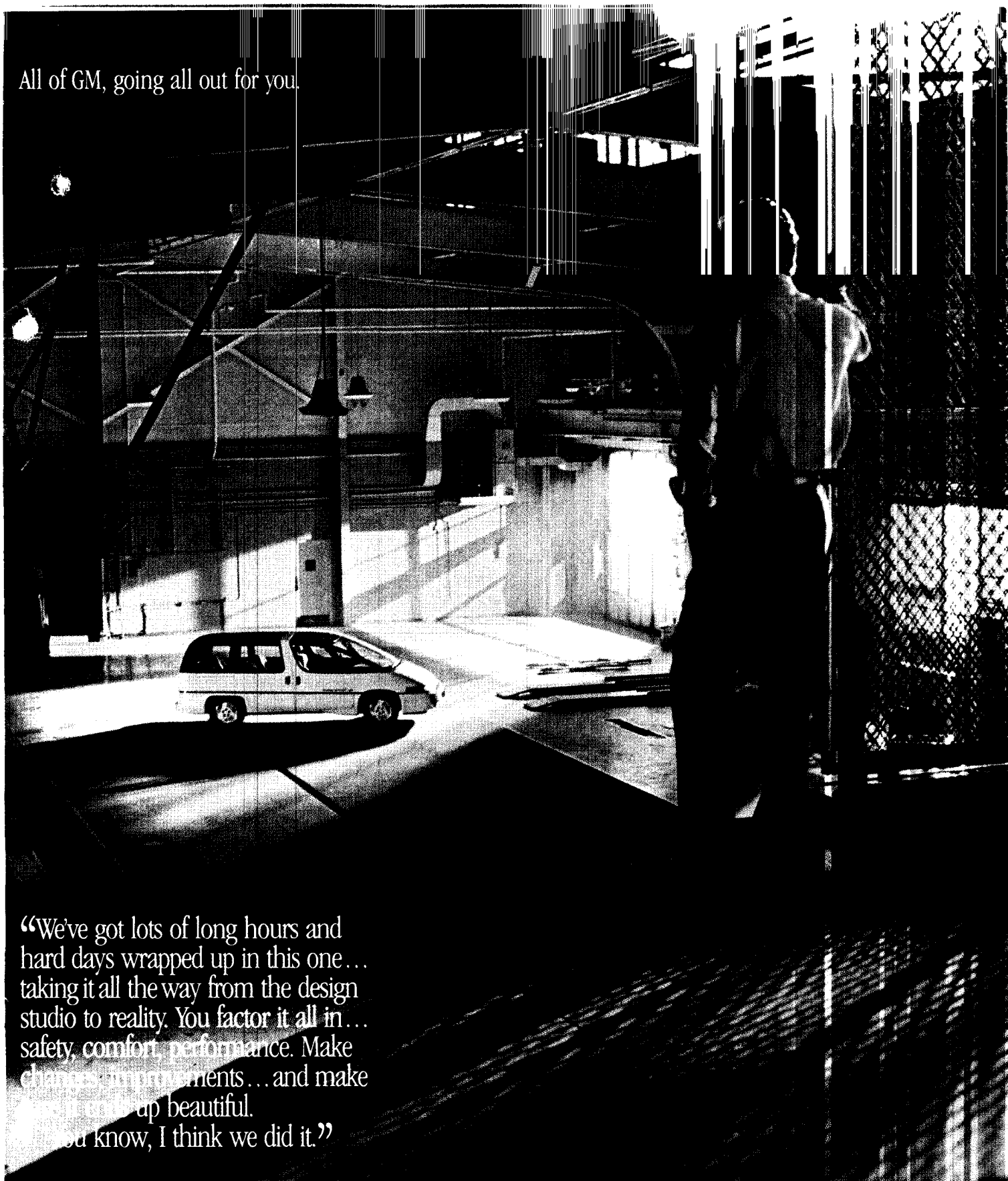
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The June Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the New England Aquarium, and the Smithsonian Institution.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ETHICS AND ANIMALS

In spite of its broad title Steven Zak's article "Ethics and Animals" (March *Atlantic*) addresses itself only to the question of animal research—a restricted and relatively small facet of the larger issue. What is the difference between an animal's being killed or abused in a science lab and its undergoing the same kind of treatment on a farm or in a private home? The idea that animal research is "the most powerful symbol of human dominion over and exploitation of animals" simply doesn't make any sense. What we're talking about isn't symbolism. It's ethics.

Only very large scientific institutions keep as many animals as a good-sized cattle ranch or chicken farm, and all one need do to get over the idea that animals kept for scientific research are treated worse than farm animals is visit a battery of laying hens. If chimps are worthy of moral consideration, then why not cows? Why not chickens? Pigs? Fish?

KURT TIDMORE
Philadelphia, Pa.

What makes pet lovers so certain that their treatment of animals is appropriate? Is Zak's spending \$1,000 on medical care for "his" dog more praiseworthy, *from the dog's point of view*, than an experiment? He states correctly that we have assumed custody of certain animals. Unlike slavery, the custody of animals cannot be undone by law. But owning pets is not commonly viewed with a responsibility that is consonant with animal-rights thought. For example, involuntary sterilization of pets is ethically troublesome. Moreover, the love pet owners feel for their animals translates rather directly into a relative shortage of veterinarians engaged in practice on farm animals, since the benefits of healing an individual animal on the farm are rarely assessed at as much as \$1,000. To the extent that they do not face such problems, defenders of animal rights are arrogant, although, as a scientist, I should perhaps substitute the word *anthropomorphic*. Moreover, Zak's argument that some animals are more deserving than others seems unpersuasive.

I'm also struck by the relative lack of concern animal-rights activists have for

the use of wild animals as pets. Because of conventions that are gradually becoming more stringent, such as the International Convention on Trade in Endangered Species, some abuses are gradually being remedied. Yet, to cite only one example of *new* unethical practices, only over the past two decades have the coral-reef fishes of the Indo-Pacific and Caribbean been exploited for stocking amateur saltwater aquaria, an increasingly popular use that is not substantially different in its effects on the animals concerned from the personal adornment with ostrich plumes in fashion near the end of the last century.

PETER W. FRANK
Eugene, Ore.

Steven Zak correctly remarks that "until the law protects the interests of animals, the animal-rights movement will by definition be radical." But it is ironic that people so interested in animal rights might plant a bomb to hurt or kill people. Both sides need to acknowledge their use of double standards.

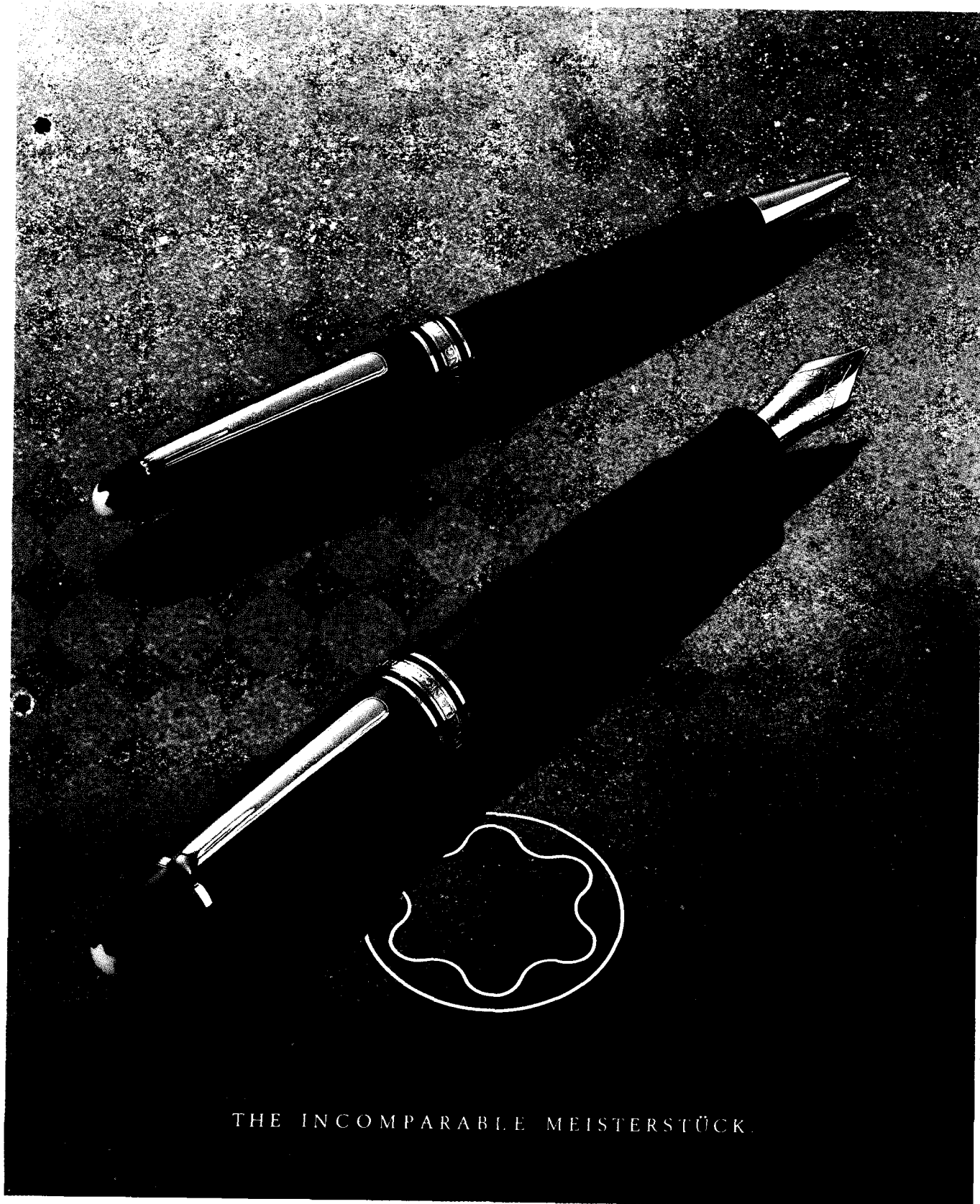
MARIO MATEO
Pasadena, Calif.

Albert Schweitzer once said, "Until he extends the circle of his compassion to all living things, man will not himself find peace." Enlightened individuals like Steven Zak realize that the interests of the environment, animals, and humans beings are interrelated.

"Ethics and Animals" is the best exploration of the animal-rights issue that I have seen in a long time.

SUZANNE E. ROY
Physicians Committee for
Responsible Medicine
Washington, D.C.

Many people believe scientists' self-serving interpretation of the historical value of animal experimentation. Animal researchers have the top academic posts, edit medical journals, write medical texts, teach medical students, and belong to societies whose members give impressive-sounding awards to one another. Animal researchers have used their control over the medical literature and their favored position with the media to rewrite medical history. But the medical historian Brandon Reines has



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demonstrated that nearly every advance in cancer and heart-disease therapy came from clinical research on and observation of human beings. Animal experimentation served primarily to prove in the lab what had been demonstrated in the clinical setting.

It has always been difficult to gain insight into a human disease by studying a non-human disease in non-human animals. For example, the injection of rapidly growing cancer cells in young, healthy animals causes cancers very different from the major human cancer killers, which are usually spontaneous, slow-growing tumors in elderly people. Perhaps one reason that the death rate from cancer has been steadily increasing over the past three decades is that our multibillion-dollar cancer-research program has focused on animal models.

STEPHEN KAUFMAN, M.D.
Medical Research Modernization Committee
New York, N.Y.

I am alive today as a result of a multiple bypass heart operation that was made possible only by many animal experiments and was carried out by a surgeon

who had perfected his incredibly difficult technique on anesthetized dogs rather than on me. Furthermore, I have spent my entire scientific life using animals when necessary in identifying and purifying enzymes that dissolve blood clots for possible use in the prevention and treatment of heart attacks and strokes. It is no surprise, therefore, that Steven Zak and I disagree, even though I have much sympathy for his attitude toward "lower" animals.

DANIEL L. KLINE
Cincinnati, Ohio

I have encountered the attitudes of research scientists in two major universities in the past five years, and have been utterly appalled at the lack of compassion they feel for their subjects. For example, I noticed that the rats in a laboratory in a major midwestern university were gnawing on their feet out of boredom. I volunteered to supply the rats with cardboard tubes from paper-towel rolls to nest in and chew on. I even volunteered to see that their cages were cleaned weekly and to replace the tubes. The researcher told me that I

could not give the rats something with which to entertain themselves, because that might affect the results of the experiment. Rats in other laboratories were similarly bored (and presumably also gnawing their feet until they bled), and so the experiment might not be accurately repeated. What a sad state of affairs—an intelligent being is reduced to self-mutilation, and nothing can be done because rats in other laboratories are being treated the same way!

BETH A. CRAWFORD
Williamsburg, Mass.

Steven Zak replies:

Mr. Tidmore seems to be objecting that the animal-rights movement has singled out animal research as a target and overlooked other forms of animal abuse, particularly the raising and killing of animals for food. But as I pointed out in my article, and as is commonly known, animal advocates care deeply about that issue, among others. Critics use the farm-animal issue against animal-rights activists, whatever stand the activists take: if they do not appear to stress that issue, they are accused of be-



ing arbitrary; if they do, they are dismissed as unacceptably radical. Thus one form of animal exploitation is used to defend others.

I share Mr. Frank's concern about the capture of wild animals for the pet trade and other purposes. As to his contention that the practice of keeping companion animals harms the food-animal industry by drawing veterinarians away, the idea had never occurred to me, but now that he mentions it, I'm tempted to go out and get another dog.

Since my article was written, new information has emerged about the alleged planting of a bomb by the animal-rights advocate Fran Trutt outside United States Surgical Corporation, which uses dogs to train salesmen in the use of its surgical stapler. *The New York Times* reported that for five months before the incident the company had been in contact with Trutt through hired undercover agents. The report contains allegations, denied by United States Surgical, that the company's agents encouraged the bombing to entrap Trutt and to reinforce a public image of animal-rights activists as dangerous fanatics.

Daniel Kline asserts that human beings have benefited from their use of animals. But as I argued in my article, to point to the benefits of exploitation is not to justify it.

I thank Suzanne Roy, Stephen Kaufman, and Beth Crawford for their support, and thank all my correspondents for their concern.

VENEZUELA UNDER PÉREZ

Merrill Collett's report on Venezuela's Carlos Andrés Pérez ("The Next Liberator?" February *Atlantic*) was startling in its failure to prepare readers for what followed shortly after Pérez was elected. The new President imposed a drastic austerity program, quite in tune with the International Monetary Fund, instead of engaging in a pointless confrontation. Increases in gasoline prices and bus fares triggered riots in Venezuela's always explosive cities—a combination of social protest, hooliganism, and political extremism that left at least 200 people dead and property damage in the millions.

Latin America, as your report suggests, is largely made up of urbanized and industrialized societies that seem modern in their large consumer markets, financial institutions, media systems, and generally democratic political practices. Unfortunately, they are also societies in crisis, although not for the reasons your report suggests. Foreign debt is not the central problem; it, like inflation, is a symptom of deeper internal disorders. According to the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America, in its "Balance of the Latin American Economy, 1988," debt-interest payments plus profit remittances have averaged about five percent of the region's \$600 billion to \$650 billion annual production of goods and services since the debt crisis began, in 1982. This is not a crushing burden. Likewise, Latin America is not being strangled by foreign-trade restrictions (as things stand now). From 1981 to 1988 the purchasing power of Latin American exports rose 18 percent and debt payments declined as a percentage of export earnings, according to the UN commission. Therefore, the Latin American problem should be

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not how to meet interest on the existing stock of debt but how to reverse the outflow of capital, foreign and domestic, that has been leaving faster than new capital has been coming in, at a rate of \$30 billion in 1988.

Latin America, a developing region, should be a net capital importer, through loans and investments, not a capital exporter. It is not attracting capital because no one wants to increase exposure in countries that threaten their creditors with unilateral repudiations, à la Alan García in Peru, or waste their credit on unproductive spending, as was the case in Venezuela. The advantages of a debt moratorium are illusory. Brazil tried halting interest payments to private banks in 1986–1987 and lost more capital than it saved, as new credits came to a halt and capital flight continued.

The underlying cause of Latin America's financial distress is the inability of these societies to generate sufficient internal savings to reduce their dependence on external borrowing. Doing so would require not only inducements to save but also greater efficiency in domestic investments, which are often financed by foreign loans. These weaknesses can be overcome only by major domestic economic reforms, based on a self-critical recognition of the real causes of the economic crisis. Without greater domestic savings, more productive use of capital, and a more equitable distribution of income, no way out is visible.

Fortunately, Carlos Andrés Pérez understood this (as García did not), and began his new presidency with a major devaluation of the bolivar, cuts in subsidies to reduce deficit spending, liberation of domestic interest rates, and a rapprochement with the IMF and private bankers. On the basis of this program, Pérez expects the holders of Venezuela's \$33 billion debt to extend easier terms and—above all—resume lending. This is critical, not only for Venezuela but also for the other Latin American debtors. The region can't go through another decade of virtually zero growth without a major political upheaval. An international debt facility, backed by the governments of developed countries, to guarantee a share of restructured debt would help. But the indispensable ingredient for renewed growth is better political leadership and economic management in Latin America, which can be supported by debt restructuring on generous terms.

Leadership is in such short supply in inter-American affairs that if Pérez can

set a strong example, he may well be remembered as a "historic" figure, as is his desire. He deserves support from the Bush Administration and the world financial community.

JUAN DE ONIS
Santiago, Chile

Merrill Collett replies:

It was impossible to foresee that Pérez, who was elected in December as an anti-IMF populist, would spin on his heels and impose an IMF-style austerity program in February. I was caught by surprise, and so were millions of poor Venezuelans whose expectations Pérez had raised in his campaign. Unmet expectations ignite social explosions. This, more than any "hooliganism" and "political extremism," explains the riots.

Venezuela's cities have not been "always explosive." Up to now Venezuela has been mercifully free of violence. The fact that the debt bomb exploded in peaceful, oil-rich Venezuela shows just how bad things are in Latin America. Juan de Onis is almost alone in his sanguine assessment that Latin America's debt payments are "not a crushing burden."

However, de Onis, a former stringer for *U.S. News & World Report*, is in the mainstream of business opinion when he says that a good dose of austerity will put Latin America back on its feet. It's too bad the banks didn't prescribe this medicine as a condition for the original loans, but in their rush to recycle petrodollars they couldn't be bothered with requiring economic reform. Bankers weren't concerned about Venezuela's wasting its money on unproductive spending. What they wanted was interest earnings. Venezuela faithfully complied. In the past five years it paid \$28 billion to its creditors in the expectation that they would play by Bretton Woods rules and make new loans. But the banks decided to cut and run. No new money was forthcoming, and Venezuela found itself with a severe liquidity problem. Irresponsible lending by the banks plus profligate spending by the government has created the crisis in Venezuela, as it has in Latin America as a whole.

Now is no time to point our fingers piously at Latin America's traditionally low rate of savings. (Our own is not that much better.) Economic issues are too quickly evolving into political problems. Whether Pérez can handle what is to come remains to be seen. His bad timing on the austerity measures, which he im-

posed before raising wages, calls into question his reputation as a consummate politician. Pérez is still a strong leader, and he certainly deserves Washington's support, but my admiration is less than it was when I wrote my article.

JFK'S CHILDREN

If Gary Hart lost the Democratic nomination for, as William Schneider ("JFK's Children: The Class of '74," March *Atlantic*) put it, "spending a weekend with a girl," are we to assume that he was babysitting? Someone should tell Schneider and his editors what the rest of the world has known for some time: females past the age of puberty are properly referred to as women.

Also, Schneider neither mentions nor quotes a single female political figure (and no members of minorities either, except for Jesse Jackson). I find this omission curious. Does Schneider believe that no significant women or minority politicians have come to power over the past fifteen years, or is it that those who have inconveniently fail to fit his hypothesis? If the new generation of non-male and non-white politicians have world views and methods of operation different from those of Schneider's "children," isn't that worth mentioning, at least in passing?

HILLARY RETTIG
New York, N.Y.

William Schneider replies:

Of the eighty-one members of the Class of '74 who are still alive, seventy-seven are white males. My purpose in writing the article was to characterize the thinking of the class, not to offer a representative portrait of the Democratic Party. Minorities and women were, and are, not a major voice in the Class of '74.

When I wrote that Senator Hart was criticized for "spending a weekend with a girl," I was using *girl* in the colloquial sense, as in *party girl*. I have never heard of a "party woman."

NAVAJO NATION

The delightful article "The Navajo Nation," by Kenneth Brower (March *Atlantic*), is most welcome—and very well done.

It contains only one flaw—the statement that the Anasazi villages were abandoned "for reasons unknown." One



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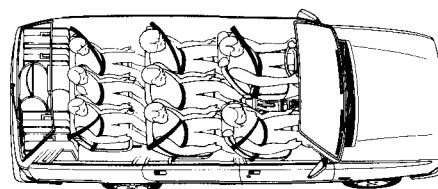
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of the fine archaeological developments of the past twenty-five years is dendrochronology: the use of the annual growth rings of trees to develop a historical calendar of rainfall and drought. The findings of the Museum of Northern Arizona, in Flagstaff, are that an extensive and exceedingly harsh and lengthy period of drought, beginning about A.D. 1270 and continuing for at least thirty years, resulted in the abandonment of dwellings not only in Navajoland but in places like Mesa Verde, in Colorado, as well.

J. MELVIN NELSON
Thatcher, Ariz.

Kenneth Brower replies:

It is kind of J. Melvin Nelson to find only one flaw in my article—I'm sure there were more. I'll argue, though, that the flaw he picked is not among them. There is no consensus among the experts that drought was the most probable cause of the disappearance of the Anasazi. Most archaeologists today seem to favor a combination of causes, foremost among them arroyo cutting and some sort of social upheaval.

The thing to remember about all such discussions is that today's most probable cause won't be tomorrow's. Ten years from now some archaeologist will marshal impressive evidence pointing in an entirely different direction. Maybe someday the most probable cause I was taught as a boy—that the Anasazi were driven out by warlike Athabaskan-speaking peoples, ancestors of the Apaches and Navajos—will come back into vogue. Who except the Anasazi knows why they vanished? Maybe the cause was indeed complex—some combination of factors. Maybe it was simple—some Anasazi Moses or messiah pointing the way across the desert. My own theory is that we will discover, on the day we learn to make sandstone speak, that the true cause was something no archaeologist has dreamed of.

NO HARD FEELINGS

Despite his disclaimer that he doesn't intend to apologize for the Vietnamese Communists ("No Hard Feelings?" December *Atlantic*), James Fallows does just that by asserting that the huge refugee outflow from Vietnam does not constitute prima facie evidence against the government of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam (SRV). He bases

his assertion on essentially two arguments: conditions in Vietnam are not so bad compared with those in other countries; and, therefore, Vietnamese people leave because the risks are acceptable, and because they know that they will be granted political asylum (whereas Burmese and Filipino people do not leave, because they know that they will be sent back).

Unfortunately, Fallows is being much too lenient with the SRV. His favorable comparison of the SRV with the Philippines is arguable, to say the least. First, Vietnam has been reliably estimated to be the fourth poorest nation in the world in terms of per capita income. The Philippines is poor, but not that poor. Furthermore, Fallows forgets that the Filipino people are not subjected to the degree of political control that the Vietnamese people are—the Filipino government is not strong enough for such measures.

Moreover, the degree of repression is much more severe in the SRV than in present-day, reform-minded China. For instance, the Vietnamese Communists continue to discriminate systematically against and repress those associated with the former Republic of Vietnam. In contrast, the Chinese authorities have explicitly proscribed judging or treating people on the basis of their former class backgrounds. Moreover, totalitarian tactics no longer used in China continue to be pervasive in the SRV: for example, the use of block committees (informant and thought-control networks) is widespread, and religious repression is severe (witness the recent arrest of and death sentences pronounced upon two Buddhist monks charged with being members of a human-rights group). In general, Vietnam resembles the super-repressive Maoist China of the fifties and sixties, rather than the moderately repressive China of the eighties.

Fallows goes on to claim that Vietnamese are fleeing the SRV because for them it is a "risky but sensible step." However, he grossly underestimates exactly how risky it is. More than 300,000 (some say half a million) Vietnamese have died on the high seas in their attempts to escape. More to the point, the Vietnamese people are well aware of this fact; they know that their chances of making it alive to a refugee camp are 50 percent, at best. Such a willingness to risk one's life *must* indicate something about the special nature of the Vietnamese Communist regime. In other words,

life in the SRV must be so intolerable that it is worth literally risking death to escape from it.

Fallows's follow-up argument that Vietnamese leave because they know that they will be accepted for political asylum is not only cynical but also spurious. Though almost all Vietnamese were automatically given "political refugee" status during the period 1975–1980, this is no longer so. In fact, one's chances of eventually receiving asylum (and being admitted to the United States or another Western country) have greatly decreased since then.

RAPHAEL CUNG
*School of Advanced International Studies
Johns Hopkins University
Alexandria, Va.*

I would add two points to what James Fallows writes about refugees from Vietnam. He correctly states that people risk the hazards of leaving in the hope that they may be accepted for resettlement, but to this must be added another factor: that of family reunion. Some two million people have left Vietnam, a fact that makes the refugee flow powerfully self-perpetuating and not always based on rational considerations of risk.

In a recent interview with a surprisingly candid official in Hanoi, I asked for his evaluation of the effects on Vietnam of the refugee exodus. His reply was twofold. He deplored the loss of intellectual and manual skills that the country needs for reconstruction; but, he said, an even worse loss was what he called the moral one. By this he meant the stained reputation Vietnam has acquired because of the boat people and other refugees. I agree with Fallows, though, that this is not a reason for being politically vindictive toward Vietnam.

CARL F. NIELSEN
Geneva, Switzerland

James Fallows replies:

The central point of my article was that America's war in Vietnam remains emotionally and politically important in only one place: the United States. The misreading of what I said about refugees, so as to make it fit ongoing American arguments about the war, underscores my original point.

Did I say that Vietnam was a nice, well-run country, or that refugees were merely opportunists looking for a soft deal? Hardly. The article said that Vietnam is one of the poorest and most repressive countries in Asia. And I have

written previously in these pages that the United States has a moral and historical obligation to accept refugees who have been persecuted because of their involvement with the United States, in addition to a general role as a sanctuary for those desiring freedom. I also think the refugees have been a tremendous asset to America, in the same way that they represent a spiritual and practical asset to Vietnam.

But I did say that the volume of refugees leaving Vietnam was odd. Vietnam is one of the most miserable countries in Asia, but the outflow has for a decade been the largest, by far. There is simply no measure of objective misery that can account for this. (Cambodia, of course, is a different case.) Burma is very close to Vietnam in material poverty and tyrannical repression. During last year's riots in Rangoon, for instance, several dozen Burmese students were wedged so tightly into a police van that they all suffocated to death. As Mr. Cung points out, China in the 1950s was as poor and repressive as today's Vietnam—and during the late 1960s it was much worse.

In Burma and Vietnam now as in China then, many people long for freedom and a chance at a better life. Refugees have left all three countries. But only from Vietnam have they come by the hundreds of thousands, year after year. Maybe geography explains part of the difference—more of Vietnam's people live near the coast. But the main difference is that Vietnamese refugees believe they have at least a chance of being accepted somewhere else; Burmese and Chinese have virtually no chance. If during China's Cultural Revolution the United States or Canada had run a large-scale asylum program for persecuted Chinese, how many do you think would have headed for Hong Kong?

Mr. Cung is wrong about the changes in refugee policy. The numbers and proportions being accepted are of course lower than they were fourteen years ago. Fewer of today's refugees have direct, documented links to the U.S. government, the former South Vietnamese government, or the South Vietnamese army—categories that make for quick admission to the United States. Tens of thousands of people are piled up in refu-

gee camps, mainly in Thailand, hoping to be accepted somewhere and fearing they might be returned to Vietnam. But in the past few years the refugee rules have occasionally been loosened in a significant way. Several times the United States has decided that a category of refugee it had previously refused to accept—for instance, those who have been persecuted but have no family link or other connection to the United States—would in fact be admitted, in order to clear out some of the backlog. This news has spread very fast through the grapevine and has naturally given more people more hope.

This is in no way a criticism of the refugees: it merely shows that in addition to being courageous and freedom-loving, they are rational people. For someone in Burma, setting out in a boat means a big risk and no hope of success. A would-be Vietnamese refugee has at least a small hope, enough to persuade many brave people to face the dangers of the sea. But—to come back to what I said in my article—it does not by itself prove that Vietnam is so much worse than a number of other bad countries.

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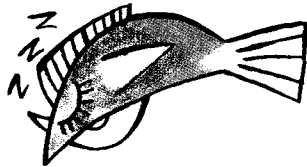
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THE JUNE ALMANAC

GOVERNMENT

June 14, the winner of the national Korean War Veterans Memorial design competition to be announced. 26, the Senate begins its two-week Independence Day recess. The House is scheduled to follow at month's end, but is not supposed to adjourn for more than three consecutive days unless it has passed, by June 30, its version of the 13 appropriations bills that will mandate all of the government's spending in the next fiscal year. The House, however, has been known to flout this provision of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings bill.



Q & A

Q: Do fish sleep?

A: Well, yes and no. Although fish in the open sea are constantly in motion, those near the sea bottom or shore do experience regular periods of rest analogous to human sleep. Some fish go to extraordinary lengths to ensure that their bedtime does not become another's suppertime. The parrot fish tucks itself into a coral crevice and secretes a mucous cocoon that is believed to mask its scent. The trigger fish raises a spiny projection from its head and locks itself into a coral fissure, so that it cannot be prised out. (It retracts this spine in the morning, much as we might fold up a Murphy bed.) In 1973 and 1974 expeditions led by Eugenie Clark, of the University of Maryland, confirmed reports of "shark dormitories" in underwater caves off Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula, where man-eating requiem sharks reposed—motionless, except for their eyes. Clark speculates that "the coming together of fresh water and salt water in the caves creates electromagnetic fields, and sharks exposed to this phenomenon may get 'high.'"

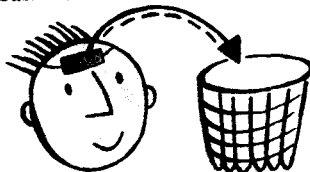


ENVIRONMENT

This month a small group of scientists will be hoping for a forest fire. Analysis of infrared satellite photos of Earth suggests that fires either accidentally or deliberately set may burn as much as two percent of the planet's dry surface (about 1.2 million square miles, or more than twice the area of Alaska) every year. A team from NASA's Langley Research Center believes that these conflagrations may produce up to half as much carbon dioxide and other "greenhouse" gases as does the burning of fossil fuels, which has received the brunt of the blame for increasing levels of CO₂ in the atmosphere and perhaps consequently warming the globe. By flying a specially outfitted aircraft through the smoke plume from fires in grasslands, forests, and farmland, the NASA team has been evaluating this hypothesis. It has not yet had a chance to study a natural forest fire (as opposed to a preventive "prescribed burn"), and is therefore poised to visit one of the fires that can virtually be counted on to occur in June in northwestern Ontario.

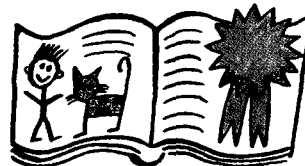
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HEALTH & SAFETY

Injuries to the spinal cord caused by diving into water that is too shallow will increase this month; most of the year's thousand or so such mishaps occur in the summer, for obvious reasons, and most afflict young males. Last year was a perilous one, owing to widespread drought that sent water levels to record lows. This year may also be more dangerous than average. Rivers and lakes in many places nationwide have yet to recover from the drought, and the National Weather Service is forecasting lower levels of precipitation than normal this summer in wide swaths of the United States, including the South and the Eastern Seaboard. The Red Cross offers the following sensible suggestions (ideas that, apparently, do not occur to some divers): "Know the depth of the water and know that the landing area is free from obstructions. Don't jump or dive into unfamiliar water offering poor visibility."



ARTS & LETTERS

June 4, the 43rd annual Tony awards for theater, to be presented in New York City and televised nationwide. In 1988 this commercial for Broadway fell flat, receiving the lowest Nielsen rating in the Tonys' broadcasting history. Nevertheless, Broadway ticket sales are up substantially. Despite a perception that British productions are swamping the nation, American works have maintained a six-to-four lead over British ones during the past 10 years in the Tony categories of "best play" and "best musical." 25, the Newbery and Caldecott medals, for best children's book and best children's book illustration, respectively, to be presented in Dallas by the American Library Association.

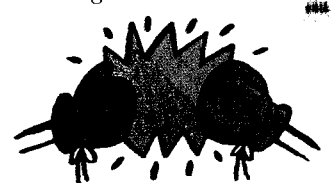


SKIES

June 3, New Moon. 19, Full Moon, also known this month as the Rose, Flower, or Honey Moon. The Lakota Sioux called it the Moon of Making Fat. 20, Midsummer's Eve. 21, the Summer Solstice. In the Northern Hemisphere the sun today reaches its northernmost point, and at high noon it reaches its highest altitude above the horizon. 24, a good night to hunt for the planet Neptune, as bright, easy-to-spot Saturn passes close to this faint blue-green world. Saturn rises just after sunset and is visible throughout the night.

50 YEARS AGO

Gene Tunney, writing in the June, 1939, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* about "The Blow That Hurts": "Of all sports, it is my opinion that boxing, though the most physically injurious, is the most impersonal. I indulge in golf, tennis, squash rackets, and shooting, and can conscientiously say that my resentment in defeat in any of them is far greater than anything I ever felt or experienced in a long career of boxing. There is a subconscious mutuality of respect engendered by the give-and-take of the prize fight that has a certain spiritual quality to it which leaves no room for rancor, resentment, or jealousy. It is true that prize fighting seems sheerly physical and elemental, but what other sport or art has as little bitterness or envy among its devotees? Could the answer be that the more elemental we become in sport and art, the closer to the spiritual we get?"





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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

THE BIG QUESTION

“CAN YOU HOLD things when you’re dead?”

“Daddy, is cheese vegetables, or what is it?”

“Why am I not a grown-up? I’ve been here for so many years.”

These questions aren’t the big question; they’re just regular questions. You can answer them while parallel parking or while holding a crying baby in one arm and trying to use the cardboard tube from a roll of paper towels to scoop up ten pounds of spilled birdseed after tipping over the birdseed container while trying to move it someplace where it would be less likely to tip over. The exact wording of your answer makes no difference. Responding incorrectly will not condemn the four-year-old asker to decades of fruitless interrogation by psychotherapists.

Here’s the big question: “How do babies get started?”

For various psychological reasons most people feel uncomfortable describing sexual intercourse to young children. Given this fact, you’d think that grown-ups would have settled long ago on a standard explanation that could be printed in several languages on small cards and, say, tucked into people’s electric bills every month. When a child asked the big question, you could hunt up one of these cards in the pile of stuff on your desk and read the explanation in the same halting monotone that police officers use to inform suspected criminals of their rights. If a child felt cheated by this skimpy dodge, you could shrug

and say, “Gee, this is the only card they gave us.”

“Why don’t you ask your mother someday when the two of you are standing in the checkout line at Stop & Shop?” is another possible response. (Or, “Hey, I was just about to ask *you* the same thing!”) But evasiveness merely postpones the day of reckoning. The time always comes—as it did recently in our house—when the big question must be met directly.

“Well, uh, a baby starts from a tiny, tiny egg, much smaller than the eggs in the refrigerator, uh, uh—honey?”

“Yes, well, uh, yeah, there’s this special place inside the mom, and—gee, what say we go get some ice cream?”

All the experts say you shouldn’t give young children more information than they’re really looking for. People who

haven’t graduated from nursery school don’t want or need to know about the part played by popular music and after-shave lotion. Just give them the same sort of innocently inadequate answer you’d give if they asked how the TV works.

The trouble is that young children are too inquisitive and too observant to be satisfied for very long with vague half-truths. They want *data*. When my sister was dressing for a party not long ago, her three-year-old son came into the room and demanded, “Turn around and let me see that no-penis.” You can’t buy someone like that with a story about the stork.

For various psychological reasons I don’t feel comfortable revealing the exact explanation that my wife and I finally gave our daughter. It contained perhaps two pieces of information that I might have considered “good” at her age, but it left the mechanical side of the problem entirely unexplored.

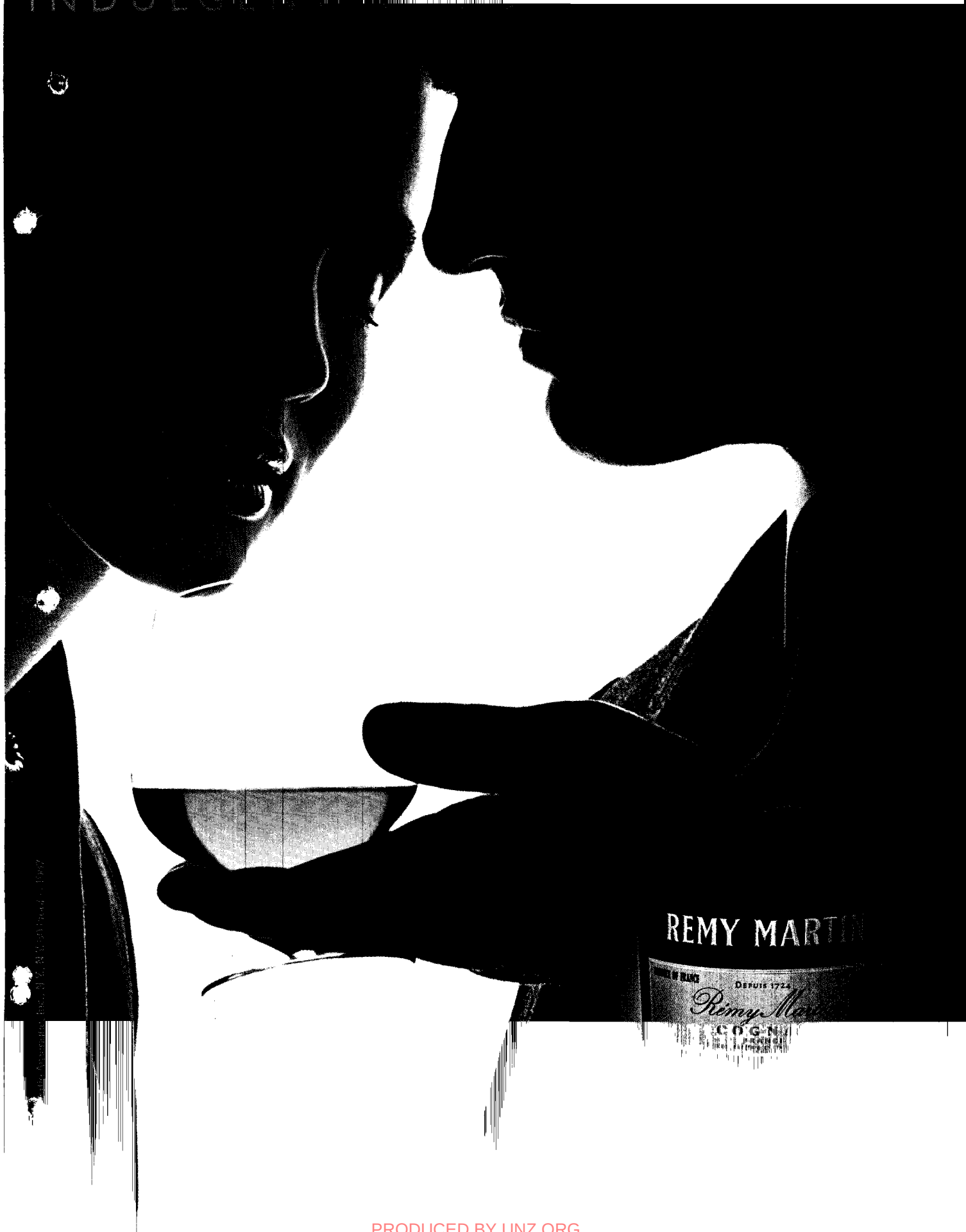
Because of the incomplete nature of this explanation, we know that the big question is going to come up again, probably sooner than we expect, in some decidedly more paralyzing form. If we had any sense, we’d be polishing our script right now. But we’re not. I suppose we’re clinging to the hope that it will all be covered in kindergarten.

One thing I realized while wrestling with the big question is how essentially unbelievable the big answer is. The way plants get started is fairly plausible; the way people get started is not. It sounds like science fiction. And the most remarkable thing about it is that you scarcely have a chance to catch your breath before the result of it is cornering you in the kitchen and asking you to explain the trick.

—David Owen



INDULGENT

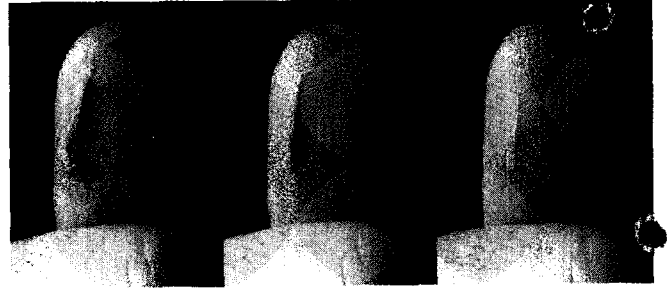


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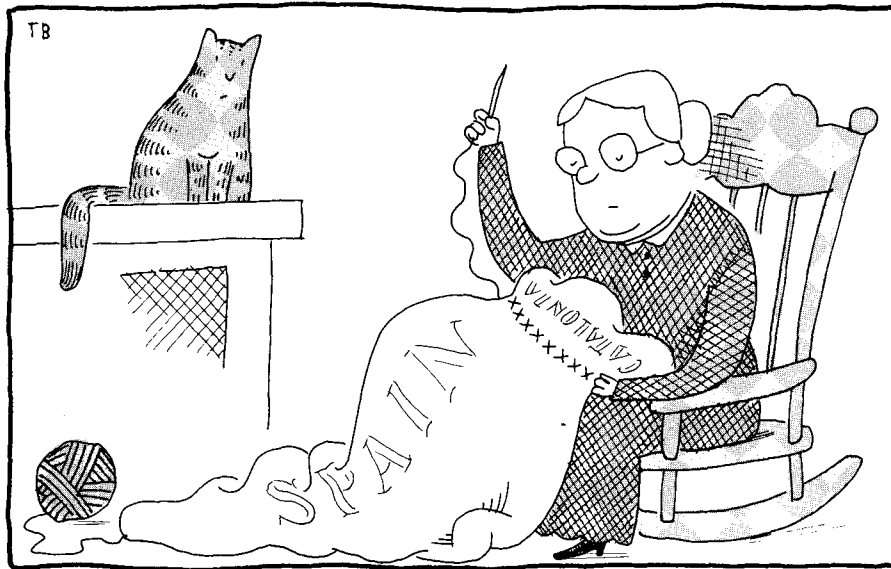


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SPAIN

THRIVING WITHOUT A STATE

After years of repression Catalans have revived their language and economy, and are winning significant autonomy from Spain

IN THE FOURTEEN years since the death of Francisco Franco, the Spanish dictator, Catalans have made enormous strides toward regaining control over their stateless but thriving nation. They have a bilingual government and a Statute of Autonomy. Once forbidden, the study of their language is now obligatory in public schools, and Catalan predominates at both Barcelona and Valencia universities. Some seven to ten million people speak Catalan. The area they inhabit went through a painful period of adjustment but now has the most robust economy on the Iberian peninsula. For twenty years it has been the region of greatest industrial concentration in the Mediterranean, and it has lower unemployment and a higher growth rate than the rest of Spain as a whole.

The historical heartland of the Catalan nation is the Principality, also called Catalonia: the provinces of Barcelona, Girona, Lleida, and Tarragona. A second major Catalan-speaking area is the Valencian land: the provinces of Alacant, Castelló, and Valencia. A third is the Balearic Islands: Majorca, Minorca, Iviza, and Formentera. Each of these

three areas now has an autonomous government, which in Catalonia and the Valencian land is called the Generalitat. All these areas together are known as the Catalan lands, and they contain 25 percent of Spain's population and account for 40 percent of its gross national product. The Principality is the land with the oldest and strongest tradition of both Catalan nationalism and industrial activity. The Balearics and the Valencian land, which were stagnant, rural societies until the 1960s, have become new centers of economic growth and Catalanism.

The Catalan nation is best defined by its language. Catalan is one of the four major languages of Spain, along with Basque, Castilian (which is commonly called Spanish), and Galician. It is a Romance tongue similar to Provençal, which was the language of French troubadours during the Middle Ages; the name today often refers to all the southern dialects of France. Catalan has a rougher, brusquer sound than other Latin-derived languages, and early authors, such as the Valencian lyric poet Ausiàs March and his contemporaries in the fifteenth century, made effective use of the sound. Catalan is the language most widely heard in the major cities of the Catalan lands and is the language of thousands of books, from scientific texts, car-repair manuals, and murder mysteries to classical and modern literature, in the original or in translation. There are two Catalan-language dailies in Barcelona—*Avui (Today)* and *Diari de Barcelona (Barcelona Daily)*—and about half of Catalonia's television programming is in Catalan. Outside Spain, Catalan is the official language of Andorra, and is also spoken in Alghero, Sardinia,

and in a small strip of southern France that includes Perpignan and Prades.

Some of Europe's outstanding medieval and Renaissance literature was written in Catalan, and in our century the Catalan lands must be ranked among the most creative nations in Europe. Their literature remains largely unknown in the United States, but a list of major Catalan painters, sculptors, and architects—including Antoni Gaudí, Joan Miró, Juli Gonzàlez, Salvador Dalí, Antoni Tàpies, and Aristides Maillol—will suggest the force of such a claim. These names evoke the volatile spirit of modern Catalan culture: playful but emotionally charged, deeply rooted in the land yet ardently experimental.

In culture and social structure as well as language, the Catalan lands have always been closer to southern France and even northern Italy than to the rest of the Iberian peninsula. The most powerful class in the old Catalan-Aragonese kingdom was the energetic mercantile bourgeoisie. Catalans are still known in Spain—sometimes with scorn, sometimes with admiration—as hardworking people unhampered by aristocratic conventions. Statistics from the eighteenth century show that in the bishopric of Burgos, in Castile, a full third of the heads of families belonged to the nobility, and were therefore forbidden to engage in trade or industry; in the Principality, however, only one percent of the heads of family were members of the nobility. Apart from its bourgeoisie, the Principality has had a prosperous and independent peasantry and a large number of artisans and small traders, called *menestrals*. These two groups, peasants and *menestrals*, are closely linked through the traditional Catalan system of primogeniture, under which the first-born sons of peasant families help their younger brothers set themselves up in a trade or craft. The class of *menestrals* has probably contributed more than any other to the character of modern Catalonia—more even than the industrial proletariat, which has also emerged as an important social force. The enlightened Catalan middle class and industrial bourgeoisie have no parallels elsewhere in Spain.

CATALANISM, A POLITICAL movement that seems on the verge of reaching some of its major goals, has its roots in the first decades of the nineteenth century. Catalonia was then more prosperous than it had been since

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early in the Renaissance. Its cultural identity, however, had been in decline since the early 1700s, when Spain's new Bourbon monarchs, who had defeated the Catalans in the War of the Spanish Succession, eliminated the Catalan language from government affairs and publications and closed the University of Barcelona. From 1810 to 1845 Catalan industrial expansion, particularly in textiles, accelerated. Barcelona burst through its fifteenth-century walls and poured into the surrounding countryside. With growth came demands for local autonomy. But under the monarchy, restored in 1814, the Spanish government was one of the most reactionary in Europe. Spain was desperately poor and ignorant, in the final stages of a centuries-long decay, and its government was unsympathetic to both Catalonia's national traditions and its growing industries.

In 1833 Bonaventura Carles Aribau, a Catalan living in Madrid, reawakened literary nationalism with his poem "To the Fatherland." The cultural revival soon matched that of the Principality's economy, especially after the 1859 re-

establishment of the Jocs Florals ("Floral Games")—public poetry contests in which prizes were awarded. In the late 1800s Barcelona's lower-middle-class neighborhoods developed a network of civic and cultural associations that would have been unimaginable anywhere else in Spain. Perhaps the most famous of these were the choral societies, of which there were eighty-five by 1861. Their founder was Josep Anselm Clavé, an archetypal *menestral* with radical republican sympathies. As Catalanism grew, enlightened *menestrals* came to make up the great majority of its supporters. Such people still dominate the atmosphere of certain older Barcelona neighborhoods—Gràcia, for example, which is a maze of tiny stores and workshops along small streets with names like Liberty and Fraternity. For much of the past two hundred years the proprietors of these shops have been Barcelona's frustrated Jacobins. Like most other Catalans, they have been frustrated because they have been unable to play a normal role in a normal political situation, for they are at the mercy of an alien society: Castile.

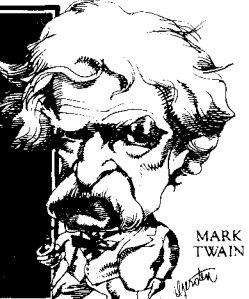
The other group to rise during the late

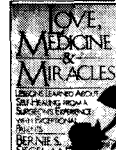
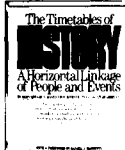
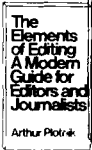
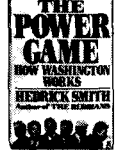
1800s was the industrial working class. Thwarted by Catalonia's powerlessness, its members embraced anarchism. The anarchist movement was exceptionally creative, marked by an interest in culture and education, schools and lending libraries, and the insistence on a revolution made by the people and not by a manipulative "vanguard."

By the early twentieth century the cultural and intellectual renaissance had outgrown its initial romantic and patriotic stage and was producing writers of international stature, such as Joan Maragall, Narcís Oller, and Angel Guimerà. Other figures, including the architect Gaudí and, a bit later, Dalí and Miró, gained international recognition as well. Barcelona became a center for the avant-garde. Both the number and the circulation of Catalan newspapers and magazines increased, in Catalonia and also, to a lesser degree, in the other Catalan lands. Several important Catalanist political parties were founded, the largest of them the conservative Lliga Regionalista. As a major political force, the Lliga was short-lived, a victim of bloody repressions that occurred in 1909 and



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1917. Nonetheless, the Lliga did much to establish Catalanism as a viable political force. When the newborn Spanish Republic held a plebiscite on autonomy in 1931, Catalonia overwhelmingly voted yes.

From 1931 to 1939 Catalonia had its own chief executive and legislature, and bilingual legal and education systems. More than a thousand Catalan-language newspapers and magazines were published. Catalan schools were among the best in Europe, astonishingly humane and advanced by comparison with what normally passed for education in Spain. The eight years of autonomy were the fulfillment of a century of struggle. Unlike most of Spain, which veered from left to right in general elections, Catalonia remained solidly behind its government, led by Lluís Companys and the Esquerra Republicana. The full possibilities of an autonomous Catalonia were never realized, however. There was no time: five years after the period of autonomy began, the Spanish Civil War broke out.

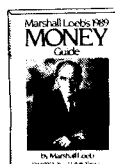
On January 26, 1939, Franco's troops entered Barcelona. Shortly afterward all

expression in the Catalan language outside the home was declared a crime. Hundreds of thousands of books were destroyed. The police were quartered in school buildings. Posters were hung everywhere reading "*Habla el idioma del Imperio*" ("Speak the language of the Empire"). Even the *sardana*, Catalonia's traditional dance, was outlawed. Republican textbooks were replaced by Castilian propaganda. Overnight a whole world disappeared. From 1939 to 1944, according to one government source at the time, 192,000 people were executed. Ordinary citizens, trade unionists, and party militants vanished into concentration camps. Some returned years later. Others never came back.

It was an era of great poverty, of rationing and black-market millionaires, of constant struggle by all but the wealthiest families to find enough to eat. A climate of fear and exhaustion settled over all of Spain. Catalonia and the Basque country were treated as conquered territories. Before 1939 they had been the only industrialized areas in Spain, and now they were punished for their support of the Republic.

THE ECONOMY remained dormant until 1959, when Spain threw itself open to foreign capital, adopting Europe's most liberal investment laws. Spanish workers, who had previously found it difficult to leave the country, were allowed to emigrate. They did so by the millions, and the money they sent home helped create a favorable balance of payments. Overt economic discrimination against Catalonia ended. A whole new set of policies, called the Economic Stabilization Plan, went into effect. The government that sponsored these policies was dominated by Opus Dei, a pragmatic, technical religious order that had been recognized by the Vatican in 1950. Opus Dei's technocrats thought that economic growth was Spain's best protection against social change, and for a while they seemed to be right.

The Economic Stabilization Plan laid the foundation for the expanding Spanish economy. From 1959 until the 1973 oil crisis Spanish industry grew rapidly. The Spanish GNP is now among the world's top fifteen, and large sections of the country give the impression of being



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completely part of modern Europe. In addition, a flood of tourists invaded Spain. For twenty-five years an army of young people from northern Europe and the United States has been tramping through the peninsula, leaving behind it a generation of young Spaniards far more cosmopolitan than their parents and grandparents.

In the Catalan lands the economic boom and change in attitudes also meant a resurgence of nationalism. During these years there was a partial lifting of restrictions on Catalan-language publication. Feature films, radio, television, and newspapers remained forbidden territory, but a torrent of books and magazines began to pour forth. Painters like Tàpies and Joan Ponç and poets like Salvador Espriu, Miquel Martí i Pol, and Joan Vinyoli established themselves as major figures. These poets were able to publish their works and often to reach a mass audience through best-selling records by singers like Raimon, Lluís Llach, and Maria del Mar Bonet, who set their poems to music. Their success provided a vital means of communication that strengthened both Catalan culture and underground political activity.

Another major change between 1960 and 1975 was the development of the Balearic Islands and the Valencian land. Before the Civil War these areas had been provincial, semi-feudal realms. Tourism transformed the Balearics into one of Spain's richest provinces, shaking the islands out of their centuries-old isolation. The Valencian land now has one of Spain's highest rates of industrial growth. A Catalanist movement emerged there with far wider support than its predecessor in the 1930s had. During Franco's last years this movement caused an annual doubling in the number of Catalan-language classes, radio shows, and theatrical productions. The superb poet Vicent Andrés Estellés is a Valencian. So is Joan Fuster, often considered the finest Catalan essayist. Now the Generalitat of Valencia has made Catalan obligatory in the schools and has moved to establish a new Catalan-language television channel, which is scheduled to begin broadcasting this year.

THE CONSTITUTION of Spain "recognizes and guarantees the right to autonomy of the nationalities and regions which compose it" and guarantees official recognition of "all other Spanish languages . . . in the corresponding Autonomous Communities." Actually,

all of Spain, including areas with no tradition of separatism or even regionalism, is currently divided into "autonomous communities." Even Madrid has an autonomous government. Among the "nationalities and regions," however, only the Basques and the Catalans—particularly in Catalonia—have pushed self-rule to its limits.

The Basques, in their struggle for independence, have had an economic advantage. Under a centuries-old feudal arrangement with the kingdom of Spain (suspended during the Franco period) they collected their own taxes and then handed over an agreed-upon sum every year to the state. This arrangement has been reactivated, giving the Basque government a much bigger budget than that of the Catalans. The Basques' primary disadvantage from a nationalist perspective is that a majority of the people who live in the Basque region do not speak Basque. In addition, their economy, based on decrepit coal, steel, and shipbuilding industries, has been slower than the Catalan one to adapt to current trends; and the explosive political situation, the guerrilla war being waged by the ETA (Basque Homeland and Liberty), and the ETA's imposition of a "revolutionary tax" have scared off investors.

In the Catalan lands, though small groups of extreme nationalists do exist, the atmosphere is far more relaxed than it is in the Basque country. The booming Catalan economy, which has increased its industrial use of energy by 30 percent in the past two years, has been financed by North American, European, Arab, and Japanese investment. In the Sabadell-Terrassa area, outside Barcelona, an Iberian Silicon Valley has sprung up, encouraged by investments in infrastructure, tax breaks, and cheap credit from the Generalitat of Catalonia. Further improvements in infrastructure are planned in preparation for the 1992 Barcelona Olympics, including new housing, tunnels, superhighways, harbor and airport renovation, and extensions of the subway system.

Because speaking Catalan is a key to social advancement and is indispensable in managerial positions, immigrants from other areas of Spain are anxious to learn it. (The fact that it is a Romance tongue makes it easier to master than Basque, which is unrelated to any other language.) Intellectuals have criticized the cultural efforts of the Generalitat of Catalonia as insufficient, but it has never-

theless striven to make Catalonia bilingual at all levels. Most Catalans educated after the Civil War are illiterate in their native tongue, because under Franco all public education was in Castilian. The Generalitat has sponsored Catalan courses for adults—both native speakers and immigrants from other parts of Spain. Classes in about 40 percent of Catalonia's primary schools are now conducted entirely in Catalan, with Castilian offered as a second language. Signs outside stores and businesses, menus, bank forms, government paperwork, and public notices of all sorts are increasingly in Catalan—often to the surprise of tourists. But probably the Generalitat's greatest success has been with television. Catalan TV, featuring *Dallas* and the enormously popular Barcelona soccer team, has seen its ratings soar in Catalonia, while capturing 25 percent of the audience in the Valencian land and the Balearics.

Despite these successes, the government of Catalonia has been constantly hampered by lack of money. The Generalitat's responsibilities include managing Catalonia's health and education systems, but because the Generalitat is entirely dependent on funds from Madrid, its yearly budgets have been modest—often amounting to little more money than the Spanish state-owned railway system loses in a year. In a perpetual game of chicken with Madrid, the Generalitat has run up huge deficits and has at times been unable to pay its bills. Political tensions have run high—all the more so because the ruling Catalan party, the centrist Convergence and Union, headed by Catalonia's president, Jordi Pujol, is part of the opposition to the Socialist Party that governs Spain. Although Socialists control the Generalitat of Valencia, and Barcelona has a Socialist mayor, the Socialist Party has been unable to win a majority in Catalonia's parliament, partly because it is considered subservient to orders from the central government.

The tensions take many forms. For example, the Generalitat of Catalonia is theoretically allowed its own police officers (called *mossos d'esquadra*). At present there are 600 *mossos d'esquadra*; for two years the Spanish government blocked the hiring of 300 more (the hiring will finally take place next month). Two *mossos d'esquadra* in the Generalitat's anti-drug unit were accused last year of selling drugs. When the accusations were investigated, it turned out

that their accusers, several people suspected of drug dealing, had been promised freedom by the Spanish Civil Guard in exchange for false testimony. The Spanish government has repeatedly jammed and in other ways hampered Catalan TV. And in various matters Madrid has transferred responsibility but not control to the Generalitat of Catalonia. For instance, although the Generalitat is now in charge of running public schools, the curriculum is still dictated by the Ministry of Education, in Madrid.

IN THE 1930S Catalanism and leftism seemed to go hand in hand. This connection, however, like so many others from before the Civil War, has been broken in the past ten years. Indeed, the best friend that the Generalitat of Catalonia had in Madrid after the demise of Franco was Prime Minister Adolfo Suárez, a conservative who helped steer Spain through its transition to democracy. He was a good friend not so much because he was genuinely pro-Catalan but because, lacking a majority in the Spanish Parliament, he was forced to make

concessions to Catalans in exchange for their support. The Socialist Party, headed by Spain's Prime Minister, Felipe González, has an absolute majority and therefore has no reason to negotiate with Catalonia. The Socialist Party's leaders—though many of them are Andalusians who railed against Castilian centralism when they were in the opposition—have shown scant sympathy for Catalan aspirations, which they view as an irritation and a threat to their power.

Last year Pujol's Convergence and Union won its second straight majority in the Catalan parliament. Spanish elections are scheduled for 1990, and polls predict that the Socialists will lose their majority. Should this occur, Pujol will be much better positioned—as he was under Suárez—to press his demands. These include an end to the division of the four Catalan provinces (a Castilian imposition and a complicating factor in Catalonia's administration, since each province has its own governmental apparatus), an expansion of the powers of the Generalitat of Catalonia (for example, over the size and responsibilities of

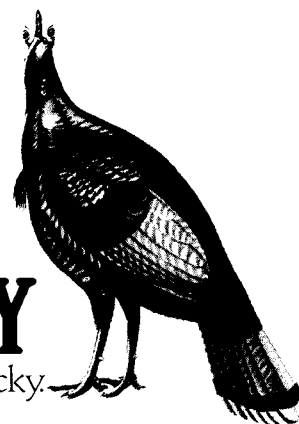
its police force), and, above all, a new financial arrangement, similar to the Basque one.

For now Catalans are biding their time and hoping that these goals can be achieved through negotiations with a weakened Socialist Party. They are showing, however, increasing impatience. The economic transformation of the past few years has not been painless. Several sectors of Catalan society have emerged poorer: the elderly, displaced factory workers, young people unable to enter the housing market because of skyrocketing rents, and failed small businessmen and laid-off office workers. Among these groups the incidence of suicide, family violence, psychological problems, drug abuse, and alcoholism has risen, together with the prevalence of extreme nationalism.

Such problems—especially unemployment and drug abuse—have poisoned the atmosphere in some of Valencia's and Barcelona's older neighborhoods. Fifty years ago Federico García Lorca praised Barcelona's Gothic Quarter, "where one hears clear, sonorous fountains and fifteenth-century lutes."



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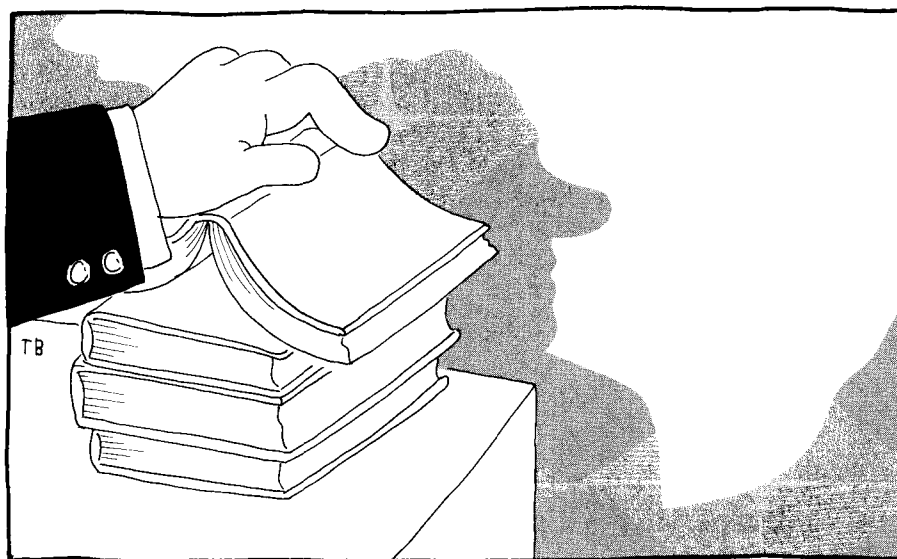
Barcelonans now perceive its labyrinth of narrow streets as a sinister place, best avoided after dark.

If Catalan-speakers continue to be frustrated by the government in Madrid, the independence movement—partly fueled by the frustrations of the young and the alienated—can be expected to gain strength. Right now, however, most people are willing to wait and see. For better or worse, Catalonia is less different from the rest of Spain (including the other Catalan lands) than it was in the 1930s. The whole of the Iberian peninsula is more developed, and Catalans, after many years of Fascist-controlled media and education, are perhaps more “Spanish” and certainly less idiosyncratic than they were. Many hope for a new role within a United States of Europe,

and the changes scheduled for 1992 will be a big step toward that goal. Of all Spaniards, Catalans have the most approving view of the European Economic Community. They see it as an opportunity to export rather than as a threat to inefficient industries, and as a kind of indirect liberation from Spain.

Barring some unforeseen possibility such as a military coup, Catalans will nearly certainly move toward greater self-government; the wish to do so is nearly universal among them. In the meantime they can take pride in their accomplishments. Of all Europe’s stateless peoples, only they have managed to thrive. Despite more than four decades of repression, it appears that the last word will be theirs.

—David H. Rosenthal



WASHINGTON

“GUNG HO ON O'B”

New proof from the Nixon archives of Nixon's personal involvement in the “dirty tricks” campaign against the Democrats

WHAT WE STILL haven't found out about Watergate is exactly what Richard Nixon knew and when he knew it. When the National Archives opened Nixon's confidential White House papers to the public, in 1987, the initial users were disappointed to discover that Nixon's lawyers had withheld 150,000 pages of the material, mainly on the grounds that it did not pertain to Nixon's

running of the government. Perhaps only coincidentally, the material that was released contained no front-page news about Watergate. Much of what Nixon withheld may eventually be made public, after a special review board has finished going through it, but in the meantime the prevailing opinion about Nixon's papers has been that there's next to nothing on Watergate there.

Actually, though, there *is* something there: material that ties Nixon personally to the official harassment of Lawrence O'Brien, the former aide to John F. Kennedy who, as the head of the Democratic National Committee in the early seventies, was the target of the two Watergate break-ins in 1972. In 1987, at a conference on the Nixon Administration at Hofstra University, J. Anthony Lukas, the author of *Nightmare*, the best history of Watergate, got Jeb Stuart Ma-

gruder to confirm that the primary purpose of the break-ins was to see what O'Brien had in his files about the reclusive billionaire (it's impossible to improve on the standard newspaper epithet) Howard Hughes. O'Brien had been a well-paid consultant to Hughes in 1969 and 1970, and Nixon's businessman friend Bebe Rebozo had received from Hughes \$100,000 in secret contributions, ostensibly for Republican campaigns. The break-ins were evidently meant to produce hard evidence of O'Brien's relationship with Hughes or to determine whether O'Brien knew about Hughes's contributions to Nixon, or both.

Back in the fifties Hughes lent money to Nixon's brother, Donald, and the loan became a last-minute spoiler issue in the Nixon campaigns for the presidency in 1960 and for the governorship of California in 1962. These experiences apparently convinced Nixon that a proven connection to Hughes would be extremely damaging to the career of any political figure—even if the figure was Larry O'Brien, who wasn't running for anything, and the connection was a perfectly legal consulting contract. There is clear evidence in the archives that Nixon repeatedly ordered his aides to look into the Hughes-O'Brien relationship—before and especially after the Watergate burglars were caught.

Bruce Oudes, in his collection of material from the Nixon archives, *From: The President*, reproduces several White House memos on the subject, including two written by Nixon. Also, Nixon's two closest aides, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, took detailed handwritten notes during their meetings with Nixon. While going through these notes recently, as part of the research for an unrelated project, I came across a series of notations of instructions from Nixon concerning the harassment of O'Brien; they are quoted here for the first time. Taken together, the memos and the notes constitute hard proof that Nixon was directing (on an almost daily basis, for a while) at least one phase of his administration's abuse of the power of the presidency in the 1972 campaign.

ON JANUARY 14, 1971, Nixon wrote his chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman,

It would seem that the time is approaching when Larry O'Brien is held accountable for his retainer with Hughes. Bebe has some information on this although it is, of course, not solid but there is no question that one

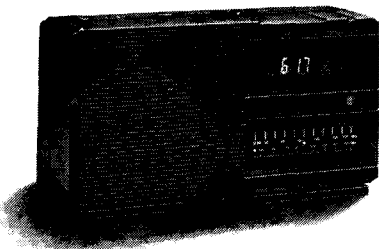
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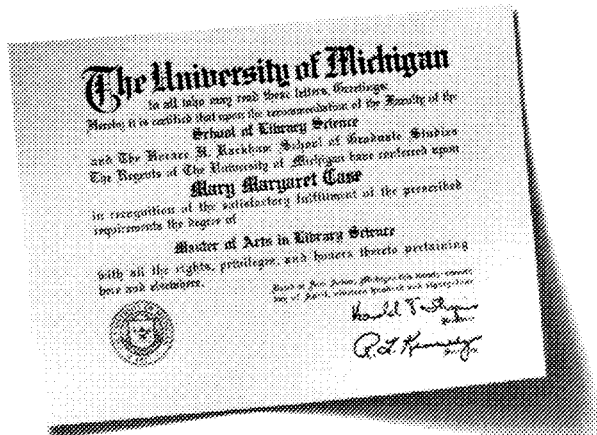
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of Hughes' people did have O'Brien on a very heavy retainer for "services rendered" in the past.

This led Haldeman to send John Dean, the White House counsel, to talk to Rebozo and others to find out more. Dean reported back that O'Brien had been on the Hughes payroll, but evidently the White House couldn't find a way to get this information into the newspapers.

For the next year and a half O'Brien's past consulting work for Hughes remained unpublicized, even after the break-ins at O'Brien's office in the Watergate complex. This must have rankled Nixon. On July 31, 1972, six weeks after the second Watergate break-in, Nixon told Haldeman, according to Haldeman's notes of the meeting, "Go gung ho on O'B—& the others." Ehrlichman's notes about another meeting with Nixon, on August 7, contain this notation: "Larry O'Brien. Tax. Hughes." The meaning becomes clear in a memo that Nixon wrote to Haldeman on August 9, in which he said that "O'Brien's name had popped up in the investigation by IRS of Hughes Tool Company." His source for this information, apparently, was John Connally, who at the time was the head of Democrats for Nixon and a great favorite of Nixon's. Connally had been the Secretary of the Treasury, and thus the official ultimately in charge of the Internal Revenue Service, until May of 1972.

Nixon advocated getting the IRS to investigate the Hughes-O'Brien connection and then leaking the results. His memo to Haldeman continues,

Connally feels very strongly that any information we get in this matter should not be held, but should pop out just as quickly as possible. . . . The point here is that Connally's very strong conviction is that dropping something on O'Brien will have far more effect now than at a later time and will keep all of our Democratic opponents a little loose. . . . I consider it of the highest priority to have John Ehrlichman [Nixon's number-two aide], if he has the time, or you personally, to ride IRS on this matter. . . . What is most important is that the IRS audit of O'Brien begin Thursday—that means tomorrow—at the very latest. This means that today, Wednesday, the call must be made by the head of IRS to O'Brien so the stage can be set for a subpoena in the event that O'Brien does not show up voluntarily.

Johnnie M. Walters, who was the head

of the IRS at the time, later told a Senate committee that George Shultz, who succeeded Connally as Treasury Secretary, asked him in the summer of 1972 to check O'Brien's tax returns and see if O'Brien had reported his consulting fees from Hughes. Walters found that O'Brien's tax returns were clean, but the White House kept pressing the IRS about O'Brien.

Haldeman's notes from August 17 have Nixon telling him, "E: O'Brien investigation—report to P." (E is shorthand for Ehrlichman, P for the President.) That day two IRS agents came to O'Brien's apartment in Washington and interviewed him at length; O'Brien had asked his son, who is a lawyer, to sit in on the meeting. Two days later, according to Haldeman's notes, Nixon described the meeting in O'Brien's apartment: "E O'Brien deal. Showed up with son with all records. If true—gets off hook. Asked postpone till after election. He's quite shaken." (O'Brien told me recently it was the IRS agents who were quite shaken.)

On August 29 Shultz called Walters into his office at the Treasury and set up a conference call with Ehrlichman in the White House, the purpose of which was for Walters to tell Ehrlichman personally that O'Brien had reported all his income and paid all his taxes. The next day Ehrlichman met privately with Nixon, who, seeing that the IRS plan was not working, suggested several other ways to "worry O'Brien," such as sending an anonymous letter to a journalist known to be hostile to Hughes. On September 11 Nixon apparently voiced impatience to Haldeman about Ehrlichman's foot-dragging on this assignment. Haldeman's notes say, "E O'Brien. E too busy to look into it. One of his minions." Ehrlichman's notes from two days later have Nixon saying, "O'B—Chotiner working on," which seems to mean that the late Murray Chotiner, a veteran Nixon operative, had been given the O'Brien portfolio.

There are several other interesting fragments about O'Brien in Haldeman's and Ehrlichman's notes for August and September of 1972. For example, in one minor subplot the notorious Bobby Baker, the former Senate majority secretary who was the lord of the dirty side of Washington during the late fifties and early sixties, sent Nixon word that he had information on O'Brien. But either Nixon gave up on discrediting O'Brien after September or he has withdrawn

subsequent references to O'Brien from the archives. From the material that is there, however, it is quite plain that not just overzealous aides to Nixon were interested in working the political back alleys to discredit the opposition. At least in this instance, the orders came from Nixon himself, and they continued to come after the apprehension of the Watergate burglars had made it clear that the O'Brien operation was a high-risk one. Rather than being fooled or manipulated by his staff, Nixon was much more zealous about going after O'Brien than the people around him were, which is why he had to ride herd on them about it.

Occasional remarks in the notes show that even if Nixon's interest in O'Brien

waned, the idea of using the government as an instrument for punishing political opponents lived on. On September 20, 1972, he told Haldeman, according to Haldeman's notes, to "get Huston back for next Admin planning smoke 'em out—need our spies." Huston is Tom Charles Huston, the author of the "Huston plan" for expanding covert domestic intelligence-gathering. On November 11, four days after his re-election, Nixon told Haldeman, "IRS all major Dem contris and all backers of new Sens." If all this is what Nixon considered not worth withholding from the archives, it certainly whets the appetite for the material that he did withhold.

—Nicholas Lemann



JAPAN LAND OF PLENTY

*Even the garbage on the sidewalks
is worth having*

ON SODAI GOMI nights in Japan we learn what kind of people we are. *Sodai gomi*, which rhymes with "oh my homey," means "bulky garbage." It's sometimes used colloquially to describe husbands who have retired from the salaryman life and now spend their time around the house. That *sodai gomi* problem may be a strain on Japanese families, but *sodai gomi* in its literal sense is a more serious trial for my family.

Three nights a week the residents of our neighborhood in Yokohama deposit

their household trash at specified areas on the street corners. It's wrapped in neat bundles, it looks like gifts, it disappears at dawn. For two or three nights near the end of each month they bring out the *sodai gomi*. These are articles no longer wanted around the house and too big for normal trash collection. Big garbage can really be big: I've seen sofas, refrigerators, bookcases, chairs, bed frames, vacuum cleaners, an acetylene welding tank, a motorcycle, and numerous television sets.

Sodai gomi exists for two reasons. One is the small size of the typical Japanese house, with its lack of attic, cellar, garage, or spare room. When a new TV comes in, the old one must go out. (This also applies to cars. To buy a new one, you have to prove to the government that you have a place to park it, which for most people means getting rid of the old car. I can't figure out what happens

to the old cars: they're certainly not on the roads, and so far I haven't seen one in a *sodai gomi* pile.)

The other reason is the Japanese desire for freshness and purity. No one here really enjoys using something that has passed through other people's hands. My Japanese friends seem to feel about buying a secondhand radio, lamp, or table the way I'd feel about buying someone else's socks. There is a "recycle shop" in our neighborhood that sells used clothes and toys at cut rates. Presumably someone must buy there, since it's still in business, but usually shoppers seem to scoot by in embarrassment, as if it were a Frederick's of Hollywood shop. Whenever I'm listening to the Far East Network, the U.S. military's radio station, and hear an ad for a garage sale, I realize that the American soldiers are unusual not just because they have garages but also because they can sell their old possessions rather than throw them out.

Our first *sodai gomi* night came shortly after we moved into our current house. It cut into our hearts in a way none of our neighbors could have known. For one

thing, we had no furniture, silverware, or other household belongings, because everything except the clothes in our suitcases was making a five-week sea journey up from our last house, in Malaysia. We had also just come from a culture with a wholly different approach to used goods. Malaysia is a land of tropical abundance, but no one throws anything away. Just before leaving we had auctioned off every spare item in the house, from frying pans and mosquito nets to half-used rolls of Scotch tape. Several customers were enthusiastically bidding for the shirts my sons had on. It was painful to go from that world to one in which we didn't have any household goods, couldn't bring ourselves to buy the overpriced new ones in the store—and then saw heaps of clean, new-looking merchandise just sitting on the street.

YOU CAN SEE where I am leading. It was not in us to resist. We had quickly tired of eating, sitting, relaxing, studying, and performing all other indoor activities on the floor, without tables or chairs, while waiting for our ship

to come in. "Set the floor, please, boys," my wife would call at dinner time. I lay sprawled on my stomach in front of my computer keyboard, attempting to type while resting my weight on my elbows, trying to cheer myself with mental images of Abe Lincoln sprawled before the fire as a boy. Then one evening, as we trudged home at twilight from the train station, we saw two replenished-looking *sodai gomi* piles. In one was a perfectly nice plastic lawn chair, in the other an ordinary low Japanese tea table. You couldn't use both of these at the same time—if you sat in the lawn chair, you'd be too high to reach down to the table comfortably. But if we had the table we could at least eat without bending over to reach plates of food on the floor, which made me feel like a husky eating its chow.

We were in a crowd, of course, when we first saw the *sodai gomi*. We were too confused and timid to grab anything from the pile just then. But that night I sat in our kitchen, peering through our window toward the *sodai gomi* at the end of the street. The door to a *juku*, or cram school, was near the piles. The last

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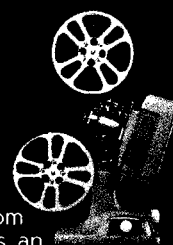
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LOOK TO US — NORTHWEST AIRLINES

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group of teenage students left there around eleven. After midnight the trains from Tokyo become much less frequent: I could depend on intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes between clumps of salarymen teetering drunkenly from the station toward home. The street looked bare at 12:30, so I made my move. The next morning we placed our breakfast dishes on our table, and I read the morning paper while luxuriating in my full-length lawn chair.

It was two more days before the *sodai gomi* collectors came. In those two nights we laid in as many provisions as we decently could. A shiny new bell for one son's bicycle, a small but attractive wooden cupboard, a complete set of wrenches and screwdrivers in a metal toolbox, a Naugahyde-covered barstool, a lacquer serving tray. If I didn't already know English, I would probably have taken the four large boxes containing four dozen tape cassettes from the Advanced Conversational English series. My son walked in the door one day, said "Guess what?" and presented a black-and-white TV. In self-defense I should point out that everything except a few

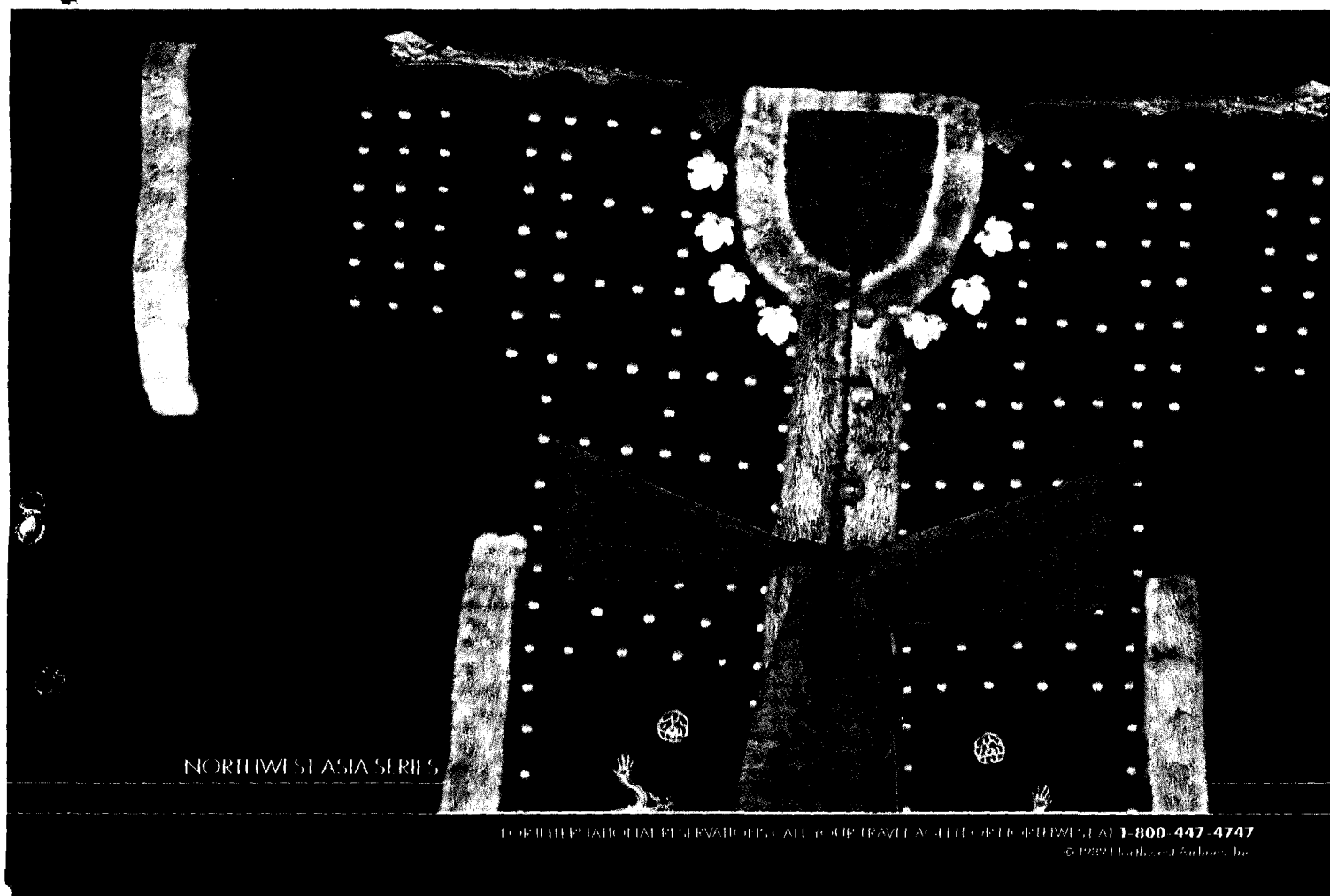
rusty wrenches looked perfectly clean, whole, and serviceable. In any other culture you'd never believe these things were being thrown out.

THAT WAS LAST SUMMER; we've learned a lot since then. We realize that *sodai gomi* is part of a larger cycle, in which it's important to give as well as receive. So when our household shipment arrived, we gave the lawn chair back to the pile—and later we bought a new color TV and gave back the black-and-white one. We've learned that we're not alone in our secret practice. Last month I met an American writer who lives on the outskirts of Tokyo. I admired the leather notebook he was carrying and asked him where he got it. "You'll never believe this . . .," he said. We've learned that some Japanese, too, overcome their squeamishness about secondhand material. When I'm up late at night, I sometimes catch a glimpse of the *sodai gomi* area—a more disinterested glimpse, now that our house is furnished—and see a van cruising back and forth, checking it out. In the morning the choicest items are gone.

And I've learned where I'll draw the line. As the only foreigners in our neighborhood, we are laughably conspicuous. People must know that we're skimming the *sodai gomi*, but if we do our best to be discreet about it, operating in the dead of night, everyone can pretend not to notice and we bring no shame upon our kind. Late one night, on the way home from the train station, I saw two handsome wooden bookcases sitting by a lamppost. I thought of the books piled on our floor, I looked around me quickly, and I happily picked up one bookcase with both arms.

It was fifteen minutes before I could get back for the other—only to find that it wasn't there. Twenty yards down the street I saw a hunched, shuffling figure. An old wino in a filthy overcoat, with a crippled left leg, was laboriously dragging the bookcase away toward his lair. Within seconds I was heading home again, looking as if I'd never dream of wrestling a bum for a bookcase. But I know what first flashed through my mind when I saw my treasure disappear: "I can take this guy!"

—James Fallows



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—President Dwight D. Eisenhower

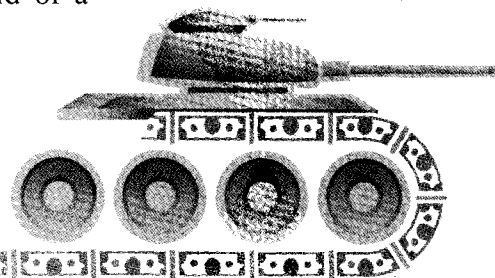
INDEFENSIBLE

BUILDUPS USUALLY MARCH APACE WITH WARS; THE WAR OVER, MILITARY spending tapers off. The defense buildup we have just had in this country was different. It did not begin in war; it began in fear, in the wake of the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and also in politics, in the promises that Ronald Reagan made in the 1980 presidential campaign. "America is back," Reagan said on the eve of the 1984 campaign, and what had brought it back, he claimed, was a surge in defense spending that would ultimately total \$2.3 trillion. While America was coming back, the Soviets were retreating from Afghanistan, peace or something like it was breaking out in war-torn places subject to Soviet influence, and the United States and the Soviet Union were signing an arms-reduction treaty that was highly favorable to the United States. Thus, although we did not have to endure a war to get it, the international situation in 1989 offers a heartening simulacrum of what happens after a war ends.

However, the political rationale for our defense spending has not changed with the changing world. In the 1988 presidential election, neither party came out for the kind of cuts in the defense budget which the world picture would seem to warrant. George Bush said we were spending just the right amount to keep the pressure on the Soviets for more peace, for a wider peace, for peace on our terms.

Yet that belief is in conflict with Bush's campaign promise of no new taxes; if the President is to avoid a budget crisis, he will have either to change his views on defense spending and its relation to peace or to break his campaign promise. The prospect that he will change his views—that he will come, for example, to see that peace has a dynamic apart from the sheer level of our spending—has some in the national-security community worried. To them, the budget crisis looks like a vortex out of which America will emerge weaker than it was before Ronald Reagan brought it "back."

The articles that follow present a different picture. While it is a dark one—of a bankrupt military strategy, of a draining subsidy to NATO to defend against a threat that grows more and more incredible, and of a weapons-procurement system that wastes a third of what it spends—it is also streaked with light. Blessed with a peace we did not have to fight for, we can make the kind of sober recalculation of our national interests and their supporting military strategies which nations usually put off until forced to change by the cruel tutelage of defeat.



A BANKRUPT MILITARY STRATEGY

*Our military assets can
no longer cover our foreign-policy
liabilities*



BY COLONEL HARRY G. SUMMERS, JR.

TEN YEARS AGO, ON ASSIGNMENT TO THE ARMY General Staff's War Plans Directorate, I sat in on a briefing by a navy planner on the strategic rationale for the U.S. Navy. Slide after slide portrayed the Soviet naval threat to U.S. interests around the world, and there followed slide after slide depicting how the U.S. Navy was countering the threat. When he finished, the planner, an admiral, asked my boss, an army major general, what he thought of the presentation.

"Very interesting," the general said. "But what you've just said is that if the Soviet navy sank tomorrow, we could do away with the U.S. Navy."

The admiral laughed. "You don't understand," he said. "If the Soviet navy sank tomorrow, I'd get me a new set of slides."

The slide makers in the bowels of the Pentagon should be working overtime. Although the Soviet navy is still afloat, most of the other post-Second World War rationales upon which our military force structure was built either have sunk or are listing badly in the water, swamped by a sea change wrought not only by time and technology but also by a new dynamism in international politics. These erstwhile dreadnoughts include the pivotal role once played by nuclear weapons, the short-war scenarios derived from such nuclear dependence, and the strategies that call for the forward basing of troops which we have clung to since the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty, forty years ago.



Strategic Forces

FOR MANY YEARS NUCLEAR WEAPONS WERE SUCH AN important part of our national military strategy that they virtually defined the word *strategic*, which classically had meant the use or threatened use of military means to achieve the political ends of the state. At the beginning of the nuclear age, in a brilliant semantic maneuver, the nuclear theorists hijacked the word and misappropriated it to advance their conviction that nuclear bombs were "strategic" weapons capable by themselves of achieving the political goals and objectives of the United States. As a result, for many years *strategic* almost automatically meant the use of nuclear means, as in the phrases *strategic forces*, *strategic weapons*, and *Strategic Air Command*.

Indeed, at one time nuclear weapons were synonymous with strategy itself. In 1953, for budgetary more than for military reasons, the Eisenhower Administration



adopted the strategy of "massive retaliation," whereby our national defenses relied almost entirely on nuclear forces. This "maximum deterrent at a bearable cost," as John Foster Dulles called it, had enormous, long-lasting consequences.

For one thing, the conventional (that is, non-nuclear) forces of the navy, air force, and especially the army and Marines were all but deprived of their *raison d'être*. As the historian Russell Weigley has noted, "A national military policy and strategy relying upon massive nuclear retaliation for nearly all the uses of force left the Army uncertain of its place in the policy and strategy, uncertain that civilians recognized a need even for the Army's existence and uncertain therefore of the service's whole future."

The reaction was twofold. First, all the services tried to break the Strategic Air Command's monopoly by acquiring nuclear weaponry of their own. "Tactical" nuclear weapons (artillery shells, small bombs, rockets, and missiles intended for short-range battlefield use) proliferated, as the

army, the navy, and the air force's Tactical Air Command scrambled to get a piece of the nuclear, and budgetary, action.

This nuclear armament forced the second reaction. Instead of allowing strategy to define the armament necessary to carry it out successfully, the process was turned on its head to the point that the nuclear armament now defined the strategy. The result, under the Kennedy Administration, was the doctrine of "flexible response," ostensibly the strategy under which we are operating today. While moving away from the almost total reliance on nuclear weaponry called for by massive retaliation, flexible response still rested on a foundation of nuclear weapons.

But though a nuclear-based strategy like flexible response may have made at least some sense while the United States enjoyed an enormous nuclear advantage and could credibly threaten "escalation dominance"—that is, raising a crisis to a level at which the adversary could not

respond—it made little sense once the Soviet Union achieved nuclear parity.

A decade ago the army staff was presented with a conundrum that came to be known as Darling's dilemma. The War Plans Directorate had a policy of allowing select staff officers to present controversial issues to the most senior planners. A Lieutenant Colonel Dean Darling challenged them to imagine that they were the Joint Chiefs of Staff and that he was the President of the United States.

"The Soviets have just launched a major cross-border attack on Western Europe," he said. "CINCEUR [the commander in chief, European Command] has just asked me for the authority to use tactical nuclear weapons to slow their advance. I'm quite prepared to approve his request, and the only thing I need from you is an assurance that the Soviets will not respond with a strategic nuclear attack on the American homeland. Now, I know from our Second World War experience that we can lose the whole continent of Europe and survive as a nation. But you've told me that a strategic nuclear exchange would kill as much as three quarters of the American people. I know that you can't give me a one-hundred-percent assurance. So I'll go with fifty percent or better."

There was a deafening silence in the room. None of the planners was willing to give the assurance that Darling sought. The dilemma upon which the army was impaled was clear.

"We have built our strategy in Europe," Colonel Darling concluded, "on nuclear weapons systems that we will refuse to use when the time comes to use them. Not only that—by relying on this nuclear façade, we have undermined the war-fighting abilities of our conventional forces as well."

While admitting the validity of Darling's remarks, the army planners did not want to acknowledge what they portended. Neither did anyone else—particularly our NATO allies, who were not prepared to pay the cost in conventional forces that acknowledging the bankruptcy of flexible response would entail.

But not only are the war-fighting aspects of nuclear weaponry bankrupt; so is their deterrent value. In April of 1975, a week before the fall of Saigon, I was in Hanoi negotiating the terms of the withdrawal of the U.S. embassy personnel. Crowing about the impending North Vietnamese victory, my NVA counterpart said, "This just goes to show you can't stamp out a revolutionary idea with force."

"That's nonsense and you know it," I replied. "Almost eight hundred years ago Genghis Khan stamped out the *ji* had declared against him in Central Asia by killing ten million or so Muslims, and you know full well that with our nuclear arsenal we always had the means to destroy you totally."

"We knew that," he replied. "We also knew you'd never do it."

If strategic nuclear weapons could not deter a small non-nuclear nation like North Vietnam (or North Korea twenty-five years earlier, for that matter), it should be obvious that their ability to deter the adventurism of a major nuclear-armed opponent is questionable indeed. Yet that point has evidently not sunk in.

Shortly after President Carter announced his Carter

Doctrine to protect the Middle East from Soviet aggression, the scenario was seriously advanced that if the Soviets invaded Iran, we'd send in the 82d Airborne Division as a show of force, and if they didn't back off then, we'd be forced to use tactical nuclear weapons.

What was missing from that scenario was the dispiriting recognition that the Soviets have as many tactical nuclear weapons as we do, if not more; if we breached the nuclear threshold, they'd surely respond in kind. Who then would be more vulnerable to nuclear fire—Soviet units advancing through mountain passes, or U.S. lodgments on the coast? You don't have to be a nuclear-weapons expert to figure that out. And you don't

have to be a strategic expert to see the fallacy in such nuclear-based strategies.

The Short-War Theory

THE RELIANCE ON NUCLEAR WEAPONS FOR OUR war-fighting strategies was bad enough, but even worse were the false assumptions that these weapons spawned. Most pernicious was the so-called short-war theory—the assumption that any major future war would inevitably go nuclear and would therefore be concluded in a matter of hours or at most days. Until the past few years most global war-fighting scenarios were played out within a ninety-day period; those units that could not reach the battlefield within that time were, for all practical purposes, considered useless.

The short-war theory helped to reinforce several trends in military planning. Particularly hard hit were America's reserve forces, which supposedly no longer had a role to play on the battlefield. The draft, which was abolished because of domestic and fiscal pressures, received an additional blow, because according to the short-war scenario, the shooting would be over before draftees could be conscripted, trained, and deployed. Dismissed as well were our manpower and industrial mobilization capabilities, which had proved to be decisive in two world wars. No need for them in a short war.

The navy and the air force did not have major objections to this theory. It enhanced the role of the navy's submarine-launched ballistic-missile force and the air force's



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Strategic Air Command, with its nuclear bombers and intercontinental ballistic missiles. And since the conventional navy and air force consisted primarily of active-duty units and ready-reserve forces that could meet the ninety-day test, their manpower was not threatened either.

It was left to the army to lead the fight against the short-war theory, not so much out of self-interest (although that was certainly involved) as because the army was convinced that the theory would lead to disaster on the battlefield. In the mid-1970s the perception among officers on his staff was that John Vessey, then a brigadier general (later the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff), was passed over for promotion for continuing to ask, What happens on the ninety-first day? But the lack of promotion did not stop him. He persisted until a full-scale examination of America's mobilization capability was ordered. The results were shocking. As it then stood, on the ninety-first day we'd either lose the war or be forced to resort to nuclear weapons, for our mobilization procedures were virtually nonexistent. A reconsideration of the short-war theory was clearly needed.

Another aspect of the theory which particularly bothered the army was that it cut the military off from the American people. This was deliberate. Short-war theorists argued that in modern war there would be no time to follow constitutional procedures and involve Congress (and thereby the people) in the decision-making process.

The Vietnam War was a case in point. Instead of calling for a constitutionally mandated declaration of war by Congress (in Alexander Hamilton's felicitous words, "the representatives of the people, periodically elected"), President Johnson used his authority as Commander in Chief to order the military into action. Not wishing to pay the political price involved, he deliberately refused to mobilize the reserve forces or to take his case to the American people. The American people soon made it known that they had some say in the matter. As General Fred C. Weyand, America's last commander in Vietnam, observed, "The American army really is a people's army in the sense that it belongs to the American people, who take a jealous and proprietary interest in its involvement. . . . The army, therefore, cannot be committed lightly."

Partly with that thought in mind, and seeking to avoid a repetition of the Vietnam fiasco, General Creighton Abrams, then the army chief of staff, set out in 1973 to debunk the short-war theory and to create an army that could not be committed to sustained combat without the approval of the American people. The resulting "total army" concept created an army whose active-duty divisions were "rounded out" with brigades from the National Guard. It would take specific congressional approval to commit such forces to sustained combat—ap-

proval that, as experience has shown, would not be forthcoming unless members of Congress were assured of the support of their constituents. For obvious reasons, Abrams did not trumpet the rationale behind the total army; instead, he allowed the belief to spread that manpower and budgetary considerations impelled the change, although these were in fact secondary.

In the 1980s the army found a most unexpected ally in its battle against the short-war theory: Secretary of the Navy John F. Lehman, Jr. The fundamental purpose of his maritime strategy and 600-ship navy was to gain control of the seas and allow the construction of a "sea bridge" to Europe which would enable the mobilization capability of the United States to be brought to bear. His strategy was based on two assumptions: any future conflict would be prolonged, and any future conflict would be fought, as far as possible, by conventional—non-nuclear—means.

Forward Basing

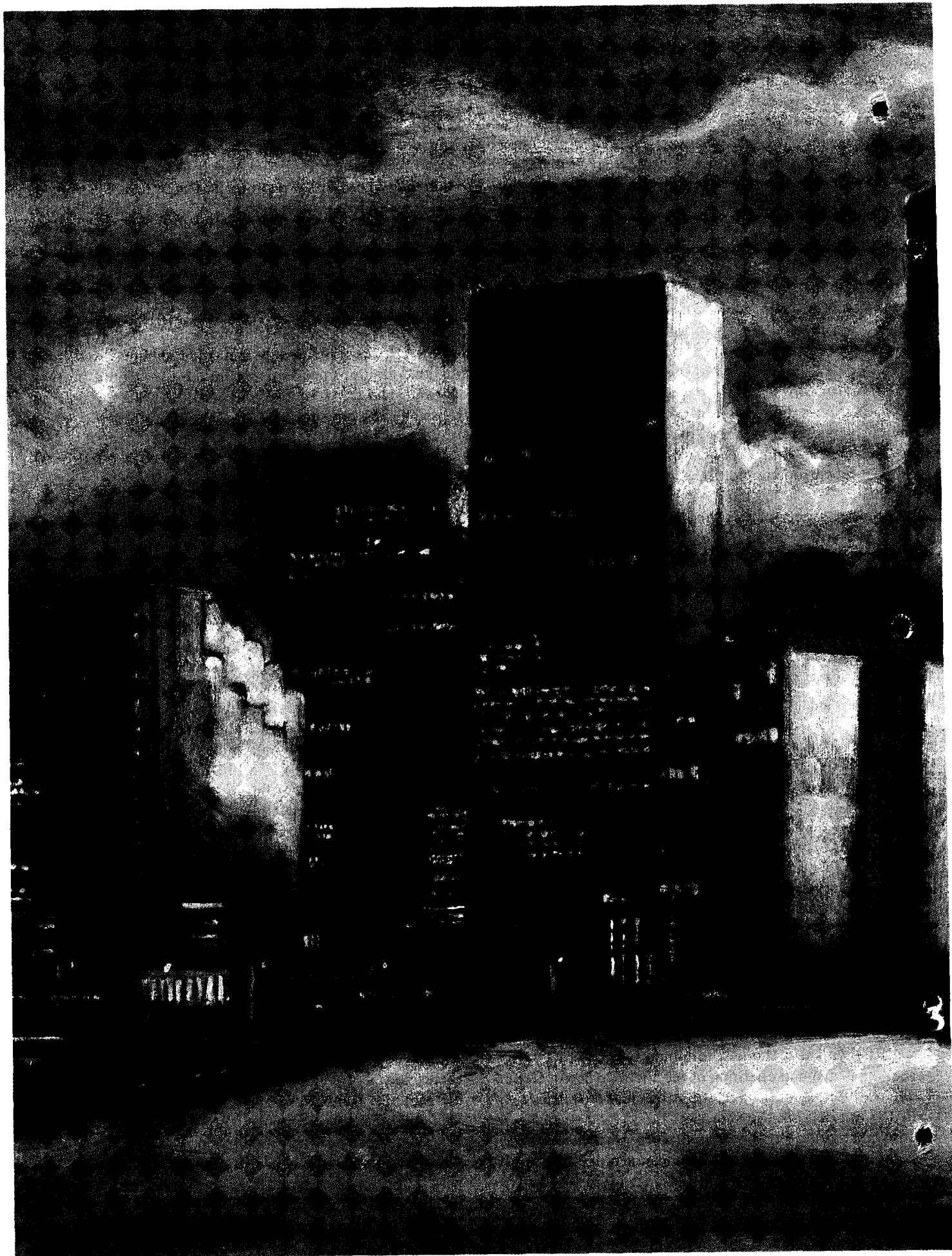
AMONG THE SEVERAL REASONS THE MARITIME STRATEGY was controversial was that its non-nuclear provisions challenged the assumptions undergirding America's forward-basing strategy. Originally, U.S. forces were maintained in Europe to validate guarantees by the United States that it would use nuclear weapons to turn back Soviet aggression. The scenario called for a "come as you are" war that would be concluded within ninety days by the use, if need be, of nuclear weapons. Although the time limit has been extended, the threatened first use of nuclear weapons to stop a Warsaw Pact attack is still the crux of NATO strategy.

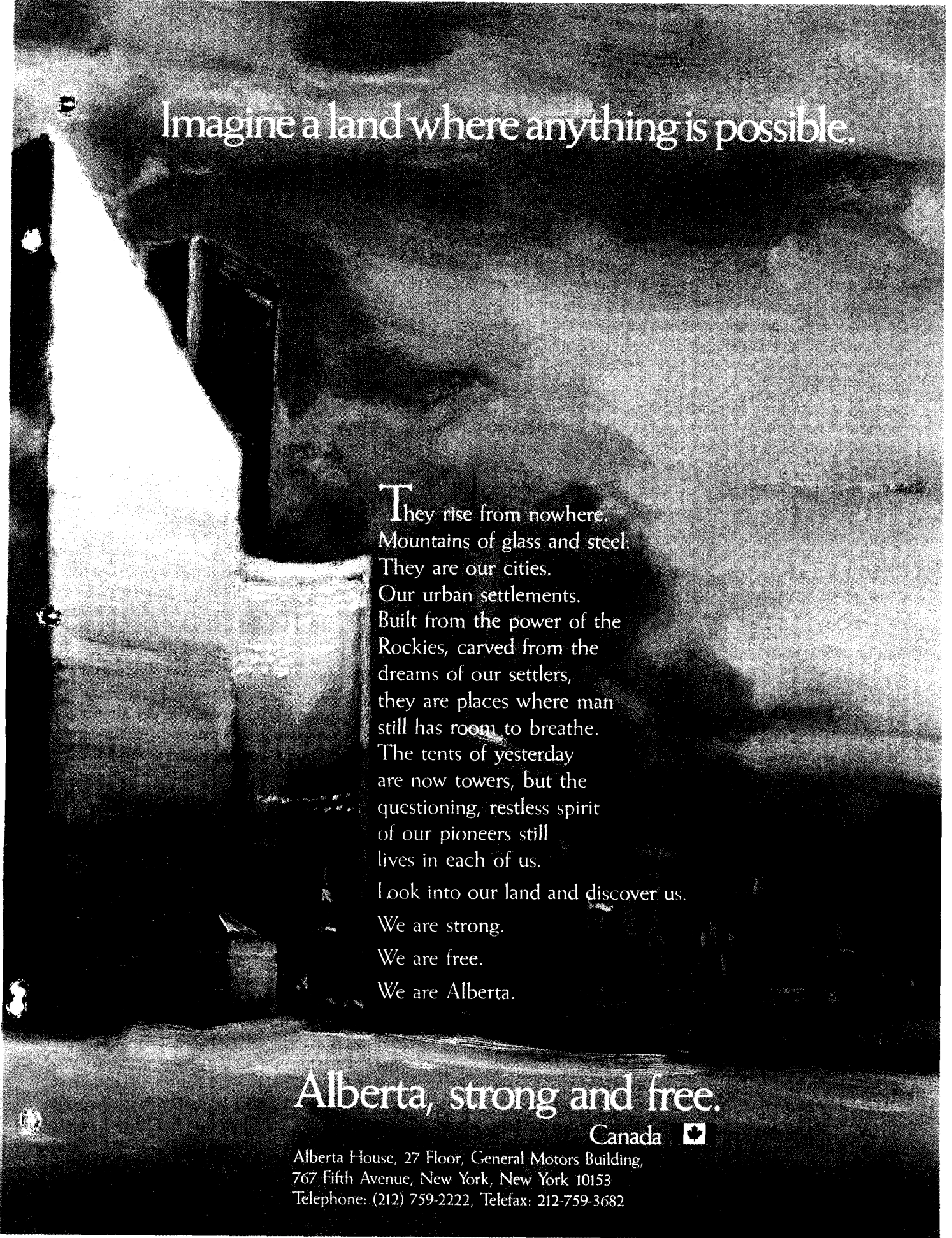
But for a long time this scenario has made no military sense. Over the past decade the horns of Darling's dilemma have continued to grow as Soviet nuclear parity, and in some cases outright nuclear superiority, have spread inexorably from the strategic to the operational to the tactical level. Because of a refusal, primarily for budgetary reasons, to face this change in the correlation of forces, NATO strategy has degenerated to the point where the message it is sending is not "You attack me and I'll destroy you" but instead the pathetic "You attack me and I'll commit nuclear suicide!"

U.S. forward-based forces now find themselves in the worst of all worlds. They lack sufficient conventional combat power to stand alone; the NATO allies, still officially relying on U.S. nuclear guarantees that have long since lost their validity, also lack sufficient conventional combat power; and the nuclear forces upon which both once depended have become paper tigers. The nuclear foundation upon which our post-Second World War strategy was erected is fast crumbling away. It is only a matter of time before tactical nuclear weapons are

**TO MEET OUR
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FORCE DIVISIONS.**







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withdrawn from Europe. Like intermediate nuclear weapons, they have long since lost their battlefield utility.

This strips the underpinnings from the nuclear-based short-war scenarios and the whole U.S. forward-basing strategy. The reason the United States built its strategy on nuclear forces to begin with, as John Foster Dulles made clear, was that they were much cheaper than conventional forces. And the reason NATO welcomed U.S. forward-deployed forces in Europe was that they served as a trip wire to those U.S. nuclear forces.

As long as the nuclear-based strategy was credible, both the United States and its NATO allies could avoid spending the huge sums that a conventional-based strategy would have entailed. But as the perceived value of the nuclear deterrent declines in the face of the intermediate-nuclear-forces agreement and Soviet *glasnost* and *perestroika*, so does tolerance for the forward basing of American troops, which are increasingly seen as an irritant, even by our staunchest allies. Other allies, like Greece, have turned into parasites. What began as an exercise in collective security and coalition defense has degenerated to the point where we are paying ransom for the "privilege" of protecting our "friends" from external aggression. Common sense tells us that it may be time to come home.

The most obvious step would be to scrap our nuclear-based short-war scenarios and our forward basing in favor of long-war scenarios that rely on conventional arms. But that would be a major undertaking. To meet our present worldwide commitments with conventional forces alone might take something in the vicinity of a sixfold increase in ground-force divisions and a corresponding increase in defense spending.

The projections vary widely, because they depend on different scenarios, but according to some of them, it would take up to 200 divisions to meet all of America's worldwide military commitments simultaneously. The gap between those commitments and the army and Marine Corps's present thirty-two active and reserve divisions is evidence that as it now stands our conventional-force military strategy is almost literally bankrupt, for our foreign-policy liabilities far exceed our operational military assets.

It is not that we have too few military forces; it is that we have too many jobs for them to do. Through a multiplicity of mutual-defense treaties and agreements, the United States has given solemn pledges to nations around the world that we will protect them from external aggression. But these pledges can no longer be credibly covered by nuclear means, and the U.S. defense budget, already seen as excessive, is not about to be expanded to close the present conventional-force gap.

What is to be done? Like any bankrupt, we need to re-examine both our assets and our liabilities. Our foreign-policy goals and objectives must be brought back into balance with the military means available for their attainment, enhancement, and protection.

It's not only time the Pentagon got a new set of slides. It's time the State Department got a new set as well. □

THE EXORBITANT ANACHRONISM

*A conceptual guide to the
major East-West issue for the rest of the century—
how to cut the price of a military standoff
that costs the two sides \$600 billion
a year to sustain*



BY JACK BEATTY

NATO IS A SUBJECT THAT DRIVES THE DAGGER OF boredom deep, deep into the heart. Perhaps in elite circles in Europe people pay attention to its workings; some few may even feel an improbable tingle of transnational patriotism over "the Alliance." But in the United States NATO is the exclusive property of academics who hold conferences at European resorts, or at the kind of American resort that should be in Europe, where they read turgid reports on why the United States must spend more tax dollars on an alliance to which not one American in ten has ever given a moment's thought. It is a rule of intellectual life in America: in any subject dominated by "study groups," such as NATO, the tacit goal is the diffusing of a fog of boredom, to repel boarders and thus to guarantee the total immunization from practical result so conducive to the professor's dream—endless, subsidized talk that begins in trivia and achieves a tentative culmination in the kind of "on the one hand, on the other" formulation that makes night fall across the mind.

NATO has been made safe for the academics because the politicians have left it alone. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization began in 1949 in legendary bipartisanship, with the support of the Republican Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, who was the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and had earlier been an isolationist, for the idea of America's joining a European military alliance. And with the exceptions of George McGovern's 1972 call for America to "come home" from its foreign military

involvements and the former senator Mike Mansfield's failed attempts to recall troops from Europe, NATO has been pickled in bipartisanship ever since. For Democratic politicians in particular, obeisance to the Alliance has provided useful political cover. You could justify a vote against the B-1 bomber, the MX missile, or the Strategic Defense Initiative by citing your offsetting vote for greater "readiness" for our troops on those "frontiers of freedom" so beloved of congressional orators. There are, after all, no pressure groups of articulate Americans lobbying for reductions in our subvention of NATO (as there are, in indignant abundance, against nuclear weapons), and in their absence the bipartisan consensus for the Alliance as it exists today is likely to endure. To count on a sudden access of vision or political courage from the Democratic Party on this issue is to bet against the evidence.

What might bring a change—and thus make the form and degree of our participation in NATO a matter of politics, of popular debate and choice—is not statesmanship or courage but the instinct for survival. Long ago Franklin Roosevelt laid down the formula for Democratic victory: tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect. But with the level of taxation apparently beyond the pale of debate, the Democrats cannot make the kind of promises of new spending that might bring new constituencies to their party. To give themselves something meatier than competence to stand for, they must look to the existing universe of spending for the wherewithal to spend and elect.

NATO should be a veritable El Dorado for them; or, indeed, for a Republican Party seeking a wider constituency through tax cuts. NATO costs United States taxpayers \$150 billion to \$170 billion a year. That comes to "significantly more than the defense contributions of the other 15 NATO members put together," according to a recent congressional report on "burden-sharing," which is NATO-speak for who pays what. In 1986 we spent \$1,155 per capita on defense, while our "Alliance partners" spent an average of \$318. Now, we do have responsibilities beyond the North Atlantic Treaty area, and our greater spending reflects that. Still, 60 percent of our defense budget goes to defend Europe, which is to say that 60 percent of \$1,155 goes to Europe, which comes to \$693 per citizen per year, or almost \$1,600 per taxpayer per year.

Those numbers ought to be available for indignation; \$170 billion every year ought to make you grind your teeth. Who could possibly defend such an outrageous subsidy? The answer is that last refuge of journalists whose reach for generalization exceeds their analytical grasp—the establishment.

Pat Schroeder can tell you all about the establishment. She made an exploratory run for the presidency in 1987 built around the theme of getting the allies to pay more of the cost of their own defense, and she got flayed, she says, as a "western woman" (she is a congresswoman from Colorado) threatening the foundations of the revered Alliance. "People think of *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* as liberal," she told me recently, "and in our party



people get into a fetal position and put their thumbs in their mouths if those papers say a nasty word about them. And if the Democrats said anything on burden-sharing, both of those papers would come down on them as flat-earthers, dinosaurs, isolationists. In our party people would rather be called perverts than isolationists."

I asked her what the response to her call for burden-sharing was like beyond the Europhile ramparts of the establishment. "Outside Washington and outside *The New York Times*," she said, "people get it when you say that our *military* allies are also our *trading* partners, so if you're going to have a level playing field on the trade side, it's got to be more even on the military side, too. It can't be 'Dial 1-800-USA and we'll go anywhere.' 'Persian Gulf? We're on our way!' And then we get there and we start wimping around, asking, begging, 'Could you send a hospital ship that would make this look like an allied thing? Please?'"

Schroeder is one of the leaders in Congress on "family policy," an emerging cluster of issues tailored to appeal to service-needy families, and when she looks at the annual \$170 billion NATO payout she sees day care, and better public schools, and better health care for aging parents. She sees votes. But many of her colleagues have not yet gotten this message. "In Washington family policy is not a power issue," she told me. "There are no PACS around it. Toddlers don't pay honoraria. And not only that: you mention 'families' and people in Washington think you've got lace on your shorts. They're into power projection—the MX, the D-5, the Midgetman. That's what's considered serious in Washington." Other countries, she pointed out, have other criteria of seriousness. "The standard of living is higher in other countries than it is here," she said. "We are paying a hundred and seventy billion to defend Europe, where college is free. Health care—free. Day care? No problem. They put their taxes into those things, and we spend *our* taxes defending *them*."

WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS. THAT, AT ANY RATE, IS the unargued premise of this article. We can't go on like this not only because it's absurdly expensive but also because it's absurd in a darker sense as well—in extremis we might have to commit suicide to defend Europe. According to one poll, 81 percent of Americans believe that we would use nuclear weapons only as a response to a Soviet nuclear attack on the United States. They couldn't be more wrong, and their nescience is part of the wages of bipartisanship on NATO. "Flexible response," our main deterrent strategy in Europe, pledges us to use nuclear weapons, if necessary, against a Soviet conventional attack on Germany. "To contain Moscow,"

writes Christopher Layne, a heterodox foreign-policy analyst, "the United States, in a geopolitical sense, *became* Germany." "Rational states," he says, "do not base their strategy on a pledge to commit suicide to protect other states' security." Henry Kissinger had this fateful quality in mind when, in a famous speech before the NATO Foreign Ministers, he said, "Don't you Europeans keep asking us to multiply assurances we cannot possibly mean and that if we do mean, we should not want to execute, and which if we execute, would destroy our civilization?"



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COVER.**

This article will explore paths out of the exorbitant anachronism of NATO. For while the political parties on this issue, as on so many others, have offered portraits in paralysis, thinkers both here and in Europe have given the reconstitution of the Alliance some refreshingly creative thought. In a signal development, moreover, their ideas on a new European security system have migrated to the Soviet Union, where General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev, saddled with an exorbitant anachronism of his own (the Warsaw Pact), has given voice to them. Since the Soviets, under Gorbachev, set the American agenda, his interest in the new ideas has gotten the attention of the State Department. That institution, to be sure, has a way of escorting all fresh approaches to an early, unmarked grave. And certainly NATO's opening proposal in the new conventional-arms-reduction talks that began last March in Vienna contains not a breath of urgency. NATO wants the Warsaw Pact forces to be cut drastically, which is good, but wants its own forces cut only tokenly, which will knock perhaps a few million off our \$170 billion tab. With Gorbachev calling the tune, however, you can't tell what will happen in Vienna. Count on winning the Irish sweepstakes sooner, but it just might dawn on this government that it is not doomed to wait for Gorbachev's every move, that statesmanship is not an exclusive Soviet prerogative in this era, and that George Bush's America can emulate Mikhail Gorbachev's Russia and let its foreign policy serve its domestic necessities.

An Aftershock

NO U.S. TAXPAYER WILL BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT NATO was a European idea. "The idea of a military alliance did not occur to the original containment people—Marshall, Kennan, and the others," John Lewis Gaddis, a leading diplomatic historian of the post-war era, told me not long ago. "They started out thinking that economic aid would be sufficient to do what they wanted to do—restore the balance of power in Europe in the wake of World War Two. It was the Europeans who asked for an explicit military alliance," Gaddis said. "But there was no idea in the original concept that we would commit

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troops to Europe. We would furnish a security guarantee only, not station troops there. The decision to commit troops came later. It was one of the aftershocks of the Korean War." The North Korean attack on South Korea in June of 1950 was widely considered at the time to be a "feint" to cover a major Soviet move on Western Europe.

I asked Gaddis if there was any evidence that the Soviets had then or ever planned such an attack. "An ambiguous piece of evidence comes out of the memoirs of a Czech Party official," he told me, "who describes Stalin in 1951 as having ordered planning for the invasion of Europe. But that doesn't mean much, since states routinely draw up worst-case contingency plans to invade potential enemies." Gaddis went on, "Moreover, Stalin was much less of a risk-taker than Khrushchev. This view of Stalin, of course, obliges you to account for the Korean anomaly, but there is plausible evidence, even there, that North Korea invaded South Korea on its own, without Soviet instigation." Although Stalin's attack on Europe never came, the aftershock lingers on.

Today it takes the shape of the four-plus U.S. Army divisions in Germany. They are a formidable force, heavily armored, highly motivated, and backed by a multibillion-dollar logistical supply train designed to keep them in the field longer than their Soviet counterparts. Still, their deployment has always been as much for psychological as for military purposes. They are a reassurance to the Europeans, who fear that unless our boys are being killed on the frontiers of freedom, we will think twice about inviting our destruction by making good our promise to save the few acres of the Alliance that Providence will have saved from pulverization. Under the Gorbachev persuasion, however, the Europeans seem to need less and less reassurance. A recent poll showed, for example, that only four percent of the British public now sees the Soviet Union as a serious threat to British security. Another poll showed that 80 percent of West Germans now believe that there is no longer a military threat from the East, while 50 percent have negative attitudes about aspects of the U.S. presence in their country.

That presence is undoubtedly inconvenient. Just under 790,000 soldiers, including 245,000 American GIs, are based in West Germany, which is the size of Oregon. That works out to more than eight soldiers per square mile, as opposed to 0.4 soldiers per square mile in the United States. Just in reparations payments for damages to property, the training maneuvers of this enormous force cost the allied governments nearly \$70 million annually. In the skies above West Germany, NATO aircraft make 80,000 low-altitude training flights every year, which create intolerable levels of noise, and also danger—last year seventy-five civilians were killed in West Germany by military air crash-

es. A poll conducted in December found that 71 percent of West Germans favored a total ban on these flights, even though the Bonn government had come out for a partial ban and even though the allied fliers say they need the drills to learn the terrain of the country they are sworn to defend.

The 790,000 NATO soldiers face 995,000 Warsaw Pact soldiers across the 800-kilometer Central Front. In the whole Atlantic-to-Urals theater, which is the "reduction area" that the current Vienna talks will cover, there are six

million soldiers and airmen armed with 10,000 nuclear weapons, making for a combined cost, to East and West, of \$600 billion a year. It is, writes Jonathan Dean, a U.S. ambassador to the last conventional-arms talks, "the largest, the deadliest, and the most costly peacetime military confrontation in history."

As the disparity in numbers along the Central Front indicates, NATO is behind the Pact in manpower and in tanks (12,800 to 18,800), tactical aircraft (1,200 to 2,350), and artillery pieces (3,100 to 11,100). The numbers make it seem that NATO is cooked if the Pact strikes. NATO, though, adheres to what the strategic analyst Barry Posen calls a different "theory of victory" from that of the Pact, which

holds that victory goes to the side with more "teeth"—more men with guns. NATO thinks victory goes to the side with more "tail"—a thicker logistical umbilical cord for pumping in fresh men and supplies as soon as they are needed. Is NATO right? In the wake of the INF treaty, which will eliminate U.S. intermediate-range nuclear weapons from Europe, that question has taken on a new edge. In the burgeoning field of security studies, it has touched off a sophisticated, vituperative, and arcane debate, featuring such exotica as "Lanchester attrition models," "armored division equivalent scores," and algebraic models of what might happen if the armies actually clash on the German plain. It is not my purpose to descend into this fray. Rather, I want to emphasize the points of agreement between the two sides in the debate as a way of establishing the nature of the military challenge with which NATO must be prepared to cope.

THOSE WHO THINK THAT NATO'S CONVENTIONAL forces are strong and those who think they are weak relative to the Pact's agree about what it is those forces must deter or defeat: a blitzkrieg attack by the Pact tank armies. The Soviets cannot go around the NATO line; mountains on one end and the Baltic Sea on the other prevent that. So they must break through it, get into the rear of the NATO forces, smash their communications, sow panic, and in general do to NATO what the Germans did to the British and French forces defending France in 1940—cut them off from one another, the better to destroy them



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piecemeal. In a blitzkrieg, John Mearsheimer writes in his seminal book *Conventional Deterrence*, "the offense literally outruns the defense. The attack succeeds because the defense is incapable of containing what Liddell Hart aptly called 'the expanding torrent.'"

To dam that torrent at its first gush, a strong defensive line is needed. In France in 1940 the Allied forces employed a static defense; they fought from fixed positions and had little ability to move up or down the front to stanch the flood. NATO has highly mobile armored divisions to effect what it calls a strategy of forward defense—"a linear arrangement of forward-deployed forces that have significant tactical mobility," to quote Mearsheimer.

Mobility alone, however, is no guarantee that NATO can avoid the fate of the Allies in 1940. Thickness (sheer mass both overall and at the point or points of the attack) is equally important. To deter a blitzkrieg, and to repel one should deterrence fail, NATO must keep the "forward edge of battle area," or FEBA, thickly populated. "There is an optimum number of troops required to hold a specific length of territory, an optimum *force-to-space ratio*," Mearsheimer writes, employing a concept of military science that makes both sides in the debate over NATO's post-INF strength uneasy about the withdrawal of at least some U.S. troops from the FEBA to which the Vienna talks are likely to lead.

For years NATO has decried the Pact's superiority in numbers of men and weapons. Now, on the eve of historic negotiations with a Soviet leader who has already made impressive unilateral cuts, NATO may be to some extent hostage to its own past propaganda about numbers, which have, after all, never figured in its theory of victory. In many politically attractive reduction schemes NATO could come out ahead of the Pact in numbers but be weaker, if it has thinned out its forces to a density below that dictated by the force-to-space ratios necessary to make its forward-defense strategy work. The algebra of force to space is implacable: To hold so many square miles, it takes a force so big. A thin FEBA is an invitation to blitzkrieg.

But must the FEBA be thinned, one might ask? Can't German boys take the place of American boys withdrawn from the line? Demography joins geography to say no. Starting early in the 1990s there will not be enough German boys of draft age to man the *current* German army, much less to fill space left by departing GIs. The Germans will have to hire Turks to people the line.

Ideally, French boys would be available for the job, and there has, in fact, been talk in the diplomatic press that France might want to return to NATO (De Gaulle pulled the country out of NATO's military structure in the sixties) if we leave a leadership vacuum to be filled. The French

have trained a brigade with the West German army, and there are other straws in the wind. As Western Europe's largest country, France should be in NATO, but it won't come in unless we start to get out; pride would not permit France to play second fiddle to us. They don't like to face it in Washington, but we are not irreplaceable. A canny Yankee statesmanship would manipulate the bottomless vanity of the French to get them to take our place in the Alliance in much the same way that Tom Sawyer got the idlers to paint Aunt Polly's fence. Before we were powerful, we were shrewd.

Meanwhile, the Soviets have their own force-to-space anxieties. They have to ask themselves how far they can cut their forces in Eastern Europe and still retain their ability to coerce, overawe, and intimidate the restive peoples of what were once unblushingly referred to as "the captive nations."

These parallel fears about numbers—the one military, the other political—are the key limiting factor in the Vienna talks. They will impede the negotiations and bracket their progress unless a new formula for Central European security can be found.

Qualitative Disarmament

HERBERT HOOVER HAS GONE DOWN IN HISTORY AS the embodiment of heartless, unimaginative conservatism, a President who did nothing, as FDR did much, to lift the misery of the Depression. Hoover deserves a better press. He may soon come into his own in a different guise—as the godfather of a new peace in Europe.

In June of 1932, at the Geneva Disarmament Conference, President Hoover proposed a plan for comprehensive disarmament aimed at "increasing the comparative power of the defense through decreases in the power of attack." Specifically, Hoover, who happened to be a Quaker, called for "the abolition of all tanks, all chemical warfare, and all large mobile guns; the abolition of all bombing planes, the total prohibition of all bombardment from the air; and reduction by one third of battleships and submarines, and by one quarter of aircraft carriers, cruisers, and destroyers."

The Hoover Plan might have ended war as we know it; instead, the plan died aborning, principally because Hitler removed Germany from the Geneva Conference in October of 1933 and shortly afterward from the League of Nations. Still, in the interval between Hoover's pronouncement and Hitler's coup de grâce, the Hoover Plan dangled a plausible dream of peace before a world rushing toward war.

After defeating Hoover in the November election, President Roosevelt seconded his vision for peace in a statement

THE NOTION OF
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to the Geneva Conference that laid down the formula for what has come to be known as qualitative disarmament—"qualitative" because it seeks to reduce the kinds, rather than the sheer numbers, of weapons: "If all nations will agree wholly to eliminate from possession and use weapons which make possible a successful attack, defenses will automatically become impregnable, and the frontiers and independence of every nation will become secure."

The idea behind qualitative disarmament is appealingly simple. If what Liddell Hart called "the defense-breaking weapons"—tanks, mobile artillery, attack aircraft, poison gas—are taken away or drastically limited in number, the blitzkrieg is not a tenable strategy. You can't, after all, burst into an opponent's rear unless you first pierce his forward line, and you can't pierce his forward line without those defense-breaking weapons. The blitzkrieg is a strat-

egy for a quick victory, a short war. Rule it out, by ruling out the weapons that make it possible, and you are left with the prospect of a repeat of 1914–1918, a long war of attrition. Conventional deterrence in the modern world rests on the hope that the surest way of keeping the peace is making your opponent face the certainty of a war of attrition. It is perhaps supererogatory to add that the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who engaged in a war of attrition with Iraq for eight years, does not belong to the modern world.

TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT QUALITATIVE DISARMAMENT, I spoke recently with Mark Sommer, the research director of the Alternative Defense Project, in New York City, one of a number of groups dedicated, in their different ways, to former President Ronald Reagan's goal: peace through strength.

"Qualitative disarmament," Sommer told me, "reasserts a distinction that has been lost for years between the capacity to attack and the capacity to protect. Nuclear deterrence has dominated our thinking about defense in general. In that theory, it's true, it is only through the capacity to attack, or to threaten attack, that you have the capacity to protect. But it's possible to think of conventional deterrence in a less punitive way."

"Look at the standoff in Europe," he said. "Each alliance says it's configured only for defense, yet both armies are prepared to take the battle over into the other's territory. They don't understand that they could relinquish that capacity to attack without weakening their capacity to protect." NATO would both feel and be more secure if the Pact forces along the inter-German border did not have "defense-breaking" weapons. The Pact would feel and be more secure if the United States did not have the offensive weapons to execute its two broad doctrines: the Air-Land Battle, which calls for ground and tactical air forces to engage the enemy not only at the front but also in his own territory, and the Follow-on-Forces Attack, in which highly accurate smart weapons would cut the tail of a Pact offensive with deep strikes at its rear. An arms-reduction scheme that could pluck the defense-breaking weapons from the arsenals of both sides, Sommer said, would allow both sides to defend the same territory at much less risk of escalation in a crisis and at much less cost.

How do you tell the difference between offensive and defensive weapons, so that you can pluck out one and leave the other? I put that question to Paul Walker, a weapons analyst, the author of several books on defense, and the co-director of the Institute for Peace and International Security, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Offensive weapons, Walker said, have a long range, their payloads are heavy, and they are highly mobile. Defensive weapons have shorter ranges, they are less accurate, and they are less mobile across, but not up and down, a given front. Walker conceded that in practice these fine distinctions might be hard to make. "Frankly," he said, "the best way of telling

THE BIRDS AND COLUMBUS

*The Journal shows that the birds of North America
deserve the credit.* —Samuel Eliot Morison

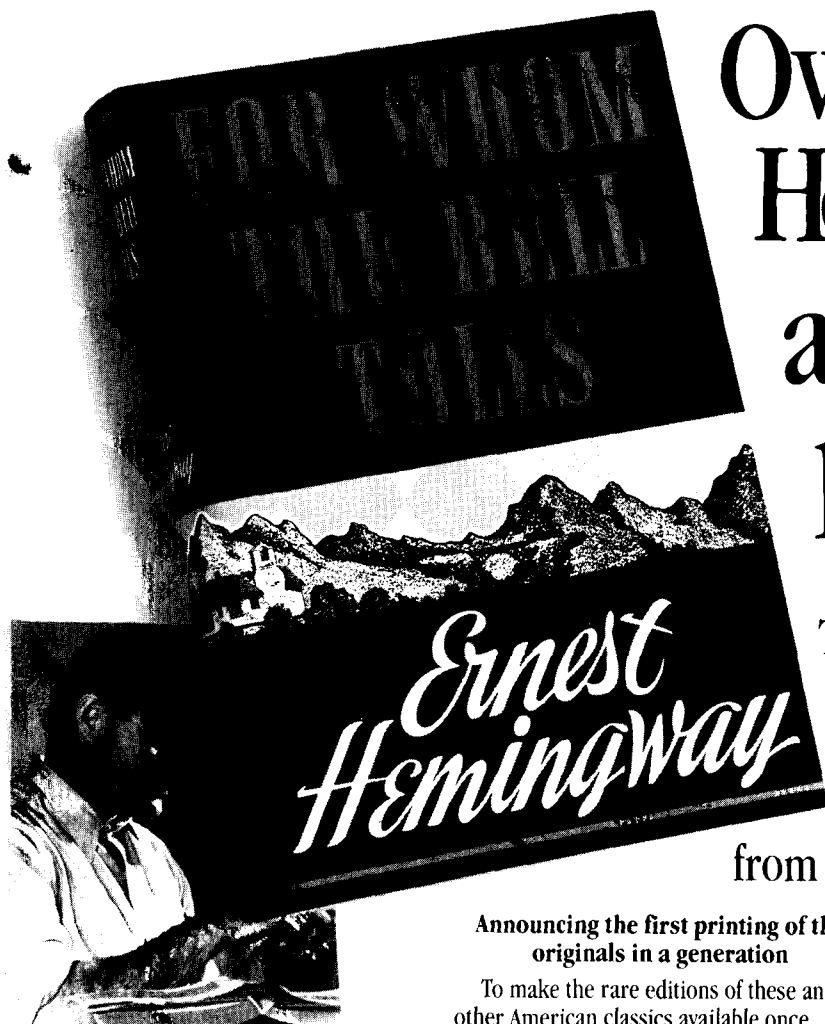
First far out from any shore
he thought them land birds—
the arctic tern, the reed-tail, the petrel
residing in the long spaces of the sea—
and believed he sailed between islands.

Later, though he had determined a course due west
he turned south to follow them
the land birds, migrants in October,
all crowding south,
whole clouds of ducks and geese,
thrushes, vireos, swallows,
flashes of hummingbirds and golden plover,
and nights, the bobolink.

He had heard somewhere
that birds are good to follow.
And so he did,
missing by this simple
turn of the wheel
the Gulf Stream
relentlessly pushing northward
to the reefs off Hatteras.

But here, a crown of islands,
a world for taking.

—Ann Stanford



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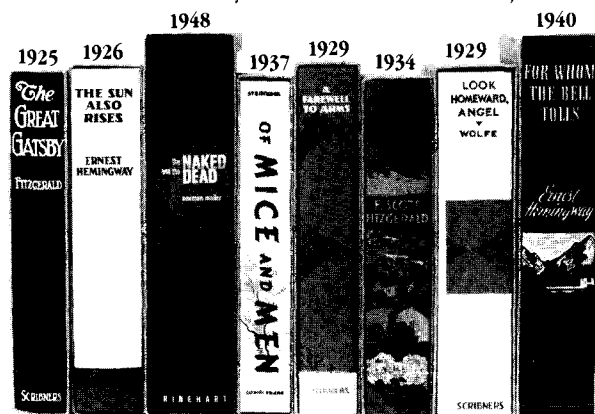
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offensive from defensive weapons is to ask the other side what weapons of yours *they* perceive as offensive."

The notion of asking the other side what weapons scare it, so that you can get rid of them, would no doubt get a hoot in the local pub. The whole idea is to scare the other guy, right? Wrong. Scaring the other guy leads to arms-race instability: you build, he builds, you build some more, and pretty soon that \$170 billion we spend on NATO rises to \$225 billion, and beyond. That way lies penury. And yet it's the direction in which the Bush Administration appears to be heading.

In the presidential campaign Bush talked about implementing something called "competitive strategies" to strengthen NATO, which apparently means rapidly developing and deploying a new generation of deep-strike weapons aimed at preventing the Pact from reinforcing its initial attack. These weapons, which would simply implement the Follow-on-Forces Attack doctrine, are deeply offensive in character, even though our expressed intention is to use them only in counterattack. Competitive strategies—so named because they would use our "competitive" advantage, high technology, to counter the Pact's big numbers—look like an attempt to secure a unilateral advantage over the Soviets à la Strategic Defense Initiative. Used as a bargaining chip in the Vienna talks, the threat of these high-tech weapons might wrest from the Soviets the kind of asymmetrical reductions in conventional forces that they agreed to in nuclear forces in the INF treaty (four to one). But if the Bush Administration has any idea of using the new weapons to compensate for a decrease in U.S. ground forces, it should think again.

A prime objective of U.S. policy in the Vienna talks should be to mute the threat of the "standing-start" attack—a surprise attack launched by the twenty Soviet divisions in East Germany against the NATO line. The standing-start attack has long been NATO's chief anxiety, and the Soviets would be fools to declaw it if we had plans to field weapons that would give us a surprise-attack capability of our own.

In his statement at the May, 1988, summit with President Reagan, Gorbachev put forward a four-step program for cutting the forces in Europe which offers a better way, the way of Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt. The key step is "eliminating the offensive core" of each alliance's forces—qualitative disarmament. Which raises a practical question: How would armies stripped of their offensive cores defend themselves and their territories?

Non-Offensive Defense

IN LATE 1987 FOUR WESTERN PROPONENTS OF THE IDEAS and strategies that are grouped under the rubric of "non-offensive defense" wrote Gorbachev a letter outlining their views. He wrote back with a general endorsement of their thinking, and urged them to develop it further. It was, says Jonathan Dean, the former conventional-

arms negotiator, in his important forthcoming study of the prospects for a conventional-arms treaty in Europe, "a remarkable example" of East-West communication. "Western advocates of non-offensive defense," he says, "attracted the attention of the Soviet defense intellectuals and academicians, who sold General Secretary Gorbachev on the merits of these ideas."

If parity in men and weapons has been the main goal of NATO in its past and now in its current talks with the Pact, superiority is the goal of non-offensive defense; superiority, however, not of one side over the other but of the defense over the offense. You have only to consider what Roger Ailes or Lee Atwater could do with the notion of superiority as against parity to grasp its latent political uses.

The doyen of non-offensive defense is a West German defense intellectual with a name from Central Casting: Horst Alfeldt. In 1976 Alfeldt wrote a book outlining a wholly new strategy for NATO. In place of armored divisions, he wanted NATO to rely on "*Tekhno-Kommandoes*," groups of from twenty to thirty men armed with hand-held precision-guided missiles. At the threat of war 10,000 *Tekhno-Kommandoes* would spread out both across the front and deep behind it, taking up positions at hardened sites fitted out with enough supplies and ammunition to sustain them throughout the battle. Because the groups would be small, they would offer the Pact no concentrated target for conventional or nuclear artillery or air strikes. Because they would be equipped with next-generation high-tech weapons, they would wreak havoc on the turrets and treads of the Pact's tanks. The *Tekhno-Kommandoes*, in addition, would be backed by a thick network of rocket artillery, made up of rocket launchers cunningly camouflaged in the terrain. Each launcher, ideally, would be used only once, so that it could not draw counterbattery fire from Pact gunners, who would, in effect, have nothing to shoot at but the screeching air. Suppose the Pact attacked on a fifty-kilometer front (roughly the width of the key gaps in the inter-German border which the allies are most concerned about covering) that was defended by five rockets per square kilometer, each with a range of forty kilometers. "As it crossed the frontier," Alfeldt wrote, "every attacking unit would be in the range of fire of all the network's rockets inside a semicircle with a 40 km radius. Thus 12,500 missiles would be ready to attack the intruding unit." If the intrepid attacker nevertheless penetrated 100 kilometers deep behind that fifty-kilometer front, up to 100,000 rockets could fall on him, utterly spoiling his day. The *Tekhno-Kommandoes* may have a Bück Rogers-meets-Danny the Red flavor, but this is clearly not a scheme hatched by sandal-wearing pacifists who wouldn't know the business end of a revolver from a cord of wood.



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Some versions of non-offensive defense completely eliminate tanks. Others use tanks to put lethal sting into a "spider-web defense." As envisioned by its theoreticians, the web would consist of 450 dispersed infantry battalions manned by 300,000 West Germans (which is about the troop strength of the current West German army). These troops would be supported by a rear-echelon mobile force, half West German and half NATO, of 200,000—the spider.

The spider-web battlefield would be framed by a belt of mines and sensors adjacent to the border. Immediately behind this would begin a checkerboard of prepared strong points whose defenders would aim multidirectional fire at the attackers, throw up barriers, and lay down minefields to channel the attack. The spider would descend into the web to disrupt the attack and to relieve besieged strong points. Against the thick web the expanding torrent of the blitzkrieg would find no outlet; it could not outrun what would amount to a defense in depth. Caught in the web, Pact forces would be prey for the spider. But most important, "as the spider would not be able to operate outside the web, which would be con-

finied to West German territory," a theoretician of the strategy writes, "the concept is unambiguously defensive."

Horst Alfeldt's original vision was to make non-offensive defense a unilateral policy: something that either NATO or West Germany could do on its own, to strengthen its defenses without threatening either arms race or crisis instability with the Pact. A stronger conventional defense, Alfeldt reasoned, could allow NATO to dispense with its first-use flexible-response strategy and perhaps with nuclear weapons altogether. That, in turn, might mean that Germany would not be turned into rubble if deterrence failed. This vision of a Germany able to defend itself without becoming a charnel house in the bargain is one reason why non-offensive defense has been taken up by the leading German opposition party and why even the Kohl government's coalition partners, the Free Democrats, have said some good things about it. Until Gorbachev, it appeared that the unilateral emphasis would put the curse on non-offensive defense. But Gorbachev's interest in qualitative disarmament, and his provocative hints about reconfiguring the Pact forces, have made it conceivable that there could be negotiations for the adoption of the new strategy by both sides.

With or without the mobile spider force, non-offensive defense would create a thickly populated FEBA; the defense in depth, according to military thinkers, is an excellent strategy to discourage or repel a blitzkrieg. The same cannot be said, however, for a strategy of forward defense with an inadequate number of men and weapons to execute it. If NATO stays with its current strategy, in other

words, it cannot afford to make the kinds of reductions in forces that would save real money. Non-offensive defense would cost money too, but most of it would have the virtue of being German.

Non-offensive defense has one major military advantage over the current alternative. Critics of forward defense point convincingly to its potentially catastrophic weakness: everything depends on timely mobilization. Even those analysts, like Mearsheimer, who are optimistic about NATO's ability to fight the Pact to a standstill concede that unless the NATO governments call up their reserves at the first hint of a Pact mobilization, the Pact will win. But in a moment of tension to rank with the Cuban missile crisis, would the NATO governments dare to stir the wrath of their opposition parties and peace movements by calling for prompt mobilization? Fearing that mobilization would be provocative to the Pact, which could use it as an excuse to torque a crisis into war, they might well dither, while thousands upon thousands of Soviet soldiers streamed out of Russia and toward the line. The NATO governments are justified in these fears over mobilization, as the Soviet government is in *its* fears, because the heavily armored NATO forces have the capability to take the offensive—to smash into Eastern Europe and accomplish its “liberation.” But a call to the *Tekhno-Kommandoes* or the web forces to take up their strictly defensive positions would carry no offensive threat, and consequently would be easier to make. On the central issue of mobilization, therefore, non-offensive defense has a clear edge over current NATO strategy.

Immobilism

NON-OFFENSIVE DEFENSE HAS COME UNDER FIRE from many quarters. Although it is a formula for defensive superiority, it did emerge from what could broadly be called the European peace movement, which provenance is the kiss of death in hard-boiled Washington. Military men, understandably, don't like the idea of sacrificing their big-ticket offensive weapons. The arms makers could hardly be enthusiastic about that prospect either, though the high-tech aura of the *Tekhno-Kommandoes* might give them an opening. The bureaucrats in the State Department and the Pentagon and the National Security Council, and their friends in the press and among the opinion makers, would of course resist any effort to reduce American hegemony anywhere—especially in Europe, which is such a grand place to visit for the odd conference, seminar, or military review.

Can a set of ideas that threatens such powerful constituencies succeed? Probably not. We may get some qualitative disarmament from the Soviets, but the force-to-space arguments of the military will limit how far we can go and how much money we can save. A clear party difference on the issue could alter this dour prognosis. But the Democrats are already snakebitten by the charge of being “soft on defense.” Fancy them mustering the nerve to adopt an

idea fathered by “Euroweenies” which would force NATO to scrap most of its arsenal! Lee Atwater would have their tails.

The last conventional-arms-reduction talks went on in Vienna for fifteen years, and they were a total failure. Paul Walker, the arms analyst, told me a story that illustrates one reason why. Recently he and some colleagues of his interviewed a number of people prominent in security policy to see if they were open to the ideas of qualitative disarmament and non-offensive defense. “Most of them agreed that the Mutual Balanced Force Reduction Talks had been a disaster,” he told me. “But a minority of the career bureaucrats we spoke to said they thought the talks were highly successful. Puzzled, I asked one of them why he held this curious view. A cynical smile played over his face as he answered, ‘Because we didn't pull the troops out. The talks allowed us to stage a show in Vienna while keeping the troops in Europe.’

“Well, now,” I asked him,” Walker said, “What are your hopes for the new arms-reduction talks?” He smiled that cynical smile again and said, ‘We think they'll be equally successful.’”

That kind of immobilism is possible only when bureaucrats operate in a politics-free environment. Alas, the Alliance is apt to remain that for the foreseeable future. We need a Huey Long to popularize the issue of America's saving money through greater European autonomy in defense, but few Democrats—with the notable exception of Sam Nunn, who has proposed a 50 percent reduction in the forces of both alliances—have the “strength” credentials to do so.

The absence of any discernible public pressure, the probability of opposition from the professional military, the likelihood that even serious arms-reductions negotiations would bog down in distinguishing offensive from defensive weapons, an apparent split in the Soviet ranks between the military and the civilian defense intellectuals over the merits and meaning of defensive strategies, and the certainty of more unilateral moves by Gorbachev on a par with last December's 500,000-man cut in his forces—these portents of sterility and diplomatic defeat have led some observers to contemplate formulas more radical than arms-reductions talks for extricating America from the ex-orbitant anachronism.

Mutual Disengagement

CHRISTOPHER LAYNE CALLS HIMSELF A TAFT REPUBLICAN, and one's inclination is to take him at his word. Layne was an adviser to the Bush campaign, but perhaps because he holds unusual views, he was not invited to join the new administration. He has a Ph.D. from Berkeley in international relations and writes frequently for prestigious publications in that field, but he makes his living as a lawyer in Los Angeles.

In a series of articles that combine strategic acumen with political savvy, Layne has staked out a position on NATO of

which Senator Robert Taft, who in the late forties fought our entry into a European military alliance, would be proud. What Layne wants is nothing less than the disengagement of both superpowers from Europe.

"I want to get the Soviet army out of Europe and back to the Soviet Union, where it belongs," he told me when we spoke not long ago. "In order to do that, we will have to take our forces out of Germany and bring them back to the United States, where they belong."

Why, I asked, is it so important to get the Soviet army out of Europe? His answer surprised me. "Because the risk of war breaking out is too great if it remains there," he said. I asked him to explain.

"Wars are not caused by nations' having armies," he said. "Wars are caused by political conflicts that create crises that spin out of control. Now, the Soviets are not going to wake up one morning and say, 'Let's invade Europe today.' That's just not going to happen. But their being in Eastern Europe prevents the natural political evolution of the Eastern European countries. Thus political tensions within those countries fester—they have no safety valve. Sooner or later, under these conditions, an explosion will happen; popular unrest will break out. What will the Soviets do then? Will they sit back and watch their empire disintegrate, or will they be tempted to launch a war against the West to save the empire?"

How would a war against the West help them do that? I asked. Layne invoked a parallel to the Austro-Hungarian empire in answer. Fearful that the example of an independent Serbia would provoke separatist movements among the multifarious peoples of its empire, Austro-Hungary launched a pre-emptive attack against Serbia that triggered the engulfing catastrophe of the First World War. In the "war for the empire" scenario, think of Western Europe as Serbia and Russia as Austro-Hungary. Think further of what Layne calls "the immense magnetic attraction" that Western Europe exerts over Eastern Europe. Now consider how this magnetic attraction looks to the Soviets. They are properly afraid, Layne says, that pluralism and nationalism will continue to quicken not only within Eastern Europe but among the peoples of "the inner empire"—the Balts, the Ukrainians, and others. Separatism in Poland might spread separatism in the Ukraine.

In thinking through how to deal with it, the Soviets might conclude that they had three choices, none of them good: do nothing and watch their empire disintegrate, strike at the offending provinces in the certain knowledge that they would have to do it again in a generation, or strike at the magnetic attraction doing the disintegrating. From panic springs folly. *Perestroika* and *glasnost*, in combination with the magnetic attraction, might spark events in Eastern Europe whose consequences cannot be foretold.

Should a crisis within the Soviet empire erupt, Layne wants the Soviet army off the borders of the West, where it sits today.

"Disengagement makes it much more unlikely that war will break out in that scenario," Layne said. "For one thing, the Soviets would almost certainly have to fight their way through Eastern Europe to get at the West, and they know it. But it's also important to point out that disengagement is not just a military process; it's a way of finding a political outcome for the Soviets' problem in Eastern Europe. Which is, how do you keep those countries more or less aligned with the Soviet Union in their external policy, while giving them the autonomy to make the internal political and economic reforms that are necessary to forestall unrest?"

Layne, in short, wants a Finlandized Eastern Europe, and he thinks that George Bush should want it too, should see that mutual disengagement is the only way to get it, and should act boldly to bring it about. Specifically, he wants Bush to seize the diplomatic initiative from Gorbachev by proposing that both superpowers remove their nuclear and conventional forces from Europe, "demobilize" them—return them to civilian life—asymmetrically, to account for the geographical asymmetries, and pledge that neither will be the first to put them back.

He would retain a "residual nuclear deterrence" for Europe by means of submarines based off the European coasts—thus ending the suicide pact and restoring our "nuclear sovereignty." Otherwise, he would let Europe be Europe.

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Does Europe want to be Europe? Layne cites current West German-American differences over the Lance missile (we want to keep this short-range nuclear weapon; the Germans, knowing that "the shorter the range, the deadlier the Germans," are balking) as an omen of a "messy divorce" to come. The Lance missile, the possibility of a trade war with the single economic unit that Europe will become in 1992, the threat that the wily Gorbachev will sow dissension within the Alliance by offering to take down the Berlin Wall in exchange for the "denuclearization" of Europe, the bad political weather left by Ronald Reagan's call, in Reykjavik, for eliminating the ballistic missiles upon which the security of Eu-

rope is supposed to depend—these are some of the storms that lie just over the horizon for the Alliance. Better to get out now, Layne says, when we can by that act pry the Soviets out too. Suppose they refuse to go and we both end up staying there. In that case we will at least have wrested the high diplomatic ground from them. "The trick of statesmanship," Layne says, "is to turn the inevitable to one's own advantage."

Layne is untroubled by the prospect of a reunited Ger-

GENERATING MORE THAN ELECTRICITY

By Bob Bergland

I'm an optimist
about people power.

Maybe that's because I see so many people in rural communities—areas often left behind while the rest of the country prospers—harnessing their can-do spirit to pump new life into their local economy.

In one area of west Texas, for example, the manager of Midwest Electric Co-op in Fisher County and other community leaders simply weren't willing to watch their economy deteriorate and their population dwindle. So they did something about it.

They formed an economic commission, and projects to revive local assets—like restoring historic Main Street storefronts—were put into motion. They brought in new business and provided the professional services needed to support commercial development. Today, with a new livestock processing plant, a business “incubator,” and other signs of growth, parents and youngsters look at their hometown with a whole new vision.

Fisher County's story is not unique. Neither is the leadership provided by the electric co-op

there. In fact, there are 1,000 rural electric systems in 46 states, helping communities cope with challenging conditions. These electric co-ops, owned by the people they serve, provide the leadership and resources needed to strengthen community foundations.

In Alabama, a local co-op has helped build and operate a water system for several thousand people. A sporting goods plant in

South Dakota was saved when a co-op manager found a buyer for the facility. In Vermont, a languishing farming community built a ski village and training center with a co-op's help. Co-ops in Wisconsin formed an organization to rebuild homes and businesses after natural disasters. The list goes on and on.

These are powerful examples of leadership and cooperation in generating local economic growth. And by bringing growth to the rural economy, rural electric systems are generating more than electricity . . . they are strengthening the nation's economic foundation.



Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.



**America's Consumer-Owned
Rural Electric Systems**
A Power In The Land.

many, which, given the prevailing political dynamics, might well be a result of mutual disengagement. With an insouciance that takes one's breath away, he has written, "The prevailing (and historically incorrect) view is that Germany caused *two* world wars in this century." One hopes his prospective vision here is better than his retrospective.

For a reunited Germany is the stuff of nightmares. You can't dig into NATO as a subject without hearing, in an aside here, a mumbled comment there, that to British and French and even some American observers, the Alliance has the purpose not just of containing Soviet power but also of separating Germany from its past. The superpower forces in Germany, seen from this perspective, are an occupation force, a multibillion-dollar lid on the restless grave of the Third Reich.

Layne is afraid that Gorbachev will disrupt the Alliance by playing the card of German reunification, but memory may stay his hand. No nation suffered more from the last German drive to achieve hegemony in Europe than the Soviet Union; the Nazis slaughtered millions of Russians. The Soviet Union's searing experience of 1941–1945 would seem to put the German card, if it has anything more than a notional existence, squarely in the hands of the West. Should the West play it? Should it, through mutual disengagement, set in train developments that could lead to its being played? Twice in twenty years Germany upset the balance of power in Europe, bringing death to 60 million people. In the past forty years Europe, under superpower occupation, has known peace. History does not exhaust possibility. Nevertheless, history says, "Don't play that card," or it says nothing. Risk must be set against risk in international affairs, however, cost against cost, history against hope.

"REDUCING A HUGE MILITARY CONFRONTATION," Jonathan Dean writes, "is a ticklish and sensitive task, something like defusing a giant bomb." The analogy is exact: a bomb is dangerous to defuse *and* to ignore. Those who say that we cannot afford to defuse this one must meet an argument from history: we had 50,000 fewer men in Europe in the late sixties than we have now, and the Soviets did not invade Western Europe; nor would 50,000 more GIs back of the line have kept them from invading Czechoslovakia. No, the chief danger of war is the one that Christopher Layne has adduced: a desperate war to preserve a collapsing empire. It's a troubling irony, but the ferment of reform in the Soviet Union makes that kind of war seem more, not less, conceivable. That is one powerful reason to seize this chance to build down the armies in Europe, if possible to reconfigure them from offense to defense, if possible to withdraw them completely. A second powerful reason starts with us, with our needs at the dawn of a new age of international economic competition. We have borne too much of the burden of Europe for too long. It's time to put America first. □

HOW TO SAVE \$50 BILLION A YEAR

*The perversities of the procurement
system seem to defy reform. Still, we can—
we must—do better*



BY RICHARD A. STUBBING AND
RICHARD A. MENDEL

IN FEBRUARY OF LAST YEAR ROBERT COSTELLO, THE Pentagon's top procurement official, told a gathering of defense reporters that the Department of Defense wastes twenty to thirty cents of every dollar it spends in procurement and purchasing. That's as much as 50 billion tax dollars a year, and that estimate is a conservative one.

This seemingly incendiary bit of news went unreported in *The New York Times*. *The Washington Post* ran a one-paragraph summary at the end of a long article on army personnel cuts. Neither paper followed up. None of the news-magazines saw fit to mention it. After so many years of overruns and outrages, of overpriced toilet seats and coffeepots, of weapons that do not work, and of consulting and contracting scandals (more than fifty of the top hundred defense contractors have been under investigation for illegal practices), waste in the military is no longer news.

This atrophy of indignation was inevitable. Given the technological complexity of state-of-the-art weaponry, and given that soldiers, bureaucrats, and politicians—not businessmen—manage the \$300 billion defense budget, the Pentagon will never be run as efficiently as General Motors, much less Toyota. But it certainly can be run far better than it is now.

Consider what we could do with \$50 billion a year. Unspent, it would reduce by a third the current federal budget deficit. Spent, it could more than triple the federal investment in education or increase by ten times the public funding for environmental protection. Vital public needs

go unmet while we waste \$50 billion a year on defense.

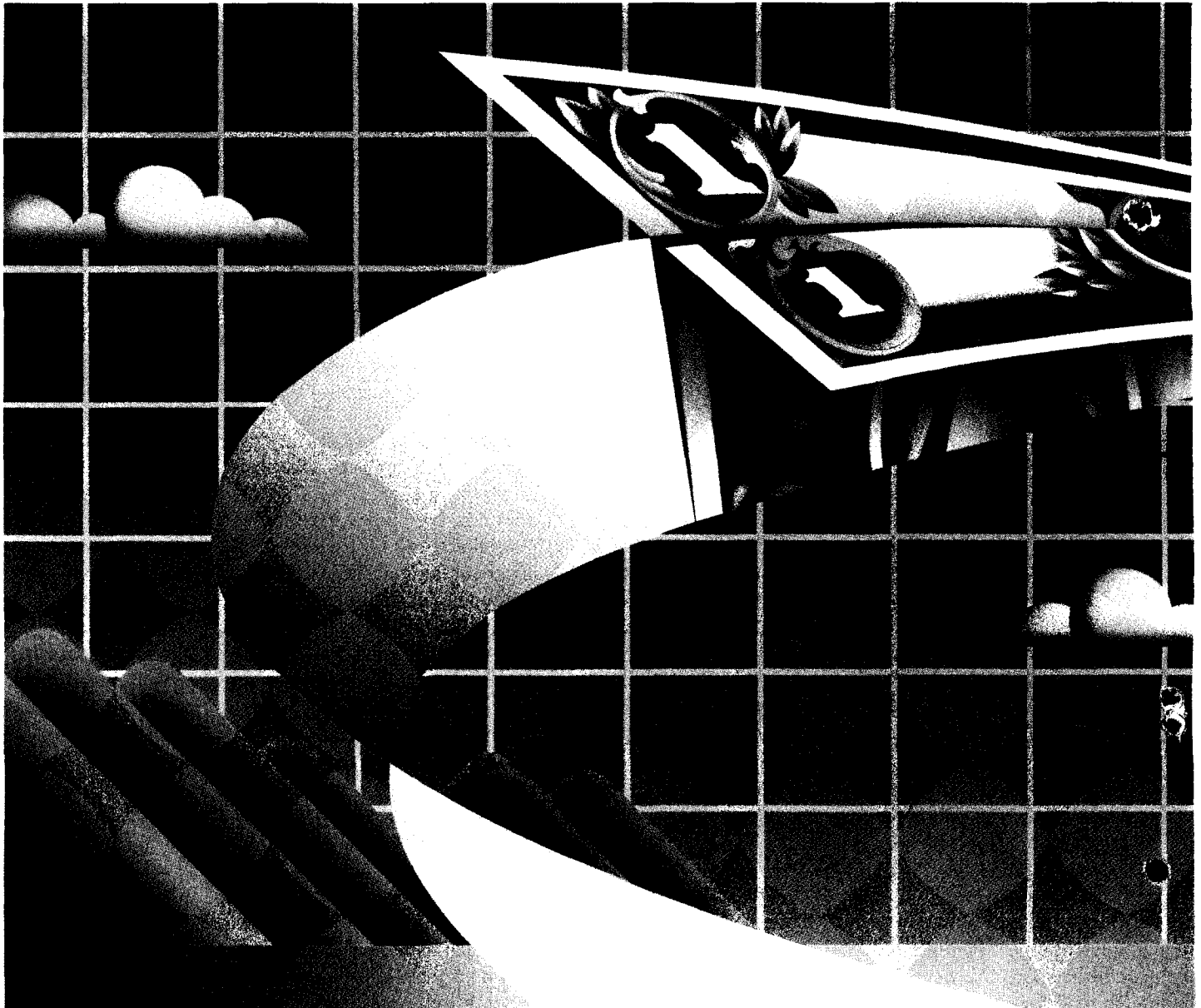
The cost of military waste mounts not only in dollars but also in security. Most analysts agree that defense spending by the United States and its NATO allies has exceeded spending by the Warsaw Pact countries in each of the past ten years. Yet the Soviet bloc produces more than twice as many tanks and armored personnel carriers as our side does, and outproduces us each year in combat aircraft. The higher quality of Western weapons explains a portion of the difference—but the Pentagon itself claims that our technological edge has diminished sharply in recent years. Thus a fundamental paradox emerges: while the advanced industrial economies of the free world spend more on defense, the stumbling socialist economies—notorious for their inefficiencies—somehow manage to outproduce the West by a wide margin.

No, the Pentagon can never be run like GM. But it ought to be able to keep up with the Russians.

The Defense Contractors

THE RECENT PENTAGON SCANDALS HAVE CREATED the impression that conspiracy, fraud, and conflicts of interest are largely to blame for Pentagon waste. Dishonesty does exist, and it does cost money. But the roots of waste and inefficiency go much deeper. These problems are not new to American defense contracting. Historically, however, they were seen primarily in wartime. After the Korean War that changed. With the Soviet threat mounting and the tensions of the Cold War growing, the United States decided for the first time in its history to support a large, war-ready military force in peacetime. To supply this new force, the Pentagon began to nurture and sustain a permanent defense industry. Not surprisingly, many of the inefficiencies common in wartime contracting began to emerge in peacetime.

Twenty years ago, while on leave from the Bureau of the



Budget, the senior author of this article prepared a study of defense contractor performance from 1955 to 1968 on eleven sophisticated electronic systems for aircraft and missiles. In nearly every case performance was well below the levels agreed to by the contractors, and in every case costs soared. Two of the biggest offenders—North American Aviation (now Rockwell) and General Dynamics—earned excellent profits despite their dismal performance.

In the 1980s we see more of the same. Almost every major new weapons system has been plagued with performance shortfalls and cost growth—the catalogue includes the army's Bradley fighting vehicle, DIVAD gun, and Viper missile; the navy's F/A-18 Hornet aircraft and attack submarines; the air force's B-1B and Stealth bombers and F-15 Eagle fighter. And yet today defense contracting is more profitable than ever. From 1982 to 1985 six of the largest defense contractors earned profits more than double those typical of other industries—and many of the same contrac-

tors in this period paid no federal taxes, because they took advantage of accounting loopholes.

In recent years the Pentagon has launched several efforts to improve the performance of the defense industry. Each of the military services has now hired a competition advocate, to ensure greater competition in the 15 million contracts awarded each year. The services have also made changes in the procedure for procurement of spare parts, to eliminate the outrageous pricing practices that made headlines throughout the early 1980s. The Pentagon has beefed up its testing of new weapons, taking greater pains to ensure that weapons perform as promised. And auditors have been given more authority, to ensure that contractors do not overcharge for their services.

Defense contractors have reacted strongly to these measures. They freely admit to great inefficiencies in defense buying but identify themselves as unwitting victims of Pentagon and congressional interference. The contractors' agenda for reform includes greater stability in Pentagon funding, through two-year defense budgets and multi-year procurement contracts; reduced emphasis on price competition; greater profits for themselves, to enable them to invest in future production; less government oversight and "micromanagement"; and less government readiness to pursue criminal actions against contractors and their employees, which they claim is forcing bad business decisions as well as undermining the nation's industrial base. These changes are advocated under the patriotic banner of enhancing our national security.

The Pentagon reforms to which the contractors object are to be applauded. But they do not address the underlying problem. In the marketplace the company that produces the best product for the lowest price wins the competition. Thus Adam Smith's invisible hand rewards quality and efficiency. In the military, Uncle Sam's hand is both visible and capricious.

Consider the way the Pentagon selects the suppliers of most new weapons. Typically, it will pay two or more major defense contractors to draw up detailed blueprints and cost estimates. Then it will compare the two stacks of paper and choose a winner—even though the weapon has not yet been built or tested, and even though its decision creates a monopoly for the winner that virtually ensures future cost hikes.

So who tends to win major weapons contracts from the Pentagon? Newcomers need not apply, and veterans need not perform efficiently to ensure a steady supply of new business. Of the top ten defense contractors in 1963, eight were still in the Pentagon's top ten in 1988—and the other two remain in the top fifteen. Many of these companies failed when they ventured into the civilian marketplace.

Of the top aerospace companies today, only one—Boeing—has been consistently successful in commercial markets. Boeing has a poor track record, however, in bidding on major new defense programs—it has lost out as a prime contractor in six aircraft and missile programs in the past twenty-five years. In every case the Boeing proposal



was highly competitive on technical and cost grounds, and Boeing's performance record on similar programs was satisfactory. But the winning contractors were in poor financial health or faced a declining business base, whereas Boeing was in excellent shape financially and had a large commercial base. The lesson is clear: if "reinforce success" is the first rule of military tactics, "reinforce failure" has too often been that of military procurement.

Over the years attempts have been made to reform contracting practices, with mixed success. The paper competitions of the 1950s and early 1960s, with their open-ended costs, proved unsuccessful—contractors lowballed their cost estimates and made unrealistic promises about system performance, certain that they would find relief from these constraints after winning the contract. In the mid-1960s Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara tried to introduce the old-fashioned kind of marketplace competition, in which all bidders submit fixed-price bids for all development and production of new weapons. On four major weapons this effort proved a dismal failure: each contractor incurred huge cost increases that threatened to lead to bankruptcy. The government bailed out all four programs.

In the early 1970s David Packard, then the deputy secretary of defense, initiated a "fly before you buy" strategy, under which competing contractors were required to build working prototypes of the weapons they proposed and have them thoroughly tested before the major development and production contracts were awarded. Using this approach, the air force produced the F-16 fighter and the A-10 attack plane, two of the most successful systems of the postwar era in terms of both performance and cost. Unfortunately, after David Packard left the government, competitive prototyping was largely abandoned by the Pentagon. Paper competition has once more become the rule, leading again to cost and performance problems in weapons acquisition.

To improve the Pentagon's procurement system in the coming years, we will need to return to David Packard's competitive prototyping. We can no longer afford to award major defense contracts on the basis of unrealistic promises. And we can no longer allow the contractors to degrade the performance and increase the cost of weapons once the competition is over. New weapons contracts should be awarded only after working prototypes have been built and thoroughly tested.

And the Pentagon should go a step further. Instead of staging an all-or-nothing competition at the front end of a weapons program, it should, when possible, retain two contractors to compete throughout the life of the procurement contracts. Each year the contractor that produces the better product at the lower price could be rewarded with a greater share of the next year's buy; poor performance

could be penalized by awarding a smaller share. America cannot hope to recoup Robert Costello's lost \$50 billion until the incentives of the defense market begin to reflect the principles of the free market. Uncle Sam's visible hand simply must become more productive.

But weapons contractors are not the only players in the defense game for whom the rules must change. Government decision-makers—in Congress, in the military services, and in the Pentagon's civilian leadership—also operate under perverse incentives. In particular, efforts should be made to change the incentives for three sets of players: the gold-platers, the managers, and the pork-barrelers.

Gold-Platers

IF INSULATION FROM MARKET DISCIPLINE IS THE PRIMARY cause of the prodigal waste in defense spending, the cultures of the military services deserve a large share of the blame for being highly resistant to change and inveterately self-protective. Each military service fights fiercely to provide its top-priority combat forces with the latest in advanced-technology weapons. For the army, this means tanks, personnel carriers, and helicopters for its armored and air-mobile units. The navy emphasizes large aircraft carriers, together with their associated aircraft and escort ships. The air force demands supersonic aircraft and missiles for its strategic-bombing and tactical-fighter missions. Consistently the military-weapons bureaucracies—with support from defense contractors eager for new business—push forward new weapons that rely on high-risk, state-of-the-art technologies. The result, all too often, is "gold-plated" weapons that cost too much and break down too often.

To justify their efforts to buy the "best" (meaning the most technologically advanced), the services' favorite tactic is to submit exaggerated estimates of Soviet power. For example, when the air force was pushing its supersophisticated F-15 fighter in the early 1970s, it claimed that the plane would be needed to counter a new Soviet aircraft, the Foxbat, which air-force intelligence claimed would represent a breakthrough in Soviet aircraft technology. Several years later, after the F-15 was well into production, a

Soviet defector flew a Foxbat to Japan: it was found to have none of the advances predicted by the air force.

A similar scenario unfolded around the army's M-1 tank, which entered production in the early 1980s. In heated debates about the tank, army officials argued that the M-1 was needed to counter a new Soviet tank, the T-80, which had never been observed but to which army intelligence nevertheless attributed remarkable advances in performance. Two years later we actually saw the T-80 for the

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first time: it was an only slightly improved version of a ten-year-old Soviet tank.

The F-15 and the M-1, like so many weapons in the U.S. arsenal, cost several times more than the weapons they replaced. Both proved highly unreliable in early tests, and both required extensive and costly follow-up contracts to remedy flaws in the initial design. How can such gold-plating problems be avoided on future weapons programs? Under current procedures the enemy-threat projection used to justify major technological advances in new weapons normally emerges from the military service advocating the weapon in question. Given the great uncertainty inherent in threat estimating, the Secretary of Defense needs a more detached view of the threat and the opportunity to introduce less exotic new weapons. Two possible changes suggest themselves: An independent threat-analysis group—whose membership would be drawn from the military services, the staff of the Office of the Secretary of Defense, the CIA, and the technical community—should be established; it should report directly to the Secretary of Defense, and it should have the final authority to define the current and projected near-term threat relating to all new weapons requests. And a revised standard guideline for all new weapons should be set—one that mandates evolutionary change and the use of proven technology, as opposed to the continual grasping after radical advances which has caused trouble so often in the past.

Managers

MILITARY MANAGERS TEND TO BE HELD ON A SHORT leash, owing to excessive levels of staff overhead. They face constant demands, for reports and data and briefings, from the Office of the Secretary of Defense and from Congress. Line managers have scant time available to run their programs, and they must operate within the confines of a monstrous set of confusing and at times conflicting government procurement regulations—now exceeding 30,000 pages in length. Multi-page specifications for everyday products such as catsup, Worcestershire sauce, and “dental stimulators” (that is, toothpicks) demonstrate the absurd lengths to which military specifications can go. Finally, the big bucks available to government employees if they leave to join a defense contractor or consulting firm offer a never-ending temptation that can, and does, affect job performance.

To address these problems, the Pentagon's working environment must be changed to reward its employees for applying sound business practices to the conduct of our defense business. Promotions and public recognition must be given for cracking down on contractors whose work is

unsatisfactory, and for handling public funds wisely; and penalties must be exacted for poor performance. Stiffer rules should be imposed to curtail the “revolving door” opportunities for government personnel, both in the executive branch and in Congress. Let's make the career in government the rewarding objective—not a stepping-stone to a lucrative job outside government.

Consider the emblematic stories of two Pentagon officials involved in the Pratt and Whitney F-100 engine contract. Under Ben Bellis, the program manager, serious performance shortcomings went unchecked for years, leading to a degraded engine capability and billions in cost increases. Despite this record Bellis was rewarded with successive promotions and entered the defense-consulting business after his retirement. In contrast, George Spanton, a defense auditor, exposed \$150 million in excessive wage increases by Pratt and Whitney. His superiors sought to punish, not to reward, him for his too zealous auditing.

Within the military services greater career opportunities must be established for business managers. Each military service gives highest priority to its combat-arms units. Assignments to these units are the most promising career path for military officers aspiring to reach the top positions in their service. Equally vital assignments in contracting and inventory management—the business aspects of defense—have lesser prospects for long-term career growth to flag rank as a general or an admiral. Enhancing the flag-rank prospects of officers on non-combat-arms career paths is a critical first step toward better defense management.

The Department of Defense should also reduce the excessive levels of staff; the former secretary of the navy John F. Lehman, Jr., advocates a 50 percent reduction in the bureaucratic overhead levels of defense.

Finally, the government's excessive procurement regulations should be replaced with something shorter and easier to understand. The new regulations should ensure that commercial specifications replace the notorious military specifications on all common-use equipment and supplies, and that sealed competitive bids are mandatory on all non-weapons purchases. We do not need more laws; there are already enough in place to implement the needed changes. New laws, well intentioned though they may be, spawn more new regulations and more paperwork.

Pork-Barrelers

THE FINAL GROUP OF PLAYERS IN THE DEFENSE GAME who are ripe for behavior modification can be found in Congress. The geographic incidence of defense spending in this country is tellingly uneven, with states in the East, South, and West being the primary



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beneficiaries. In 1987 the Pentagon spent an average of \$1,800 per capita in each of the top ten states—including California and Washington in the West, Virginia and Mississippi in the South, and Connecticut and Massachusetts in the Northeast. The bottom ten states—concentrated in the Midwest—received only one-fifth this per capita amount, an average of \$360 a year. And the political clout of the defense states will only be enhanced after the 1990 census, when some eighteen seats are expected to change hands in the House. While almost all the gains will go to defense-intensive states, the losses will be concentrated in states receiving little defense money.

Over the years the congressional defense committees, Armed Services and Appropriations, have been citadels of support for the Pentagon, with most members coming from states and districts that benefit greatly from the defense business. Too often the bottom line for the members of these committees—for all members of Congress—is bringing home the bacon for their state or district; efficiency in defense spending tends to rank much lower on their list of priorities. For instance, Congress has often refused to shut down weapons production lines even after the military requirements were satisfied. Thus planes like the General Dynamics F-111, the LTV A-7, and the Grumman A-6 were continued in production years after the Pentagon stopped requesting them, creating billions of dollars in unneeded expenditures.

In the base-closing program now in progress not one state in the South would experience a significant loss, although military bases dot the southern landscape. A survey of the sixteen top-ranking Democrats and Republicans on the defense committees in Congress shows that the states represented by these members would barely be hurt by the base closings.

Unless a coalition of members from defense and non-defense constituencies who can rise above their local interests can be assembled to back a broad movement of reform, pork-barrel politics are sure to make Congress a permanent part of the problem, rather than the catalyst of a solution.

Cheney's Challenge

THE CONTRACTORS, THE BUREAUCRACY, AND CONGRESS—none of these groups can reform the defense establishment. There is only one person with the freedom and clout to bring about meaningful change: Richard B. Cheney, the Secretary of Defense.

If Cheney is going to succeed in cleaning up the Pentagon, he will have to heed several important lessons from history. First, we do not need another presidential commission to tell us what is wrong and how to fix it—six prestigious commissions have addressed these problems in the past twenty years alone, and they reached broad agreement on the problems and on prescribed actions. The weak link in all the past efforts has been the failure to get the proposals implemented. A recent House Armed Services Committee report concludes that “the bulk of the cures pro-

posed as far back as 1948 were still being proposed in 1983 because they had never been implemented.”

Implementation must begin this year—a conclusion shared by more than seventy senior defense practitioners who gathered last fall at three workshops sponsored by the nonprofit trade association Business Executives for National Security. Missing the window of opportunity presented by the change of administration, they held, rapidly diminishes the prospects for getting needed changes in place.

Second, Cheney must garner allies in the White House and Congress. President George Bush must be willing to expend considerable political capital to support his Secretary of Defense in overcoming entrenched bureaucratic and political opposition to the far-reaching changes needed. The President's recent publicly expressed commitment to implementing the recommendations of the Packard Commission on procurement has been a good first step.

Cheney must likewise try to gain the support of key members of Congress who can put the national interest above the demands of their constituents. An important issue to be resolved early on, which can set the tone for continuing relationships, involves the level of funding available to defense over the next several years. Congress and the executive branch remain far apart on this question. Thoughtful compromise will be required to reach an acceptable middle ground. Such an agreement will help Cheney gain the political support he needs in an austere fiscal climate—support needed to implement his purchasing reforms.

Third, Cheney should strike an agreement with the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, with the service secretaries, and with the military chiefs on an overall defense strategy and on a timetable for implementing reforms. The strategy, based on realistic threat assessments, should include specific mission, force, and weapons priorities—the areas of greatest concern to the services. Planned acquisition reforms should concentrate on a short list of high-payoff actions that should embody three simple principles: new weapons must grow out of realistic threat estimates and proven technology; contracts must be awarded only after competitive prototyping; and contractors who deliver weapons that work as promised, at a reasonable cost, should receive rewards in the shape of higher profits and future contracts, while contractors who fail to perform should be penalized, not bailed out.

SHORTLY AFTER LEAVING OFFICE, IN 1981, HAROLD Brown, President Jimmy Carter's Secretary of Defense, who during his tenure had tried and failed to impose tighter controls on defense spending, gave a singularly pessimistic speech at the University of Michigan, in which he concluded that the Pentagon was, for all that human effort could do, beyond reform. Richard Cheney must prove Harold Brown wrong. □

ART AGAINST AIDS

Now art can prolong life
as well as imitate it.

Two years ago, the New York art world came together with the American Foundation For AIDS Research (AmFAR) to create Art Against AIDS. Since then, it has become a national fund raising effort that has raised almost four million dollars for AIDS research, education and care.

This year, in cities all across America, even more artists are donating their time and talent to sales exhibitions, while major corporations sponsor

new public art works.

With your support, there's no telling how much money can be raised to help fight AIDS. So if you can, please support this important sales effort. Or mail your tax-deductible contribution to AmFAR, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036. Attention: Art Against AIDS.

Remember, research has already found a way to prolong life. With your contribution, further research may find a way to save it.

THE BUILD-DOWN

*Political gravity has overtaken
the Pentagon budget: what went up is coming
down. Now we have no choice but to
make choices in defense*



BY DAVID C. MORRISON

IN 1980 RONALD REAGAN CAMPAIGNED AGAINST WHAT he would later call “a decade of neglect” in providing for the national defense. He decried the hollowing out of the armed services—the drop in rates of enlistment and re-enlistment, the curtailment of training exercises for fliers, sailors, and soldiers, and the damaging effect this misplaced austerity was having on morale. He pledged to do better by the active-duty servicemen. He also pledged to fund many new weapons systems, and in the course of his administration he added some that were undreamed of in 1980, notably the Strategic Defense Initiative. For year after year, as defense budgets mushroomed, it looked as if he could honor both these priorities. But then came the budget crisis and its legislative solution, the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings budget-reduction act. And suddenly the Reagan buildup yielded to a build-down, as the defense budget was cut in each of the past four years. Now the administration of George Bush, caught between his campaign promises of no new taxes and Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, must choose between Reagan’s two priorities. It can’t have all the new weapons systems that Reagan ordered and maintain the existing forces at a high level of readiness; the money just won’t stretch that far. The fear among some Pentagon-watchers in Washington is that the Bush Administration will sacrifice readiness to pay for the new weapons.

If that happens, then future historians may write an ironic postlude to the greatest peacetime military buildup in United States history. They may note that a \$2.3 trillion buildup aimed at redressing the neglect of the active-duty forces was succeeded by a build-down that led to the wors-

ening of the very problems that the buildup was supposed to eliminate.

Already signs abound that this is the shape of things to come. Operating costs since 1960 have consumed as much as 68 percent of the defense budget, but under Reagan they hovered around 55 percent. Since the Pentagon budget started dropping, in 1986, spending on bread-and-butter sustainability items—tactical missiles, munitions, spare parts—has fallen off three times as fast as defense spending overall. Having slipped down to a troop strength of 772,000, the active-duty army is now smaller than it has been at any time since the late 1970s. The air force will soon have one tactical wing fewer than it had in 1980. The navy will not achieve its 600-ship fleet; instead, it will actually slip from 574 ships next year to 571 in 1991. A big jump in military pay early in the 1980s helped increase enlistment and raise the quality of enlistees. But in a report released in February the Pentagon noted, “The combined impacts of low unemployment, civilian competition (both industry and post-secondary schools), declining youth population and budgetary restraints paint a bleak picture for success” in signing up high-quality recruits in the years ahead. This is the path back to the hollow forces of the 1970s. How did we get on it? Is that destination, in fact, something we should fear? Can we manage the build-down with more rationality than the buildup? Based on interviews with military officers, defense officials, and members of Congress, this article will explore these and other questions that, strangely, have not yet got the airing they deserve in political debate.

The Yawning Gap

ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO, UNDER THE ARCHITECT-IN-CHIEF of the Reagan buildup, Caspar W. Weinberger, who was then the Secretary of Defense, the Pentagon’s budgeteers built into their five-year defense-spending blueprint the optimistic expectation that the department would have \$439 billion to spend in 1989, and \$478 billion in 1990. The Department of Defense actually received \$290 billion in 1989, \$149 billion less than it had once counted on. And having rejected President Reagan’s parting request for two percent annual real growth in defense spending over the next five years, President Bush asked only that defense keep pace with inflation next year. Now Bush and Congress have agreed on even less than that—\$296 billion, which falls \$182 billion short of what the Pentagon had expected, in the mid-1980s, to spend for 1990.

In striving to square the circle of yesterday’s soaring assumptions and today’s stark budgetary facts of life, Pentagon planners had to carve some \$300 billion out of their past fiscal assumptions to assemble the \$1,678 billion five-year defense plan for 1990–1994. This is a deep, painful, gouging cut, but it is still not enough. For one thing, the Pentagon has packed \$45 billion worth of un-itemized subtractions—a “negative funding wedge”—into the last

three years of the new five-year plan. This is the sort of phony budget-cutting ploy that David Stockman, the former director of the Office of Management and Budget, has called "the magic asterisk." At some point over the next few years actual programmatic cuts will have to be found to match the un-itemized subtractions.

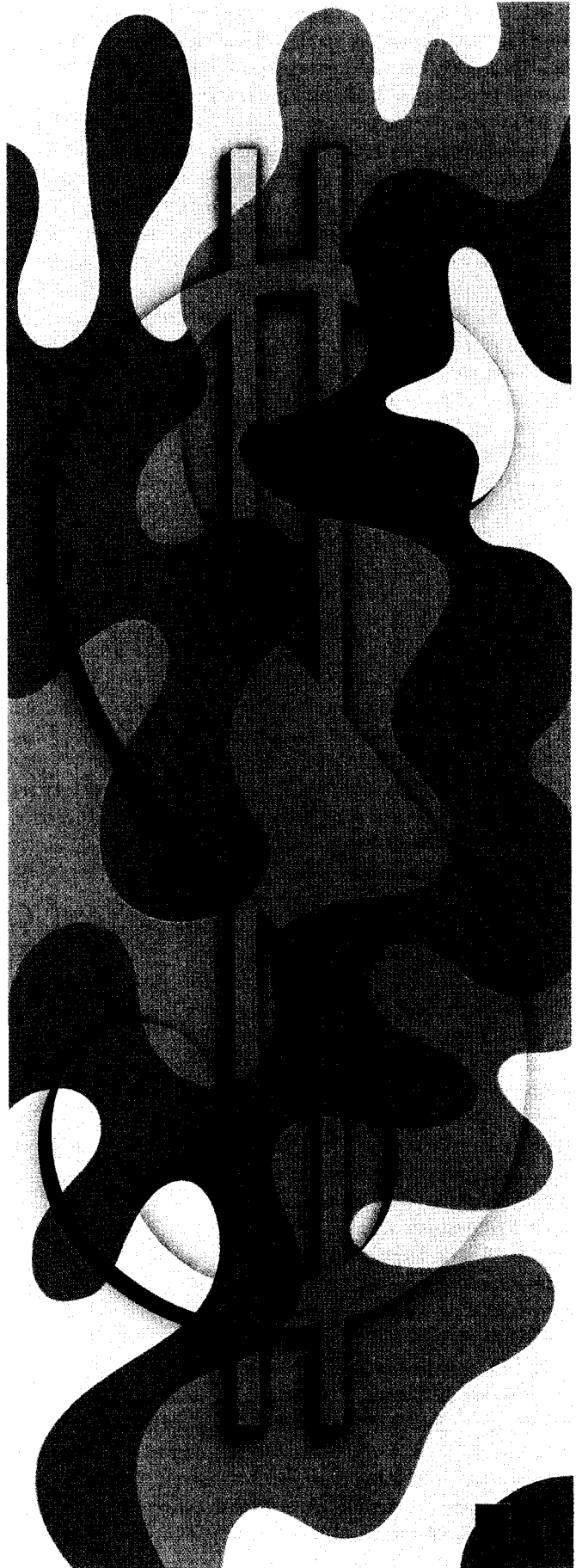
For another, the new spending trajectory laid out by Bush—one year of "zero real growth," followed by two years each of one percent and then two percent real growth—will amount to \$1,621 billion over the five-year plan, or \$57 billion less than the Pentagon expected when the plan was written, only a few months ago. If defense spending remains essentially flat for the next five years, as is entirely possible, this could force the military to cut \$227 billion more. Add in the negative funding wedge, and the gulf between the five-year plan and reality yawns to \$272 billion.

"The difference between a curve drawn flat and a curve going up at two percent a year can be very profound when scaled to the defense budget," Senator Albert Gore, of Tennessee, who is a member of the Armed Services Committee, has said. "It is the difference between thinking you can scrape through until better times by finding a handful of sacrificial cuts and a view that says the hard times are here for a long time, and long-term adaptations must be made."

What sort of long-term adaptations should be made? Tinkering at the edges will not do the trick, as the base-closing exercise now under way illustrates. Eighty-six bases are to be closed, five more are to be closed in part, and another fifty-four are to have their missions changed—for a savings of only \$694 million a year, if that much. Likewise, pledges to eliminate the many other inefficiencies that beset this nation's way of doing military business, though welcome, won't by themselves suffice to bridge the vast defense-budget gap. Bush's directive ordering the Secretary of Defense to "develop a plan to implement the spirit as well as the letter of the [1986] Packard Commission report" falls into this category. It was David Packard, after all, who, as the deputy secretary of defense, presided in the early 1970s over the implementation of the procurement-reform recommendations made by the blue-ribbon Fitzhugh Commission. And yet when Packard returned to Washington in 1985 to chair his own blue-ribbon commission on acquisition reform, he grumbled that "defense procurement is in worse shape now than it was fifteen years ago." Even if some real headway is made in transforming the system by which acquisitions are made, it is unlikely that the reforms will generate savings when economies will be most sorely needed.

Also not very promising are such budgetary techniques as two-year defense budgets and "multi-year procurement," whereby Congress commits itself to long-term procurement of weapons rather than authorizing the continuation annually, as it now does for most programs.

Although Congress directed the Pentagon to start submitting biennial budgets in 1987, it has not committed it-



self to two-year appropriations, and likely never will, so long as non-military programs are handled on an annual basis. Trade-offs between categories of spending are fundamental to Congress's annual budgetary horse-trading.

As for multi-year procurement, it has yielded \$9 billion in savings since 1982, according to the Pentagon, which is asking permission this year to apply the approach to thirty-two programs, with the hope of saving a further \$8.5 billion through 1997. That is not a sum to be despised, but it would carry the department only a fraction of the fiscal distance required. In any event, while reaching out for more multi-year procurements with one hand, the Defense Department is stretching out production rates with the other. It is possible to save money in a given year by producing fewer weapons of a given type, but economies of scale are lost and total program costs are driven up.

In a study of the production rates of forty major weapons from 1983 to 1987, the nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office found that half the weapons were being turned out at rates "below—sometimes well below" the minimum economical levels. The Pentagon resorts to stretch-outs chiefly "to meet fiscal limitations imposed by the annual budget cycle," the Budget Office noted. "The amount of total funding required in a given year takes precedence over economic considerations, even though buying larger quantities would reduce unit costs. Limitations on funding mean that unless a program is stretched out it may be necessary to cancel or defer other weapons programs." None of the institutional players in Washington, however, is particularly good at canceling weapons programs. "Once the mission is defined for a piece of hardware, it just never goes away," a defense examiner at the Office of Management and Budget told me.

For example, in a last-minute drive, late in 1987, to cut \$33 billion out of the fiscal-1989 budget request, eighteen artillery, missile, and aircraft projects were terminated, for projected savings of \$4.8 billion this year and another \$46.9 billion in the "outyears" to come. But the bulk of those long-term savings—\$39.8 billion—was supposed to arise out of the cancellation of the mobile single-warhead Midgetman missile. Sustained by the vociferous support of congressional Democrats, Midgetman is still alive, and vigorously competing with the Pentagon's roughly \$10 billion plan to place fifty of the ten-warhead MX missiles on rail cars. Similarly, the air force accrued some \$2.2 billion in long-term savings last year by canceling its anti-satellite missile. This year, however, the navy requested \$219 million over the next two years for its own anti-satellite missile project.

The point is that thus far efforts to close the spending gap have amounted to palliatives. The fundamental decisions about priorities and strategy have yet to be made.

Hardware

OVER THE PAST EIGHT YEARS APPROXIMATELY \$300 billion—roughly 14 percent of the total federal defense budget, including the Energy Department's efforts in producing nuclear warheads—has been funneled into the procurement, operation, and maintenance of strategic nuclear weapons. Currently in the works or already deployed are two bombers, the B-1B and the stealthy B-2; two intercontinental ballistic missiles, the Midgetman and the MX; two sea-launched ballistic missiles, the Tridents I and II; and two types of air-launched cruise missiles, including, inevitably, a stealthy version.

The bills that are pending for some of these projects are not trivial. The total cost of 899 Trident II missiles, the first of which are to be deployed within the next year, is \$35.5 billion. The cost of 132 B-2s is \$68.1 billion, with requested annual appropriations for procurement approaching \$3.4 billion in 1990 and \$6.4 billion the following year.

Under a gentlemen's agreement, the military services do not generally go gunning for one another's programs in the councils of the Pentagon; budgetary logrolling, after all, is much easier when everyone pushes together. But the largesse that strategic nuclear weapons have enjoyed during the recent buildup has rankled the ground-warfare advocates, who have recently seen funding requests for the Strategic Defense Initiative exceed the army's entire research-and-development budget. "No one denies the requirement for a credible nuclear deterrent," the Association of the United States Army, a group of retired officers

and service boosters headquartered in Arlington, Virginia, said in a report in 1987. But, the association asked, "do we really need more Trident II missiles, . . . a Stealth bomber following right on the heels of the B1B and a very expensive upgrade" of nuclear command and control systems? That kind of question was tantamount to heresy in the Reagan-Weinberger years. But President Bush and his Secretary of Defense, Richard B. Cheney, are likely to be forced to wrestle with it as the build-down proceeds.

Of the \$4.3 billion that the Pentagon says it will save over the next five years through non-nuclear program cancellations, half comes from dumping a dozen or so comparatively penny-ante projects

(a sonobuoy program, for example) and half from the long-expected killing-off of an upgraded version of the navy's A-6 attack plane. (At the same time, however, the annual funding requests for the A-6's successor, the navy's stealthy A-12, will soar to \$1.2 billion in 1990 and \$1.4 billion the following year.) Meanwhile, the services' budgets are full of costly conventional-weapons programs poised to roar into full-scale production. The army is planning to spend \$35 billion for some 2,100 LHX light helicopters

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(recently cut back from \$66 billion for 4,900 choppers) and \$12.3 billion for the Forward Area Air Defense system, the successor to the ill-fated DIVAD anti-aircraft gun, which was cashiered in 1985 for technical incompetence, after a \$1.8 billion investment.

Besides the A-12—a “black” program, whose total cost is top secret—the navy is planning to buy a new fleet of SSN-21 attack submarines, at a cost of \$18.9 billion for the first dozen boats. The Marine Corps wants 663 V-22 tilt-rotor aircraft, for \$25.9 billion. And the air force wants \$11.6 billion worth of advanced medium-range air-to-air missiles, 211 C-17 airlifters, for \$37.5 billion, and 750 stealthy advanced tactical fighters, for about \$65 billion.

Defense analysts worry that the armed services and their pork-barreling friends in Congress, in their eagerness to get their prized hardware, will allow the readiness and sustainability of the forces to fall—the hollowing-out scenario. Readiness, which is a function largely of troop training, morale, and weapons maintenance, denotes the military’s ability to mobilize rapidly for war. Sustainability, which is a function largely of stocks of munitions and spare parts, denotes its ability to continue fighting once it has gone to war.

Though military readiness has long been a sacred cow on Capitol Hill, it labors under a burden. The annual budget deficit is measured by “outlays,” or actual spending. But because the money appropriated in a given year for procurement and R&D is released to contractors only gradually, comparatively little of it is spent during that year. More than a third of the defense dollars that will be spent in 1989 were actually appropriated in prior years. Funds appropriated for operations and maintenance and military pay go for current operations, however, and thus “outlay” much more rapidly. In striving to meet a Gramm-Rudman-Hollings deficit target, Congress will find, therefore, that a program cancellation will affect this year’s outlays only slightly, whereas canceling or trimming a planned pay increase could save real money now.

Ready for What?

SOME DEFENSE INTELLECTUALS SUGGEST THAT WE should deliberately and selectively draw down readiness, today’s defense, to pay for all the hardware we have ordered, the sinews of tomorrow’s defense. Those making this argument predicate it on the abatement of the Soviet threat that presumably will flow from the troop reductions that Mikhail Gorbachev has announced and his proposals for military *perestroika*. If rampant “threat inflation” was the guiding principle of the buildup, no less rampant “threat deflation” may play a similar role in shaping responses to the build-down.

Edward N. Luttwak, at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, likens the services’ pouring funds into readiness, given the diplomatic and military climate of the late 1980s, to a hotelier’s placing fresh flowers in every room every day when none of his rooms has been reserved. Wiser, Luttwak says, to stop buying those flowers and save up for new furniture.

“In the current environment, why should you keep stocks of months of inventories at wartime rates if it doesn’t look like the threat is that immediate?” the former secretary of the navy John F. Lehman, Jr., told me recently. He added that “cutting back on readiness money doesn’t mean that you stint or keep less ready or less safe those forces that are out on the line.”

“I think there is some promise in that,” Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, says about this line of thinking. But, he cautions, “there’s a limit to how far you can go. Because if you reduce the readiness too far, you damage the morale of the troops. If there isn’t enough exercise money, people leave the services. If you don’t give pilots enough flying time, they go and fly for Delta Airlines.” A controlled readiness

draw-down—as opposed to a willy-nilly, Gramm-Rudman-Hollings-driven readiness draw-down—could prove tough to sell, both to Congress and to the commanders-in-chief. One Pentagon budget official told me recently, “There isn’t that much readiness to draw down. We haven’t been buying war reserves for the air force for two years now. You don’t save money by cutting your people and cutting their training just so you can keep money flowing to your contractors.”

Another scheme for stretching forces and budgets which is gaining currency is the possibility of transferring even more troops and missions from active-duty forces to the reserves. The U.S. military is already unusually dependent on its reserves, which now number almost 1.7 million, as compared with fewer than 1.3 million in 1980. Over the same span the active forces have grown only marginally. Because reserve forces generally drill only thirty-eight days a year, incurring lower operations, pay, and retirement costs, they are cheaper to operate—by as much as 40 percent—than their active-duty counterparts.

With the initiation of the “total force” policy in 1973, the United States restructured its military forces so that it could, and can, no longer go to war in a big way without calling up the National Guard and the reserves. Five of the army’s eighteen active-duty divisions would be battle-ready only if they were rounded out with a reserve brigade. Another ten army divisions are in the National Guard. A third of the air force’s tactical fighters are in the reserves, as are four fifths of the navy’s minesweepers and a third of the Marine Corps’s heavy-artillery batteries.



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"The Pentagon's prime responsibility is to keep technological leadership in all areas of national security," the former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, who launched the total-force policy, told me in an interview. To preserve funding for this high-tech R&D and procurement, he added, "you're going to have to rely more and more on reserves and National Guard as you face up to some of these budgetary problems."

Though the guard and the reserves have powerful advocates in Congress, an equally powerful institutional player—the active-duty military—is poised to resist this way of coping with the build-down. Earlier this year, in fact, precisely this issue was being debated in the Pentagon. Under congressional orders, the Defense Secretary's Program Analysis and Evaluation Office (PA&E) drafted a report exploring ways in which reassigning aircraft to the reserves could both save money and help to cope with the flood of active-duty pilots leaving for higher airline salaries. Some 800 recently retired air-force pilots are lined up to get into reserve squadrons, which have run out of cockpits for all the takers. "Substantial savings" could be achieved by using 240 active-force tactical aircraft to fill out forty reserve squadrons from a reduced unit strength of eighteen aircraft today to a full strength of twenty-four aircraft, PA&E reported. Roughly a hundred of those fighters would be pulled out of units in Western Europe and given to reserve squadrons in the United States. Wartime supplies for those aircraft would be maintained at the European bases, however, and the reserve pilots would fly their planes back across the Atlantic during an alert.

A quarter of the air force's 9,092 aircraft are already in the reserves. But they consume only an eighth of that service's \$23 billion annual operations budget. Even more economies would accrue from shutting down some 50 million square feet of air-force apron space and runways, according to PA&E, which estimated that the service has half again as much air-base infrastructure as it needs.

The active-duty air force was not thrilled with this draft study, and promptly began lobbying the Pentagon leadership to sign off on an alternative report, which concludes that the current air-force mix of active and reserve forces is just right. Among other points, the air force's draft stresses that the "cost savings, if any" from transfers to the reserves will come only at the expense of reductions in operations.

That is undeniably true. As in so many other areas of potential savings, this trade-off between capabilities and cost will have to be carefully weighed if Congress or the Defense Department decides to cram the enhancement of the reserves down the active military's throat. "There are savings to be had, but they come at the cost of a decline in capability," Lawrence J. Korb, who served as the assistant secretary of defense for manpower and logistics from 1981 to 1985, told me recently. "There are no free lunches. As I'd try to tell people when I was in office, if money was no object, you'd have all active-duty military people and no reserves or civilians. But money *is* a problem."

Spending Money "Smarter"

OVER THE PAST TWO YEARS THE PENTAGON LEADERSHIP has directed that budget cuts be distributed proportionally among the four services. This evenhandedness means that the existing force configuration is simply stretched further to meet an already sprawling set of treaty commitments. It was this issue that prompted the abrupt resignation, early last year, of the secretary of the navy, James H. Webb, Jr. The Webb incident is an instructive paradigm for the range of issues that confront Washington in the era of the build-down. The commonly held view is that Webb stormed out of the Navy Department because the Secretary of Defense, Frank Carlucci, insisted that the service save \$166 million in the fiscal-1989 round of budget reductions by retiring sixteen older frigates. Webb, formerly an assistant secretary of defense for reserve affairs, had wanted those ships consigned to the naval reserve, rather than sold off to foreign navies. But his broader complaint was that because of the need to play fair-is-fair in the Pentagon, Carlucci's force-structure cuts were being levied with no eye to the larger strategy.

Webb said in an interview, "When I resigned, a number of people said, 'He just wants to spend more money.' That's not true—I wanted to spend money smarter. If we make the right strategic adjustments around the world, you can adjust the size of the army and tactical air forces and strategic airlift program without any problems. First you have to reduce the American presence around the world, in my view. But it would be foolish to reduce the size of the navy, and I felt strongly enough about it to quit."

Mere service boosterism from a former navy secretary and ex-marine? Perhaps. But the fact remains that most of the army and air-force units stationed overseas at great expense are there to deal with what appears to be an increasingly unlikely contingency—a third world war with the Soviet Union. The navy, however, operates all over the world at a punishing tempo, continually showing the flag—and sometimes firing shot and shell—in direct response to evolving events.

Senator John Glenn, of Ohio, a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, grew exercised when he complained to me about Washington's collective failure to reassess the nation's overall military strategy. "Our combat posture must be set up pursuant to a well-thought-out, well-defined national strategy and what our goals are around the world," he said. "We can't just go around forever saying, 'It's for the defense of the country.' We can't just buy the latest thing the salesmen are pushing at the Pentagon. Redefining our responsibilities around the world—that has to come first."

It is precisely this sort of rethinking that could lend rationality to the build-down—and even transform a problem into an opportunity. But that would take an uncharacteristic access of "the vision thing" from a President who seems content to manage the status quo in defense even as its budgetary underpinnings are collapsing. □

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A Short Story

STONE COWBOY
ON THE HIGH PLAINS

BY MARK JACOBS



TWO DAYS BEFORE HE WAS RELEASED FOREVER FROM El Panóptico Prison, in La Paz, Bolivia, Roger the Stone Cowboy became aware that he had been talking to God. A Swedish mercy nurse who spoke terrible Spanish was binding up his forearm where one of the troll crazies had sliced him, in an argument in which Roger himself had played no part. As the earnest, homely blonde woman worked, he could feel his pulse thunder the length of the hurt arm. They were in a room the trolls called the infirmary, which meant it had a bed nobody slept in. (All Bolivians were trolls, Roger had decided a long time ago. They were short and dark and strange, not like people, really, but humanlike to a certain extent.) Light the color of clear, thin honey came through the single window high in the prison wall and dripped down on them. Roger felt sticky.

The honey light dripped, his pulse thundered, the mercy nurse babbled bad Spanish. An odd lull had occurred in the afternoon bitch and hum in El Panóptico. Before the woman released his arm, Roger became aware that he was saying something into that lull: Give me back my heart. It was not really what he would have thought of as a prayer. Definitely it was no prayer. He didn't care what it was. More interesting was where he was sending it. In a slow roll, like revelation, he realized that he had indeed been mumbling to God. No answer came back, of course. That would have been too much to expect. He returned to his pallet in a kind of daze.

He was giving up dope. All kinds, not just the coke cigarettes the trolls smoked, called *pitillos*. All shit, shit in all its manifestations. That was a lot for a Stone Cowboy who had made himself high, by his own best estimate, in twenty-three countries and twenty-five American states over a

period of more than ten years. So he was giving up a lot, and that was hard. He had some insurance, but he wasn't touching it. He wished he had remembered to keep track of how many days he had stayed down now, but he hadn't. His mind had become his body, and it was acting funny. Then that mumbling.

"When they let you out, in two days, what are you going to do?" the Swedish woman asked him.

He shook his head, not because he didn't want to be sociable but because he was preoccupied. His mind had become his body.

"Did you hear me?"

"I heard you." You you you you you . . . et cetera.

"Do you have any idea of where you are going to?" she persisted.

Give me back my heart is what he thought, but he said nothing to her, because he did not want her to misunderstand him.

"Will the people from your consulate help you?"

No way, Josefeen. He would not go back to Gringolandia. Not until he had calmed down a little more. He knew the trolls wanted him out of Bolivia, but when the vice-consul showed up to escort him to his doom, he slipped, skipped, did not trip. It was easy.

He had only a few bucks in troll money, so he had to get a job. First to eat and sleep, then money to move on with. He had his insurance but wasn't touching any of it. So he took a yellow unpsychedelic bus with black stripes up out of the canyon of La Paz, up the highway toward the Altiplano. He wanted to get a good view of the Andes, something he had craved his whole time in jail. The Altiplano was a desert that had gotten lost, squeezed in between two ranges of the Andes at 14,000 feet. The ultimate natural



high was what a French dooper in El Panóptico had called it. Real people couldn't survive long at that altitude, just llamas and alpacas. And trolls. Real people needed air with something in it their lungs could chew on.

Three quarters of the way up the *autopista* the bus broke down. The engine shuddered like the French dooper had done one night, and that was it. The trolls filed off the bus like religious fatalists, and Roger followed last, because he had to. Most of the trolls went up the hillside on a footpath alongside a concrete culvert down which no water coursed. A few walked the highway in hopes of a ride. The driver, who apparently had no plan, sat by the roadside and chain-smoked cigarettes. Roger watched his face for a sign of dis-

tress, but none was there. That was a troll for you. He wished the man would offer him a cigarette, but forget that. When his half pack of smokes was gone, the driver stood up and left, walking on the highway berm without looking back or hoping for a ride. No good-bye, because no hello. Give me back my heart.

Roger crossed the highway and sat down cross-legged on an outcropping of shaly rock. Below him, in the brown bowl of the canyon, the lights were going on in La Paz. The skyscrapers downtown looked ridiculously little in the vastness of brown earth around them. Toothpicks of light. On the far horizon the outlines of the mountain Illimani were filed smooth in the twilight. For all the smoothness,

the mountain dominated the city. The Indians worshipped the mountains as gods, someone had told him, but that might have been pure bullshit. Some tourist's stone fantasy. He sat and watched the night fill up the canyon as if he had no place else on earth to be, nothing better to do. The air had begun to get cold.

Eventually he recognized a certain pressure inside his head, as if he were not alone, or as if he had been trying to communicate something to someone without knowing it. It was not a prayer. He remembered the way his body had looked when he had seen it in a mirror by chance at the prison: dead-white skin, pudgy like pastry. A real shock. He looked like weakness in the flesh. He was thirty-seven years old, but ten years' extra wear seemed to have been compressed into every one of those years. That was the dope, no doubt. He was a veteran cowpoke, a longtime outrider of the world's high plains.

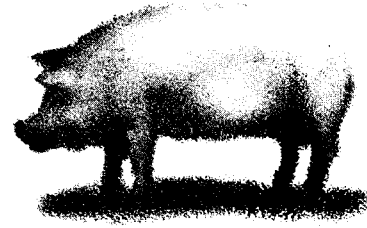
The pressure and the indefiniteness of the sensations he felt bothered him as he sat. The entrancing scene of La Paz at night, even after his long confinement, could not hold him. Though he wasn't hopeful, he went back to the highway and stuck out his thumb. Anyway, he felt better moving.

After ten minutes a pickup truck stopped, and the troll driver motioned for him to get into the back, which he did, happily. The truck engine laboring, they climbed the last quarter of the highway out of the canyon and passed through the toll booth, after which Roger expected the driver to stop and let him out. The man, a fat-bellied troll Indian with a flat hatchet nose, did not stop. Because he could think of no convincing reason to get out at any particular place along the road, Roger acquiesced.

They went slowly through the muddy urban sprawl of the city of El Alto. The pickup, whose shock absorbers had died in 1970, bounced like an amusement-park ride. Welcome to El Alto, the City of the Future, read one enthusiastic mural, which displayed troll workers in an attitude of defiance, holding their tools like weapons. If this is the future . . . , Roger said to himself archly, but could think of nothing compelling to complete the thought. What it was was an Altiplano mud village multiplied several hundred times: the same crumbly adobe huts and walls, the same mud streets, the same Indians in their Andean stupor going about the business of surviving. The city lacked only llamas in the streets; he saw plenty of pigs and dogs, and a few oxygen-starved chickens.

The sign said Rio Seco—Dry River—but they were all dry in this part of the country. A real river hadn't coursed through the Altiplano since the dinosaurs used to wander down to the banks and lap up the polluted water after a hard day defending their territory. With no warning the troll driver stopped at an intersection of two crater-pocked streets. Roger jumped out and down.

"*Gracias*," he said to the man, who waved an enormous hand as if irritated and drove off trying to avoid the craters, which were full of dust that rose up in clouds like smoke signals.



ALTHOUGH HE FELT WEAK, ROGER WAS NOT HUNGRY at all, not even thirsty. He liked walking, so he walked, keeping careful track of the things he saw. A blind man with no legs sat on a street corner, holding his upturned hat for change. He must have been a miner: dynamite victims were strewn all over La Paz, like debris from an unnatural disaster. Next to the man was a crippled yellow cat. Roger put some change into the hat, at the same time resisting a strange urge to kick the helpless, ugly cat, whose fur was stiff with dirt.

As he walked he kept up his inventory: A blonde-haired doll like Barbie, with no limbs, lying on her back in the mud like a rape victim. Three men teetering as they shared a bottle of beer, with the one glass building a communal buzz. An underemployed hustler with bad teeth and a tight skirt that could flatter no one. Boys playing soccer in the street with a scuffed ball that needed air. A woman in a heavy shawl, baggy skirts, and a black bowler hat, sitting in a huddle alone in her corner store, next to tall bottles of soda pop in rainbow colors. Alongside those bottles the woman had no face in his imagination, and probably didn't feel the lack.

Attracted either by her or by the almost cheerful yellow light inside her store, Roger went inside. He bought a small bottle of warm Coca-Cola and poured it into the greasy glass the woman handed him. She had a face after all, but it was the typical face of a troll, illegible and hostile in a disconcerting blank way, just like the Altiplano and the Andes. For a moment Roger wanted not to go, but to be, home.

In prison he had learned a little Aymara, so he spoke to the shopkeeper woman politely in that language.

"Can I find a hotel nearby?"

Surprised to hear the Aymara, but unwilling to show the surprise, she shook her lowered head.

"Anyplace to rent a room?"

"What for?" she asked him in Spanish.

"To sleep, that's all," he said in Aymara. He had a good ear; he knew that his accent was pretty good, and that she must be impressed. The pressure in his head was unsettling, as though he had lost his equilibrium. He had felt like this his first few days in La Paz, before his body adjusted to the dehumanizing altitude.

"Why to sleep?" she asked him. Stupid damn question, but that was her way of holding up the conversation. She had spoken in Aymara, which minor triumph of diplomacy pleased Roger unnecessarily.

"Because my body is tired." His mind was still his body, and it had been invaded.

"You're a foreigner," she said, also unnecessarily.

"Guess from where."

She shook her head. She was about forty, maybe, and she had a striking, angular, womanly face, if you could get used to the idea of the shape of her body, which was a bunch of connected lumps below all those mysterious cloaking skirts.

"I'm a Russian," he said.

"Liar."

"Then what?"

"A gringo."

Something in the way the trolls said that word was offensive, as if they were the human ones and Americans were some low breed of dog.

"Why to sleep?" she asked again, so that he knew she liked him.

"Because I'm tired."

"I have a room in back."

"I don't have a lot of money."

"All the gringos have money."

"That's a lie. I was in jail."

"In El Panóptico?"

"That's right."

"Then you're a drug addict."

"I'm not. It was a mistake."

"Liar."

"I'm not a liar, and I'm not a drug addict, but I am a gringo. Is that wrong in some way?"

The last he had had to say in Spanish, because he was reaching the end of his dexterity in Aymara, which was a backwards, upside-down kind of language.

"All the gringos have lots of money. How did you come to Bolivia?"

"By plane."

"See?"

"How much for the room, for one night?"

She told him a price that was half what he had expected to hear from her, and he accepted by pulling change from his pocket and placing the coins flat on the wooden countertop.

"I'm really a Russian," he said. "I'm a Communist. We're going to invade your country. I'm the first of the first wave. Shock troops, you know? Follow that?"

His body was three hundred and seventy years old. He had his insurance but wasn't touching it, so he bought from the woman a bottle of troll wine, terrible stuff but strong enough, strong as Robitussin. Because he liked her, he wanted to tell her that he had once been raped by identical redheaded twins in a county jail in Alabama, after he had been picked up for possession of a little dope, but he could not bring himself to that confidence. The twins had had ugly freckles all over their similar fish-white bodies. Fuck that noise, he warned himself. He let himself be led through the back room of the store to a dirt patio, where a couple of detached rooms were suspiciously hidden. She

showed him into the first, which had an iron-spring cot and a comfortable cotton mattress, better than anything he had slept on in El Panóptico except for the week when some troll disease had made him sick enough to get into the infirmary, where the consul had visited him with old *Time* magazines he never read. All news was bad news.

When the woman left, he lay on the cot on his side and opened the bottle of wine, which he drank very slowly, sucking on it almost, like a nursing baby. Soon the alcohol began to reduce the obnoxious pressure inside his head. He could feel the mellow redness seep into the cracks between his nerves, where all the irritation was, like a rash. He would not go home to Gringolandia until he had sorted through some things and could think in a straight line.

HE MUST HAVE DRIFTED OFF, EVEN THOUGH A LITTLE wine was left in the bottle. When they shook him awake roughly, he wanted to hit.

"This is my husband," the store woman said to him in Aymara. "His name is don Eloy."

Don Eloy looked down with tremendous disdain at the Stone Cowboy on the cot. He was big for a troll, as wide as he was tall. He looked the image of a decadent Indian on a reservation in the United States, dour and sour and dreaming of eagles. His black eyes were fierce, his ruddy face fiercer.

"What are you going to do tomorrow?" he asked Roger, as though he had a right to know.

"What do you care?" After the initial urge to strike out, he felt halfway okay. Enough wine had filtered between the nerve cracks to prevent chafing. No use resenting a troll.

"You want a job?"

"Doing what?"

"At my lumberyard."

"But doing what?"

"Working."

"How much will you pay me?"

"Ten pesos a day."

"I'll try it."

"I'll pick you up in the morning. Listen, little gringo, you shouldn't get drunk. My wife tells me you're a drug addict."

"I'm not."

"When we are working, you are going to tell me about life up north."

That sounded fine. Even on ten pesos he could save money to leave Bolivia. It was a question of discipline. He didn't have it, but he would find it. Before he fell back to sleep, he imagined the way he'd feel crossing the border, knowing that he would never see an ugly troll face, never have to talk to a troll again in his life.

The work at Eloy's small-time lumberyard was not too bad. He had done the same sort of thing in dozens of places, dozens of times: lift fetch carry, drop hold hammer, bend push pull. The dust was awful and the hours longer

than you would work anywhere in the States; those were the only bad parts.

"How much a day are you going to charge me for the room and my food?" he asked Eloy his first day on the job.

"Don't worry about it, *gringuito*," the big man said, pulling on his long front teeth with one dirty hand.

Roger, formerly the Stone Cowboy, tried to pin him down but did not succeed. And he was too tired to persist. He was weak. Not for years had he worked for so long with his hands and all his body. El Panóptico and the world's garden house of dope had run down his three-hundred-and-seventy-year-old body considerably. The little strength he had left over he used to defend himself from Eloy and his men—scurvy trolls, all of them, who derived a deep, stupid satisfaction from riding him. He was not just the Gringo, he was the Worthless Gringo, who could not keep up by half with the trolls when they were lifting and stacking boards, let alone do anything requiring more skill of body.

Decadence was Eloy's explanation for Roger's miserable condition. During a break he explained his theory both to Roger and to his other hired men. Roger was not sure whether he was trying to be sarcastic, but he thought not.

"Alienation," don Eloy said. "It's obvious. Capitalist society produces alienated individuals, because the workers are alienated from their work."

COMB AND RAKE

The comb that we love, of all combs,
is a rake through our private beach,
giving a voice through missing teeth
to all the things one hopes to find in the sand
next to horseshoes, aluminum tabs,
and sand ants thrilled by the sight of a claw.

The rake that we love, of all rakes,
is a comb through our private grove,
singing at perfect intervals
of all the things one hopes to be divine,
here, among human tongues rusting in fire,
bearing the singed hair and beard.

Of all names, the name we most love
mocks an unsaid name we did not love.
In the smallest possible space,
cast upon a screen encircled by a naked moon
at the center of a solar system
where there is only you and me and someone else.

—Marvin Bell

"Bullshit," Roger said, defensive though he did not have to be.

"Shut up," Eloy said. "Alienated people take drugs to escape their alienation. That's a false escape, of course, but they can't know that, can they?"

They were sitting in the lumberyard on wooden chairs. Don Eloy's chair had a fabric cushion. The hired men's chairs did not. Roger had no chair. He sat on the ground and tried to breathe slowly. The exertion had made him weak. It was July, what the trolls called winter: cold and windy and dry. The dust swirled in the yard, coated Roger's body, got down into his throat so that he coughed.

"Where did you pick up ideas like that?" he asked his new boss. Couldn't let them get away with more than the minimum of trash. "University of Moscow?"

Baiting him worked. The break was stretched appreciably, and Roger sensed the satisfaction of the other men when Eloy wound up and delivered. The basic idea, from what Roger could discern, was that Bolivia and the trolls were dirt poor because the imperialists up north—the Yankees—were filthy rich. It was that simple. The standard of living and conspicuous consumption that characterized the United States were the consequences of an economic arrangement that made the trolls dependent for crumbs. Nothing new there: Roger had heard the same song sung in El Panóptico when they wanted to get down on him there. Look at the tin, Eloy ranted. Bolivian miners coughing their black lungs out produced cheap tin so that the United States could win the Second World War, and here in the Andes only a few families, oligarchs in cahoots, made any money.

The break lasted for half an hour.

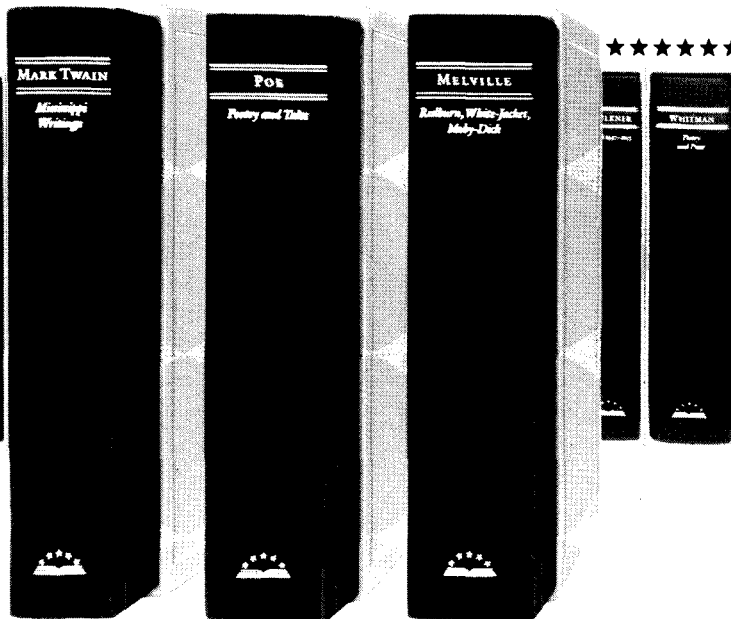
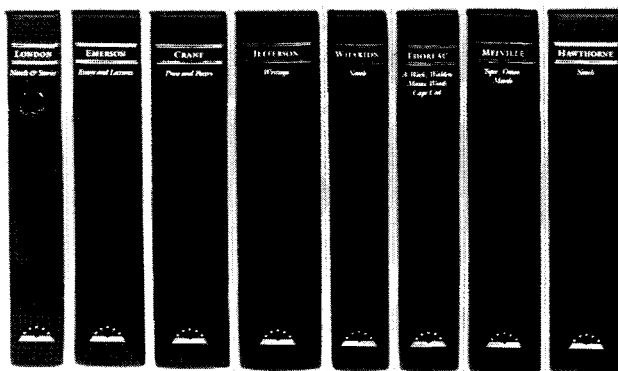
He wanted to get straight with Eloy about the pay arrangement, but that night he was too tired. Looking for discipline, he bought no wine. Eloy's wife's food was about the same as prison food, to which he had become accustomed, so he ate and went to sleep.

The second day and the rest of his first week were more of the same. Eloy got puffed and holy talking about the crummy way the gringos had treated the trolls. The other men laughed like first-graders about how weak the drug addict from El Panóptico was, but they didn't push as hard as they might have, because they appreciated the long breaks they got when Eloy started spouting. At night he drank at most a little wine, no more than half a bottle, and some nights he had none at all. Roger's body felt like Bolivia after it had been tromped on and raped by a hundred thousand imperialist mineral pirates. But even that exhaustion became the cause for a little self-satisfaction: he would ride it all out.

He had his insurance but wasn't touching it. Whenever the day was quiet, he felt the pressure in his head, but he had almost become used to that: the pressure was company.

After a week he asked for his pay, and got it. Six days times ten pesos should have been sixty pesos, but don Eloy gave him thirty.

★★



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"Thirty pesos for room and board?" Roger protested. "That's outrageous."

"Do you have a better offer?"

They were standing in the little store that fronted the dusty street. Roger was part, now, of the yellow light that had attracted him the first night. Little tremors of weakness ran up and down his legs. Don Eloy's wife hung her head, so Roger could not tell whether she was ashamed of the way her husband was taking advantage of him.

"This is your idea of a political lesson," Roger said to Eloy. "That's what it is, isn't it? You're trying to prove something."

"You have a better offer?"

"I have black lungs."

"From smoking drugs."

"I don't do drugs."

"Liar," piped up the wife.

"I'll get my own place to stay," he told them both, feeling almost as stubborn as he was tired.

"Go ahead."

"You'll pay me ten pesos a day without taking anything out? No more screwing me?"

"Ten pesos."

"Guaranteed?"

"Where are you going to sleep? It's cold."

"That's my problem, not yours."

THE NEXT DAY WAS SUNDAY, A DAY MORE OR LESS OF rest. Eloy closed his lumberyard and sat in a contraband chaise longue in his wife's corner store, drinking beer slowly and growing predictably sullen. The problem, evidently, was the lack of an adequate object for his anger, for which frustration Roger almost pitied him. But he was glad to get away from the big man's domestic sulk. He went walking.

On earlier walks he had seen the blue tents, and that was what gave him his idea. Out-of-work miners had come to El Alto looking for relief or a job, and those who found neither would sometimes shelter their families in tents of blue opaque plastic that they set up in the empty fields that could still be found in El Alto. No rent, no room deduction, no one taking unfair advantage. They carried their water in jugs from a tap somewhere and hunkered down into a refugee's life.

The Altiplano wind was blowing hard, stirring dust devils all across the shabby brown city. The day was still young. The sun was flat in the east and the shadows were cold, making Roger think of mornings in El Panóptico, a memory like death itself. He walked with his hands in his pockets, head down, until he saw one of the blue tents, in front of which a troll picked something from his wife's long black hair. She leaned back peaceably in the man's lap as he poked, while around them a handful of midget trolls lolled like unimaginative slaves. A quality of domestic intimacy about them impressed Roger powerfully. So he asked them for help.

When they understood that he was not making fun of them and that he had no intention of taking over the land on which they had squatted, they helped him locate some plastic and build his tent, smaller than theirs but big enough for a single man to live in. At the nearby Sunday market they helped him buy two blankets, a tin pot, and a plastic jug for water, all at reasonable prices. He spent the day with them, feeling as if he had stumbled upon the family of some uncle whom he had not expected to like.

When the sun went down, early, he crawled into the new tent, almost at peace but feeling maudlin and alone. For a long time he lay on his back and listened to the wind bang through El Alto, the City of the Future. It was not much colder than the room at Eloy's, but it was damn cold. Though he was tired, he could not sleep. The desolation of this place wanted to overwhelm him.

For the first time since he could remember, he began to plan, gingerly—the way a person might exercise after a broken leg had healed. He would not walk away from don Eloy's exploitation yard, because his body, inside which his mind still stalked nervously, had begun to crave work. Just as important, next week he would have the entire sixty pesos, and he thought he could save more than he would spend. He would work a few more weeks, buy some dollars, and get out of Bolivia. In Peru he would do the same, getting stronger and more disciplined. He would go north, working his way and getting younger. The trip would take maybe three months, with luck, but once over the border into Gringolandia, he would buy a hamburger and a milkshake, and then hitchhike home to Flint, where his high school friend Danny was probably still working as a foreman in one of the car plants. Danny would wangle Roger a job, and Roger would grow up to be President of the United States of America of the North. His first official act would be to bomb Bolivia off the fucking continent, starting with El fucking Alto.

That night, when he eventually got tired, he had reached a weird equilibrium that balanced the wind outside with the windy pressure inside his head. Danny, he realized, would never believe this, nor could the story be told. The desolation wanted to get at him, get him good, but he was learning stubbornness. In a way he was glad it was too cold to get out of the tent and go find a bottle of wine somewhere. Thus one dollar saved.

Eloy and his men sucked the marrow from the big bone of pleasure when they learned that Roger was living in a blue-plastic tent in an empty field. His fortune was their revenge for all the miners who had died from black lung, for the hundreds of years of eating small potatoes, for their condition of perpetual trollhood. At the end of the second week, however, Roger felt as if he had beaten them all. Don Eloy handed over sixty Bolivian pesos—no discount, no comment. Roger sewed an extra sock to the inside of his jeans, at the waist, into which pocket he tucked the money. He was a miser, and no bottle of bad wine tempted him. He went to sleep early, stronger and younger than he had been for years.

At the end of the third week he asked for a raise. In response he received a boring, gritty lecture from his employer about economic dependence, about the inhuman face of imperialism, about the revealing analogy between workers against capitalists and poor countries against rich countries. When don Eloy offered him one peso a week extra, he accepted the offer and felt that he had won a tactical victory.



BY SEPTEMBER THE WEATHER HAD WARMED, AT LEAST during the day, and the nights were bearable even on the Altiplano. The change of season made Roger restless, and he decided he would work another week and then take the bus to Peru.

"I'm leaving next Sunday," he said to Eloy.

"Where to?"

"The United States."

"Liar."

"I just thought I ought to tell you."

"You're going to start taking drugs again, I bet."

"You bet wrong."

"You're an insolent bastard."

Roger cursed him in nicely accented Aymara, and the troll lumberman bellowed with pleasure.

That night in his tent Roger thought seriously for the first time about destroying his insurance: two hits of windowpane acid that a disconsolate gringo had passed to him in El Panóptico, as a way of vicariously celebrating Roger's release. Too soon. He felt more superstitious than vulnerable, but he could not yet let them go.

Thinking made him restless, almost nervous. He crawled out of his tent to take a walk, and found the city in the grip of a power failure. Rio Seco and all of El Alto were as dark and desolate as his worst mood. Overhead the southern stars were splendid, Orion lying on his side like a drunken veteran. For some reason the sight of the stars robbed Roger of his confidence. For a long minute he considered doing the acid, after which he felt unreasonably tired. Rather than walk, he crawled back inside the blue-plastic cocoon and slept. The pressure and the presence in his head had diminished as he grew back into health, and that almost disappointed him. He felt more abandoned than ever, as if some important quiet self inside were sitting with his legs crossed and his hands folded, waiting for an answer, and all he got back was the silence, on the far side of which was nothing. Give me back my heart, he heard rather petulantly.

ALTHOUGH THEY WERE CAREFUL NOT TO SPEAK A word, Roger knew that Eloy's men were the ones who broke into his tent and took the money. He remembered nothing unmistakably identifiable about any of them. Not a human smell, or an individual cough. They fell on top of him and clamped a hand over his mouth, and for a moment he thought that they were going to rape him. Impatient hands tore down his jeans, but what they grabbed was the small wad of his money, which he had changed into dollars the week before. Before they left, Roger wondered how they could know so surely where to find his money. In another life he would have cried.

Instead, he went after Eloy, whom he found stumbling drunk in a broken-shouldered restaurant that smelled of garlic. A single woman from one of the Altiplano towns worked there in the evenings. For no reason that anyone who knew Eloy found convincing, she liked to flirt with the married lumberman, even though she had no expectation of any kind of gain from the transaction.

"I want my money," Roger told him, wondering whether the man could hear or understand him through the alcoholic vapor.

"Fuck you, little gringo."

"I want my money."

But Eloy was not capable of holding up even that much conversation. Maybe to impress the woman on duty, whose one gold tooth shone strangely in the lamplight, he dove at Roger and hugged him like a lover. The force of the embrace knocked Roger down, and don Eloy fell on top of him. Sitting on his chest as if sober, he began to slap Roger in the face, while cheerful Altiplano pipe music bubbled in the background. Left side, right. Left side, right. No punches, just hard slaps. Roger felt the blood begin to run somewhere. Concentrating intensely, as if doing some Oriental meditation exercise, he drew his strength to a single point in his arms and pushed the heavy troll off. Don Eloy rolled along the floor like a barrel with arms, the waitress screamed theatrically, and Roger left running.

His mind had become his body again, after a long period of improvement and strength and great discipline at saving money. Walking after he became winded, Roger began to age again, and the speed at which he regressed terrified him. At the same time, the pressure came back into his head, stronger than it had been before. Why are you doing this to me? he asked, conscious of aiming the question precisely, an arrow into a void.

No answer, none expected.

The lights had come back on in the city, what few were there. The yellow domesticity seeping through cracks and over transoms both attracted and repelled him. He got lost. He had no reason to go back to his tent, and his brain worked better with his legs moving. Before he found a place out of the wind to lie down in, he had his plan.

He woke at about nine o'clock, judging by the feel of the morning around him. Someone gave him water to wash his face with, stinging cold and slightly oily. Then he went

directly to don Eloy's, knowing that what he needed might take several visits. But he was lucky. Eloy's wife was tending her little soda-pop-and-cracker business alone, dozing in her chair. She smiled enigmatically at him as he came in, as though she wanted to tell him a joke.

"I want to see the old man," he said abruptly.

"He's asleep out back. You treated him bad last night, Roger, and his body is hurting him."

"Go get him."

She shook her head.

"Go get him or I'll go get the police."

She clucked skeptically. "Don Eloy knows all the police."

"Not the police in the American Embassy." A stupid enough bluff, but it worked. She scuttled.

In the drawer below the cash drawer below the counter he found and took a pistol. He remembered to check to see that it was loaded, although he knew it would be. Eloy would not protect his place with an empty gun. He closed the door to the street, and, more quickly than he'd expected, Eloy came, scratching his fur like a bear roused in winter and ready to curse. As he came into the room, Roger pointed.

"I want my money."

"What money?"

A rage that was deep and satisfying and happy came over Roger. He would have been delighted to shoot the bear in the chest, and don Eloy must have been able to see that.

"What money?" he asked again, but that was only a stall.

"Don't you think I'll shoot you? What do I lose? Without the money I'm as good as dead here."

"It's out back, in a box I have."

"Let's go. I may decide to take back my money and shoot you anyway, though. Just warning you. That's politics, you know. An example of your goddamn imperialism at work."

Just in time he remembered not to let the woman escape. He heard moving-around noise as they walked out behind the little house to the bedrooms, and he took her in tow easily. She went with him readily, falling in step behind her husband as if she were amused.

In one of the little rooms they found a small green metal box fastened securely with an oversized padlock. Roger could feel the reluctance of his former employer to unlock the box, could feel the effort that almost but not quite balanced the odds of getting shot against the intense disagreeableness of giving up the money. The strength of that sensation in the man, whom he hated more than Bolivia, was in itself worth experiencing, worth a trip to the land of the trolls.

"One hundred and forty-five dollars," Eloy said, when he had finally opened the box. He carefully handed Roger the same small wad that had been taken from him the night before.

"What else is in there?"

"The rest is mine."

"Not anymore. Yankee imperialism in action. See it? Give me the rest."

Don Eloy shook his head ponderously several times.

"I can shoot you and take the money, or I can just take the money. How come you think I wouldn't shoot you, old man? By the time anybody pays any attention, I'm gone." He insulted the man in Aymara, but the words made no evident impression on him. The wife had shrunk into herself, her shoulders hunched, her head bent way low.

With a truly wrenching effort that might at another time have gentled any stone cowboy in the world, don Eloy passed him the money, all in dollars. No way to count then, but maybe several hundred dollars more. Roger put the money into the front pocket of his jeans and began to back away, the pistol still pointing.

"I'll mail you the gun," he said.

"Please," don Eloy pleaded.

Roger wanted badly to say something that cut hard, something his enemy would be able to chew on as he worked in his lumberyard for the next twenty years, but nothing came. "Troll," he said softly in English, and he was gone. Running. The strength in his legs and lungs made him feel clean as he went, clean and getting younger.

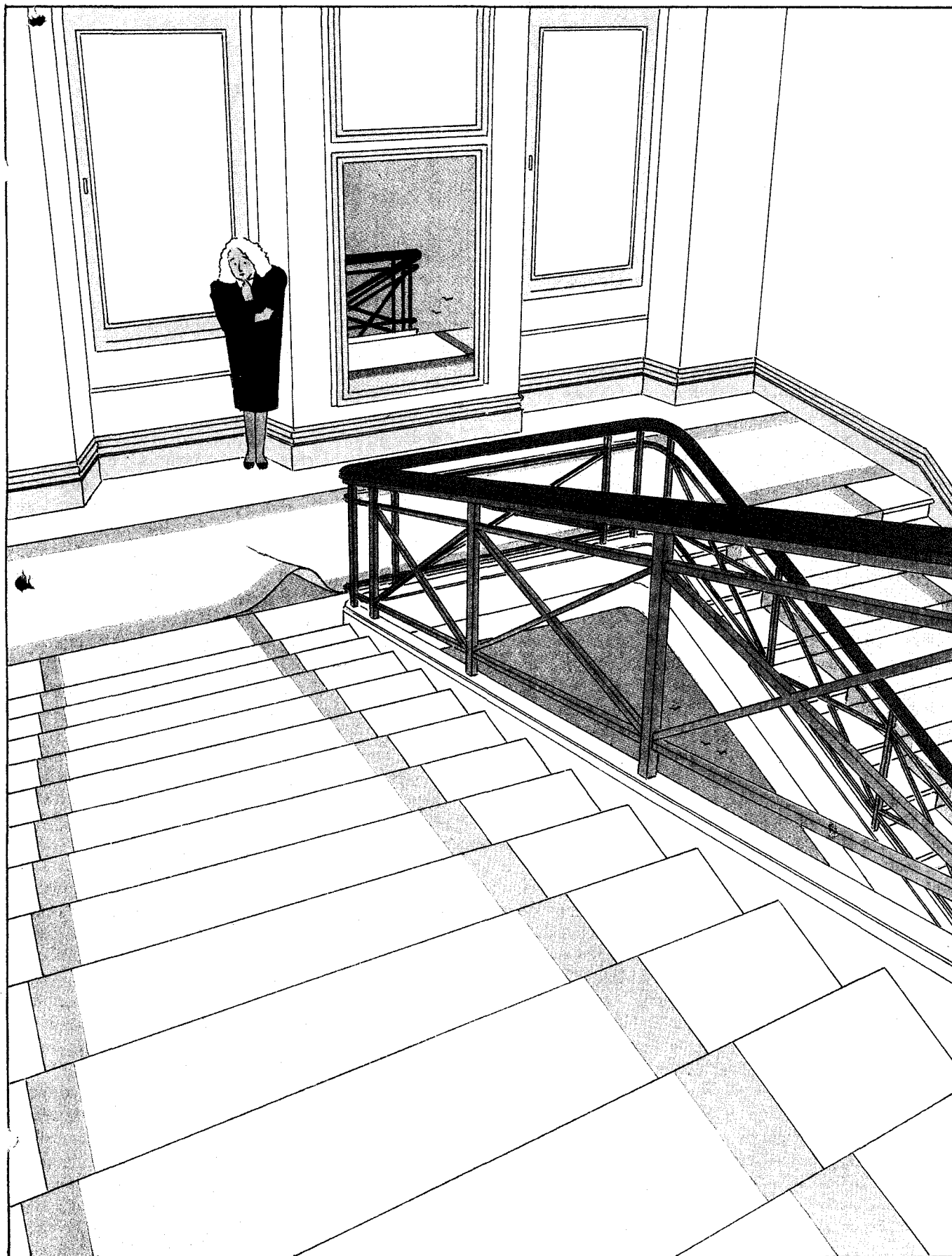
HE HAD A FEW BAD PERIODS ON THE WAY TO THE Peruvian border, doubled up with worry. If don Eloy really knew the police, they might be looking for him. But like everything else in Trollandia, controls were lax, and the Altiplano bus he was riding crossed over at the Lata-Lio checkpoint into a country that was one step north toward home.

Leaving Lata, Bolivia, to enter Lio, Peru, all passengers were required to step down from the bus and file in line past uniformed customs officers, who quizzed them and looked at passports. At the end of the line Roger turned back toward the adobe shed in Lata, in front of which stood a little cluster of Bolivian soldiers in green uniforms, gray ponchos, shiny black boots. He picked up a sun-warmed, sharp-edged rock, hefted it, and felt the itch in his palm that was the urge to throw. But he had learned discipline, and he let the rock fall back onto the ground. He maintained the last place in line.

Because of the tremendous pressure inside his head, he was scarcely aware of filing back onto the bus and moving again, of being safe. He had a window seat, and he had discipline, an acquired skill. He was conscious, however, of taking the dirty square of paper to which the acid was fixed, tearing it in two, and letting the two halves flutter out the window. He felt both clean and empty. After the satisfaction of beating don Eloy, and with hard-earned money in his pocket, the demand returned: Give me back my heart. The pressure in his head, luckily, was still there. But he heard no answer. Planning a little ahead, he calculated how soon he would get to Lima, how much that would cost. Give me back, he heard repeated with some insistence, my heart. He settled back and rode. □

VERTIGO

BY GUY BILLOUT



*Increased use of cryopreservation,
a technique for freezing human embryos for later
implantation, has generated a host of new ethical and legal problems*

A PIECE OF YOURSELF IN THE WORLD

BY JAMES LIEBER

IN 1981 ELSA AND MARIO RIOS, A WEALTHY CALIFORNIA couple who wanted to have a child, sought the services of the Queen Victoria Medical Center fertility clinic, in Melbourne, Australia. Each had had a child from a previous marriage, though Elsa's ten-year-old daughter had recently been killed while playing with a gun. Elsa, thirty-seven, was treated with fertility drugs, and three developing eggs, or oocytes, were surgically extracted from her ovaries. The eggs were combined in a petri dish with sperm from an anonymous donor (her fifty-four-year-old husband was infertile). One resulting embryo was placed in her uterus. The others underwent cryopreservation, a process of freezing in liquid nitrogen. After ten days Elsa spontaneously aborted. Distraught, she decided against becoming pregnant again soon. The Rioses were killed in a plane crash in 1983. They died without wills, leaving an estate of \$8 million. Among the "survivors" were the two frozen embryos.

New ways of creating and defining life captivate modern societies much as intricate and bizarre murders once did. Like Baby M, and the Parpalaix case in France (in which a widow successfully sued to be inseminated with sperm collected before her husband's death), the Rios embryos became the subject of an international soap opera and debate. Did they have a stake in the estate? Were they part of it? Did they have a right to be gestated? Women from Australia and abroad volunteered to be impregnated.

The State of Victoria empaneled a blue-ribbon committee, headed by Louis Waller, a law professor, which concluded that the embryos should be destroyed. The Australian right-to-life movement and the Catholic Church insisted that the issue of the "orphan embryos" be brought before Victoria's legislature, which subsequently passed a law preserving the cells in case another couple in the Melbourne infertility program wanted them.

Because cryopreservation, or cryo, techniques were not well developed in 1981, the embryos' chances of surviving a thaw are believed by medical researchers to be less than five percent. Also, the California courts disqualified them from making any claims on the Rioses' estate under a state law requiring that a child beneficiary be born or *in utero* at the time of the parental death. In 1989 the Rios embryos, still tanked in liquid nitrogen, remain controversial.

With the increasingly sophisticated use of programmable freezers; of cryoprotectants like dimethylsulfoxide and propylene glycol, which cross cell walls and act like anti-

freeze to prevent crystallization; and of the synchronization of cooling to the optimal stages in embryonic development, cryopreservation has become a fact of life. In 1984 normal births of cryopreserved embryos were reported in Australia and the Netherlands. In 1985 the process began in this country, and three births occurred the next year. In 1987, the last year for which figures are available, at least forty-four more such embryos were carried to term in the United States. About 50 to 60 percent of embryos now survive the process of freezing and thawing. Cryopreservation does not appear to cause birth defects, a finding consistent with three decades of experimentation with cattle and other mammals. Last July the American Fertility Society, an organization of more than 10,000 physicians and scientists who treat infertility, upgraded cryopreservation: no longer an experimental procedure, it is now an "established therapeutic modality."

Freezing is on its way to becoming a common adjunct to *in vitro* fertilization, or IVF. Of the hospitals and clinics reporting to the American Fertility Society's IVF Registry, nine used freezing in 1985, fifteen in 1986, and thirty-nine in 1987.

When a woman undergoes IVF, she receives fertility drugs, such as Clomid and Pergonal, which stimulate simultaneous development of a number of oocytes (ordinarily only one at a time will develop). Upwards of forty eggs, or ova, have been removed at one time from women taking fertility drugs, though five to ten is the usual range. Then these ova are drawn out of the ovarian follicles with a hollow needle inserted through the abdomen or the cervix. Performed under local or general anesthesia, the procedure entails a slight risk of tubal or ovarian damage. Fertility drugs cause mood swings and irritate the uterine lining, probably making it less than normally receptive to implantation by an embryo. But using them makes it possible to implant more than one embryo at once, which, studies have shown, makes impregnation more likely.

Without cryo, a woman must take drugs and go through an egg extraction every time she undergoes IVF. If a clinic uses cryo, perhaps two or three "fresh" embryos will be implanted and the rest will be stored. (Implanting only a few embryos at a time reduces the incidence of multiple pregnancies.) If the woman does not conceive, she can return for an implantation of thawed embryos at a favorable time in her menstrual cycle without taking the fertility

drugs again, experiencing their side effects, and then going through another egg extraction. A full IVF cycle costs \$6,000 to \$7,000; thawing embryos and implanting them costs about \$1,000. Some people could not afford to continue trying for a pregnancy without cryopreservation.

In the future, fresh embryos may not be used at all. Instead, the embryos may all be frozen and implanted at times opportune for the woman in treatment. Some leading clinics abroad now implant only embryos that have been frozen. Increasingly researchers believe that the embryos that survive freezing and thawing are the hardiest and the most likely to survive a pregnancy. Freezing also may facilitate embryo adoption, because the female donor and the recipient can make the transfer without harmonizing their reproductive cycles.

Moral Questions

FOR ALL ITS FLEXIBILITY, cryopreservation presents profound moral questions. The 1987 Vatican edict on reproduction saw freezing as showing insufficient respect for human life—a curious position, considering that the procedure will allow more children to be born.

American clinics froze 289 embryos in 1985, 824 in 1986, and 3,715 in 1987, and the numbers continue to climb. Some couples banking embryos will not use them all, because of success with “fresh” IVF cycles. Other would-be parents will die, divorce, adopt, become disabled, or simply grow weary of the financial and psychological costs of continued rounds of thawing and implantation. Not surprisingly, questions stemming from the Rios case remain current: Should spare embryos be donated for adoption, or should they be destroyed or even used in experiments? And who should decide: the woman, the couple, the clinic, the state?

Neither the debate between the pro-choice and pro-life factions nor its jurisprudence furnishes answers. Under *Roe v. Wade* a woman has the right to an abortion on demand during the first trimester of pregnancy because her control of bodily privacy, according to the Supreme Court, outweighs the value of the early fetus. But a frozen embryo is outside the womb, so physical privacy is not an issue. Also, the continued existence of such an embryo does not depend on the woman’s body. Formed in a petri dish, it is no more a part of the woman’s body than of the man’s.

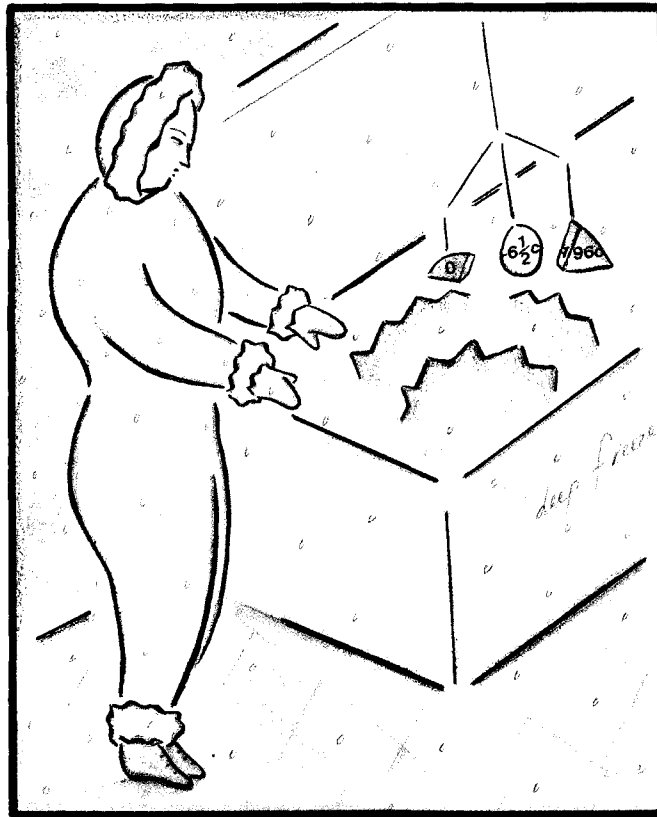
Those who would apply a pro-choice framework suggest that concerns about privacy, albeit not physical privacy, should give progenitors the right to decide the fate of the embryos, which, as the Planned Parenthood Bioethics Advisory Panel notes, “could be brought into life under circumstances and at times unenvisioned by their creators.”

The human beings who develop from these spare embryos could seek out their biological parents. But the possibility of unwanted confrontations is remote if the standards of anonymity customary in sperm banks and adoption agencies are employed. According to Sue Richards, a nurse-coordinator at the Cleveland Clinic, which

has more than 150 embryos in storage, couples rarely factor long-term privacy into their decisions. Instead, she hears couples express fears about the possibility of unwitting marriages between genetic twins. If cryo’s popularity continues to grow, a system of recording and tracking people who mature from thawed embryos may one day need to be developed, in order to prevent incest. How to do this without severely invading *their* privacy is anyone’s guess. Similarly, because cryo means that embryos from one batch can be thawed at long intervals, a woman from an IVF embryo could gestate her own sibling, a situation that the American Fertility Society has sought to preclude with a policy, not yet embraced in law, that the

transfer of embryos from one generation to another is “unacceptable.”

The pro-life position is no more useful, because frozen embryos, unlike those in a uterus or a laboratory culture, are not fully alive. Nothing can live in liquid nitrogen. Nor are they exactly dead, because more than half can return to life when thawed. “We have a real category problem,” says Dr. Kathleen Nolan, of the Hastings Center, a bioethics think tank in Briarcliff Manor, New York. Some suggest that frozen embryos be viewed as property. As Kenneth Alpern, a professor of philosophy at DePaul University, puts it, “The question may be whether you have the right to determine if there is a piece of yourself in the world.” Under American law a person owns his organs and may choose to donate them through his estate and in certain other limited situations. But no consensus exists about whether embryos, which are not organs of the body but potentially complete persons, can be possessed.



In *Del Zio v. Presbyterian Hospital*, in 1978, a New York jury heard a case involving an embryo formed *in vitro* by a physician lacking institutional authority. Without the consent of the couple who provided the sperm and the ovum, a hospital official destroyed the embryo. The jury awarded the wife \$50,000 for emotional distress but did not recognize her ownership of the embryo. Of course, a single trial is not binding as precedent. To Nolan, "the real issue is who is responsible for the frozen embryos, not who owns them."

The problem is being worked out in various ways publicly and privately. In 1986 Louisiana enacted legislation defining any "in vitro fertilized ovum [as a juridical person] . . . which shall not be intentionally destroyed." The state recognizes no ownership interests in the embryos but makes physicians responsible for them. Though not as clear as Louisiana's, the laws of certain other states could be read to forbid the destruction of any *in vitro* embryos, fresh or frozen. In 1983 the Boston district attorney issued an opinion that the Massachusetts fetal-research law did not forbid *in vitro* fertilization, provided that all viable embryos were implanted in women. The same year, an Illinois federal court let stand a similar opinion by that state's attorney general.

Infertility specialists and pro-choice advocates say that such laws infringe procreational freedom. John Robertson, a law professor at the University of Texas and a member of the ethics panel of the American Fertility Society, deplores the legislation but concedes that it could be found constitutional, because *Roe v. Wade* specifically permits destruction only of fetuses physically connected to their mothers. Strangely, the coexistence of *Roe*'s pro-choice options and state laws protecting embryos means that a woman intent on destroying extra embryos legally might need to have them implanted and then aborted.

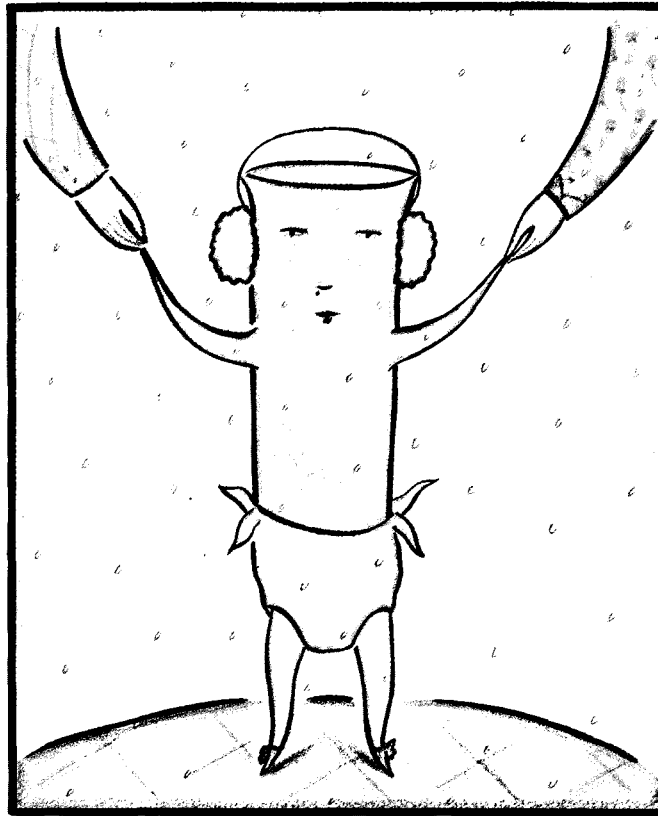
Because of the Rios imbroglio, most clinics present couples with a simple choice about extra frozen embryos: donation or destruction. At Albert Einstein Hospital, in Philadelphia, couples are given the usual two options plus a controversial third—experimentation—if allowed by law. At present, however, Pennsylvania is among at least a dozen states that forbid nontherapeutic procedures on embryos and fetuses.

Benefits of Embryo Experimentation

FROZEN CATTLE EMBRYOS ARE SELECTED OR REJECTED for implantation according to their sex, the presence of adequate amounts of growth hormone, and the absence of blood disorders. Theoretically, human embryos could be chosen for desirable traits or even enhanced genetically.

The specter of genetic engineering, including cloning and hybridization with other species, probably shocks most people. But some experiments that have already been performed on embryos and fetuses have been beneficial.

For example, in 1963 the immersion of fifteen fetuses in a salt solution to test their ability to absorb oxygen through the skin led to the design of life-support systems for premature infants. Today, some researchers believe, experiments with IVF embryos in various culture media could yield a closer approximation of the natural uterine environment and enable more embryos to live after thawing. Also, the development, on embryos, of microbiopsy techniques for DNA analysis would provide a better understanding of hereditary diseases such as sickle-cell anemia, Down's syndrome, and Tay-Sachs disease, and might ultimately result in "gene therapies" that would erase these conditions—by re-sequencing the nucleotides



(the building blocks of DNA), for example.

Currently, little if any experimentation is performed on embryos in America, because of state laws and the absence of federal support. In 1978 the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services convened an Ethics Advisory Board to review all grant proposals in the area, and was prepared to fund research on *in vitro* embryos that had not reached the fourteenth day of development, which is when the embryo acquires a distinct symmetrical shape and also when implantation would normally occur.

In 1980 Washington allowed the Ethics Advisory Board, which had become a political hot potato, to pass out of existence. Last September the Department of Health and Human Services announced that it was taking steps to reconstitute the board. In time, guidelines for research on embryos, and funding as well, may flow from Washington. Dr. Zev Rosenwaks, who heads the IVF program at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, says that the pro-

fession would prefer that the government not try to direct couples' decisions about donating or discarding extra embryos, but would welcome federal clarification of the limits on experimentation.

When Cryopreservation Works Best

THROUGH A MICROSCOPE A TWO-, FOUR-, OR EIGHT-celled embryo, 100 microns in diameter and ready for cryopreservation, looks like a perfectly transparent agglomeration of bath bubbles enclosed within a larger bubble. Almost completely nonselective, American programs decline to freeze only embryos whose structures have been excessively fragmented during the course of extraction and fertilization or whose clarity has given way to muddiness, signifying death.

Cryopreservation is best begun at a moment when the embryo's cells are not dividing. The embryo is placed in a culture solution, which sometimes contains human pre-ovulatory serum, and the cryoprotectant is introduced in stages until it permeates the cell. The mixture is drawn into a plastic insemination straw, sealed, loaded in an aluminum vessel shaped like a cane, and put in a programmable freezer. Cooling proceeds at one or two degrees per minute from room temperature to about -6°C , when the straw is withdrawn and "seeded" by touching it with a forceps previously dipped in liquid nitrogen, which causes crystallization of the extracellular medium. Then the straw is placed back in the cane and the freezer, and cooling continues, but more slowly. Finally the cane containing the straw is plunged into liquid nitrogen that is maintained at -196°C .

None of the clinicians or researchers with whom I spoke seemed concerned that some embryos fail to be viable after freezing and thawing. Dr. Jacques Cohen is a professor of obstetrics at Emory Medical School and the director of Reproductive Biology Associates, in Atlanta, which has the largest embryo bank in the country, consisting of more than 500 stored embryos. He explained, "From a hundred fresh embryos, thirteen will implant in a uterus. From a hundred frozen embryos, sixty will survive cryo and thirteen will implant." So it's a statistical wash. Possibly, those not fit to freeze also would fail to impregnate when fresh. Regardless, cryo does not seem to raise IVF embryo-mortality rates.

The question of extra embryos was a much more sensitive one. Physicians were quick to point out that they had not yet had to destroy any. I heard often that these embryos were "deserving of respect"—a judgment that also appears in official Australian, British, Canadian, and American reports. The American Fertility Society defines the appropriate degree of respect as greater than that "accorded to human tissues" but less than that "accorded to actual persons."

A few doctors hoped that all the stored embryos would eventually be implanted in their patients, but fewer expected them to be. Richard Marrs, the director of the Institute for Reproductive Research, in Los Angeles, ob-

serves that women seem to be producing many more ova than early researchers had thought likely. When thirty or more embryos from one woman have been frozen, obviously not all will be used in the donor. Marrs, whose center has approximately 200 fertilized ova in storage, concedes that he has the "beginnings of an embryo bank, which is not ethically desirable."

When the freezing protocols began in the United States, most couples were expected to choose to donate rather than to discard, and they seem to have done so. At the Cleveland Clinic the donation rate exceeded 80 percent. Some embryos have sat in liquid-nitrogen canisters, which look like portable picnic coolers, for more than three years. "We don't know why couples don't come back to use them," says a cryobiologist at the Cleveland Clinic. About the possibility of eventually having to dispose of embryos she had formed and frozen, she adds, "I feel very odd about it. It's a very awkward situation."

George Kanoti, a theologian who once taught moral theology at Catholic University, in Washington, D.C., and now serves as chief ethicist at the Cleveland Clinic, views the situation in which a couple might deny spare embryos to another infertile couple who wanted them as "a question we're going to have to grapple with," especially in light of the rising rate of infertility. "A compassionate society responds to the disadvantaged. Yet the couple who furnished the genetic material is autonomous, so a tension persists between individual rights and social responsibility. At least we should go back to the first couple and explain the situation. If they say no, we probably should respect it. Embryos may become available from other sources. And I don't believe anyone has an absolute right to reproduce. But I'd be more comfortable if they said yes."

People who have decided to discard their extra embryos seem reluctant to talk about their decision. The staff at the Cleveland Clinic attempted to arrange phone interviews for me with patients who had marked this option on their consent forms. Only two agreed to speak, both on an anonymous basis. One skipped the call. The other, a well-to-do, religious housewife in her mid-thirties, indicated that she and her husband could not imagine allowing their child "to be raised by someone who did not share our values." She added that she was "not a hundred percent opposed" to allowing research with the embryos.

Donated embryos may prove desirable for adoption. The physical characteristics of the progenitors are known, so the embryos could be well matched to potential parents. Prospective adoptive mothers, though lacking ovarian function, could experience carrying and giving birth to a child. The relatively low cost of the procedure might attract couples unable to afford full IVF cycles. Embryo adoption would, however, amount to a radical form of parenting in some ways akin to surrogacy (though the mother supplies none of the genetic material and keeps the child). Thus demand might build cautiously.

The American Fertility Society takes the position that cryo programs should not preserve embryos "for longer

than the reproductive life of the female donor." Some programs specify that embryos are to be discarded within a set number of years, usually two to ten, after the female donor's menopause, if no one has adopted them.

The philosopher David Ozar, writing in the *Hastings Center Report*, spoke for other critics as well when he objected to "reasons of economy and efficiency" as a basis for "a policy of disposal," since embryos have "a potential for full human life. Indeed it is precisely because of that potential that they were frozen in the first place."

Properly stored, frozen embryos are quite stable. They could be thawed for use in ten days or ten thousand years. Some experts have suggested, not altogether whimsically, that frozen embryos would be ideal long-distance space travelers, provided that an artificial womb (whose technology has been under discussion since the 1920s) could be developed, along with a means of caring for the children who emerge from that artificial womb. A more daunting problem might be to build eternal-care facilities on this planet.

Cryopreservation of Ova

IN THE 1990S SOME OF THE WOMEN WHO HAVE PARTICIPATED in cryo programs will begin to enter menopause, and some leftover embryos will have to be discarded. Judging from the uproar over the Rios case and the impassioned back-and-forth in scholarly journals, one of the most wrenching new moral controversies since the abortion debate began could erupt in this country.

The frozen-embryo issue, unlike the abortion issue, may have a resolution. While many people value or even revere life from the moment of conception, few have strong feelings about gametes—unfertilized oocytes and sperm cells. Over the course of a life an average male sheds trillions of sperm. A woman's ovaries contain about 300,000 eggs, only a few of which will be fertilized. Partial rather than complete packets of genetic material, gametes are for the most part wasted, and almost no one mourns the loss. If gametes, rather than embryos, were frozen, couples in infertility therapy would have all the flexibility that embryo storage provides without the ethical problems. In other words, the eggs and sperm could be thawed and combined into embryos for implantation as needed. No extra embryos would be formed, frozen, or wasted.

Scientists have been successfully cryopreserving human sperm since the 1950s. But ova are far more delicate. One reason is that an ovum contains a great deal more cytoplasm, or cellular fluid, than a sperm, which is basically just a strand of DNA with a whipping tail. The more cytoplasm in a cell, the greater the likelihood that it will undergo crystallization, which will destroy it.

Unfertilized oocytes are also more delicate than embryos, because they contain structures called meiotic spindles, which hold their chromosomes in place. The spindles are easily damaged by freezing and thawing, which can result in a condition called aneuploidy—an abnormal

number of chromosomes—which can stop further cell division or cause birth defects.

During the Rios affair, the Australian Waller Committee "warmly encouraged" the development of freezing techniques for human ova, adding that if the research is successful, the "whole subject" of embryo cryopreservation should be reviewed. In recent years experimenters have begun to focus on the cryopreservation of eggs. The most striking, and, I think, an unprecedented, aspect of the studies now appearing in print is that the researchers make plain that ethical, rather than medical or physiological, questions impel their work.

Work on human oocytes has been done in France, West Germany, the Netherlands, and Australia. The first human births resulting from such work—of twins, both normal—occurred in 1986 in Australia. At least three other successful human births from frozen ova have been reported since.

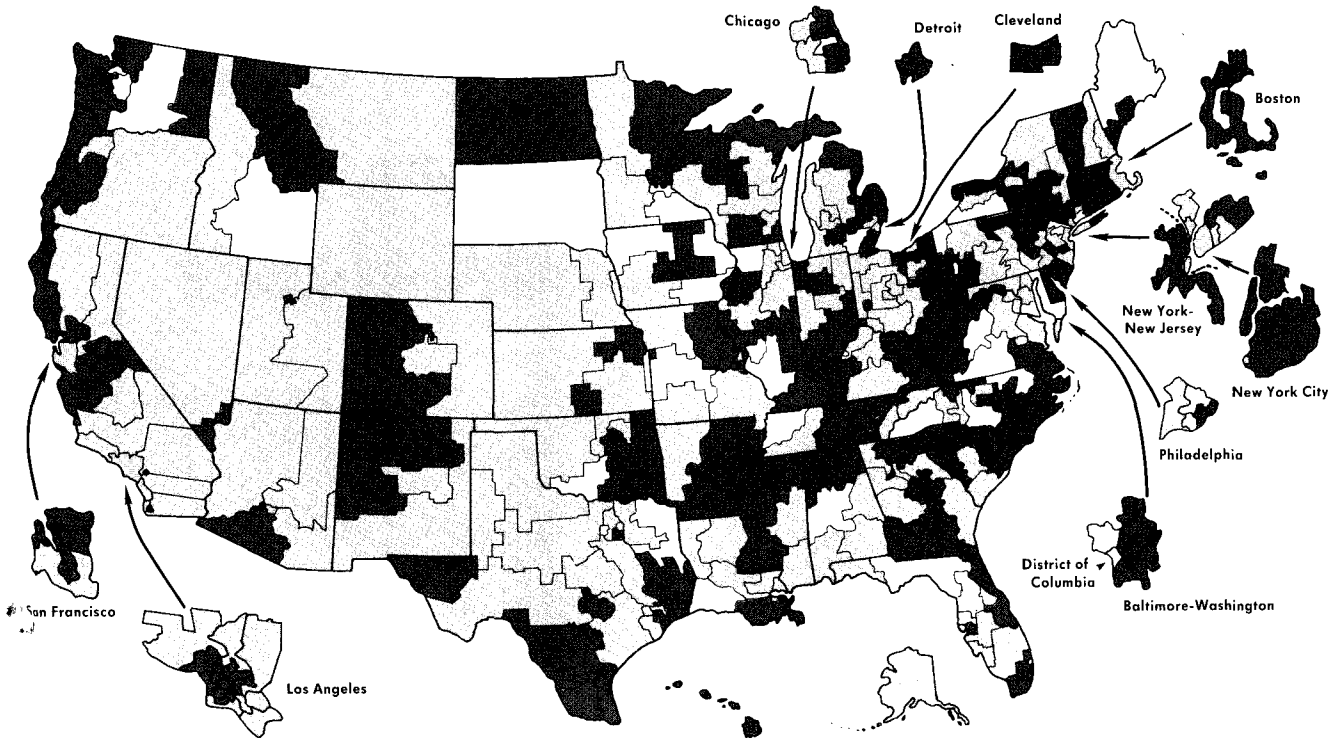
Though encouraging, the existing studies are too small to generalize from, and worries about chromosome damage remain. Dr. Martin Quigley, who heads the Cleveland Clinic's IVF program, feels that with proper research frozen ova could be used clinically in the United States in three to five years. No state or federal laws prohibit experimenting on gametes, provided that they have not been joined by fertilization. The major source of medical research grants is the federal government, which has been loath to fund research involving *in vitro* reproduction. "The private sources of funding are tapped out," says Richard Marrs, who was the first in this country to successfully freeze, thaw, and implant human embryos but now favors cryopreservation of eggs. "Two or three major competitive grants definitely could speed things along." A good sign that the federal government might be receptive to underwriting the work came last fall, when the National Institutes of Health requested grant proposals for improved methods of freezing sperm.

The world's largest consumer of *in vitro* procedures, the United States, has about as many frozen embryos in storage as all nine other nations that use the procedures combined. This country should do what it can to hasten the development of gamete freezing, not only in order to head off an ethical and political storm but also because it would bring a new kind of equality to women.

If a man must undergo radiation or chemotherapy that might genetically alter his sperm or render him sterile, or if he decides to have a vasectomy, he can freeze his sperm to preserve his reproductive options. A woman, however, must have the cooperation of a man in order to make future use of her eggs, which cannot now be stored unless they are fertilized. Also, since aging oocytes produce the highest incidence of chromosomal abnormalities, a woman might wish at twenty-five to freeze some of her eggs for fertilization and implantation later. Until the time of menopause she could be confident about delivering a healthy baby. Freezing eggs could add more than a few ticks to her biological clock. □

AT LAST COUNT

A HOUSE DIVIDED



THE 435 MEMBERS OF the House of Representatives are all either Democrats or Republicans, but most of them can also be assigned to one of four ideological categories: liberal, conservative, populist, and libertarian. This classification was suggested by the political scientists William S. Maddox and Stuart A. Lilie, in their book, *Beyond Liberal and Conservative* (Cato Institute, 1984). Maddox and Lilie defined as liberal those who generally favor government intervention in economic affairs and also expansion of personal freedom. Conservatives typically favor neither. Populists, like liberals, support economic intervention by the government, but they are leery of expanding personal freedom. Libertarians take precisely the opposite view. For instance, according to the Maddox-Lilie schema, liberals would tend to support both national health insurance and abortion on demand; conservatives would not support either; populists would support the former but not the latter, libertarians the latter but not the former. Maddox and Lilie devised their schema to point up imprecisions in the more conventional liberal-moderate-conservative schema. For example, because populists and libertarians tend to take conservative stands on certain kinds of issues and liberal stands on others, their distinct identities are disguised by an overall voting record that appears moderate.

The map above was prepared by assigning the members

of the House of Representatives in the 100th Congress, which expired last January, to one of the four ideological categories on the basis of their stands on a selection of major bills in recent years involving domestic economic issues or issues of personal freedom. The bills covered such varied matters as the death penalty, polygraph testing, discrimination against people with AIDS, funding for school-lunch programs, plant-closing notification requirements, collective bargaining, and catastrophic health care. A tabulation of the votes reveals that 210 House members can be classified as liberal, 158 as conservative, 24 as populist, and 19 as libertarian. Twenty-four could not be classified on the basis of the bills selected, and their districts are shown in white. The tabulations are based on members' voting records as reported by Americans for Democratic Action and *Congressional Quarterly*.

As noted, the map depicts the 100th Congress; a map depicting the 101st Congress would be nearly identical, because 92 percent of House seats are held today by the people who held them before the elections last November.

—Rodger Doyle

LEGEND	
	Liberal
	Conservative
	Populist
	Libertarian

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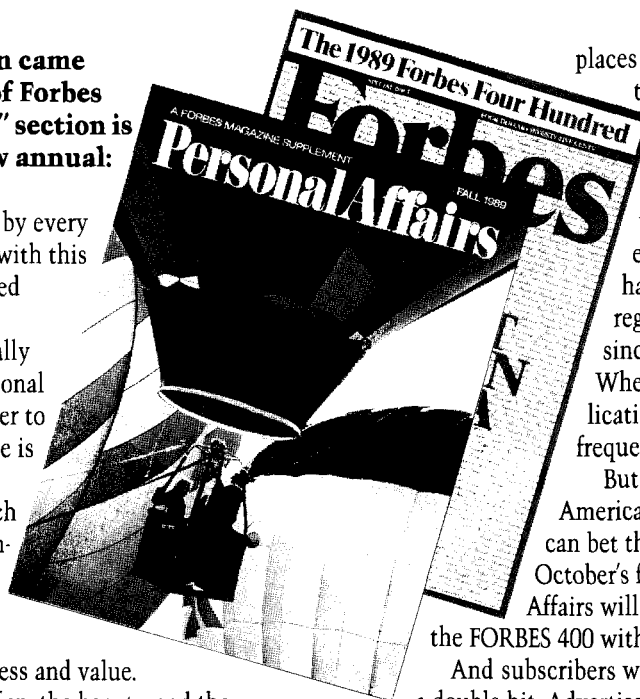
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FOOD

OVER THE COALS

Grilling meat, fish, and vegetables requires more than intuition

BY CORBY KUMMER

EVERY SUMMER I pretend to know how to use a backyard grill. It is a skill I should have inherited from my father, who, like every father when I was growing up, tended the grill and took no other part in family food preparation. I assumed that the knowledge of how to build a fire and cook food over it was innate, and that asking advice was somehow humiliating. After serving many pieces of food at once charred and raw and ascribing their condition to weather and faulty equipment, I decided last summer to stop proceeding on bravado. Here is what I found.

The outdoor grill of choice these days seems to be the Weber kettle grill, which looks like a plump UFO on three legs. It is said to grill, smoke, and barbecue, it is sturdy, and it is easy to use. But it is not ideal for uncovered grilling, which is what I set out to master. *Barbecuing* usually refers to long and slow cooking, covered, over hardwood embers, often with a sweet basting sauce. *Smoking* means cooking also done in a closed space, over a still lower fire, with aromatic wood, and sometimes steam; it can take several days. I think of *grilling* as cooking over an open wood or charcoal fire. The Weber kettle is meant by its manufacturer to be covered whenever it's used, which makes it a sort of oven. Food in a Weber kettle cooks by convection as well as direct heat; it absorbs wood smoke that otherwise would be lost to the wind, and it can also stay moist. A cover is essential to hasten cooking and to keep food cooking in a strong wind, but it is undesirable for grilling, which should involve almost exclusively dry heat. Worse, the height of the rack—or grid, to use its proper name—on a Weber kettle cannot be adjusted, and it is too far above the coals for most open grilling. Pouring in enough charcoal to achieve the proper distance solves the problem but is wasteful.

If I don't find a Weber kettle in a friend's back yard, I usually find a gas

grill, which saves the trouble of building a fire and produces reliably even and adjustable heat. The gas heats lava stones, which serve as coals. It is fashionable to deride gas grills. The only hint of smoky flavor they provide, detractors say, is from fat and juices that drip onto the stones; the stones retain remnants of what was cooked on them before; hence "you're eating rancid, smoke-flavored fat," in the appetizing words of George Germon and Johanne Killeen, who own the popular Providence, Rhode Island, restaurants Al Forno and Lucky's, where nearly everything on the menu involves a grill. Germon and Killeen also point out that food cooks "evenly and boringly" on a gas grill, whereas in food cooked over a wood fire some parts are smokier and more highly flavored than others.

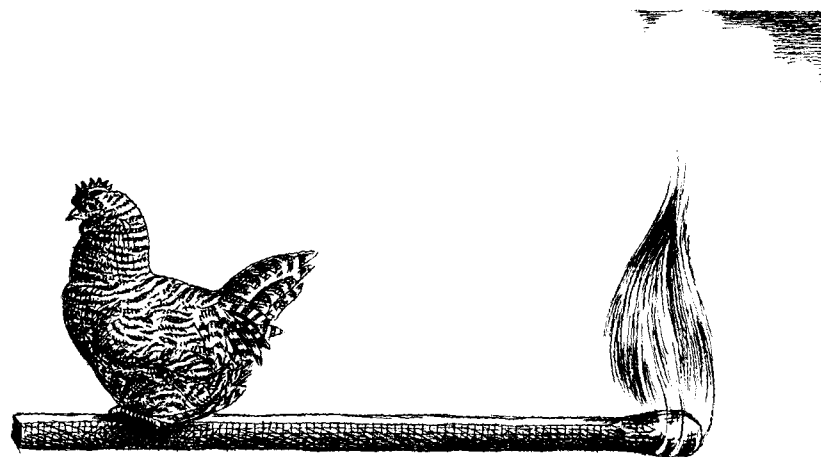
In fact it is possible to clean the stones on most gas grills, by turning them over and letting the residue of previous meals burn off, and you can add some wood smoke by placing on top of the stones an aluminum pan filled with wood chips that have been soaked in water for at least half an hour, so that they will

smoke slowly. (If you don't put them into a pan, the ash can clog gas lines.) Gas grills are undeniably the easiest grills to use, and anyone who enjoys grilled food in restaurants has no business knocking them: most restaurants use gas grills without even the fillip of aromatic wood.

The outdoor charcoal grill to buy is one made of heavy metal with stable legs, and with an adjustable rack and vents in the bottom to allow in air, which will fan the fire. A flat-bottomed firebox is preferable to a round one, because in the flat one it is easier to spread coals and use only as many as you need. A vented cover is also nearly essential, for intermittent use. Grills that answer this description are surprisingly rare. Meco, of Greenville, Tennessee, makes a good and moderately priced one (the company's phone number is 615-639-1171).

What seems most widely available, though, is either a hibachi, which is admirably solid, often portable, and has an adjustable rack, although it is too small for many foods; or a flimsy brazier—an uncovered grill, usually round, with the rack shakily attached, of the kind you find cheap in drugstores and supermarkets during the summer. Although such a grill may serve well for a season, the heat of real charcoal will eventually wear out the thin metal, and it can too easily be toppled.

The Maserati of grills is the dream of Charles Eisendrath, who after working as a foreign correspondent for *Time* became the director of a mid-career journalism fellowship program at the Uni-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEL FURUKAWA

versity of Michigan. With the help of local craftsmen he went about perfecting a grill based on ones he had used in his travels. His grill, in essence an outdoor fireplace, is a handsome stainless steel box on a stand. The grid consists of long V-shaped channels, each about an inch wide and spaced about an inch apart, fixed at a four-degree angle to carry juices down to a long rectangular pan that spans the width of the grill. Italians, among others, set such grids in their fireplaces. The beauty of Eisendrath's invention is that the distance from grid to flame is easily and quickly adjusted to up to sixteen inches, by means of a beautifully machined crank wheel. You can start cooking immediately, since you can raise the grid high over new flames from wood or coals. The drippings pan is for making sauces as you cook. Near-perfection is expensive: the grill costs \$750. But it can be taken off its legs and set into most indoor fireplaces, and anyone accustomed to its flexibility would be loath to go back to anything else. (Grillworks is at 1211 Ferdon Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104; the phone number is 313-995-2164.)

EVEN NOW THAT mesquite on a restaurant menu seems like a quaint artifact of New American cooking, aromatic woods are still the rage. Other woods for the chic griller are coming into their own, in the form of chips sold in plastic bags. The really chic grillers are buying bags of imported grapevine cuttings and challenging their guests to identify the varietal, hinting that the wine might be made from the same one. But the use of aromatic wood in grilling is usually pointless. It is certainly possible to distinguish the kind of wood used in smoking (hickory, alder, apple, oak, and cherry are currently favored), which after all is done under cover for hours, but in grilling, grapevine cuttings, herb stems, or aromatic leaves tossed at the last minute onto the coals are only for effect. They smell good and persuade guests that real grilling is going on. "If you don't have a smoky smell in your hair when you serve the food, it's not official," says Jeanne Voltz, who wrote *Barbecued Ribs and Other Great Feeds*. But don't feel compelled to invest in a wood you've never heard of.

Do feel compelled to search out hard-

wood lump charcoal in place of briquets. Briquets are made of scrap wood and sawdust burned to carbon, which is then compressed with a starch binder and ground coal, as A. Cort Sinnes explains in *The Grilling Book* (which he wrote with Jay Harlow), the most concise and useful book on grilling I've found. The binder in briquets often contains chemicals that can give food an off taste, as can the coal. Briquets are efficient, because they are compressed and evenly shaped, and some are made with hardwood—but not many. Lump charcoal is the black color of briquets but comes in the shape of chunks of wood, which is what it is: hardwood left to smolder without oxygen until it turns to carbon. Although lump charcoal won't scent the food as much as would chunks of the hardwood it was made from, it will produce a hotter, more even, and longer-lasting fire that is easier to maintain. You can always add a few chunks of hardwood, soaked in water, to the coals for smoke. Don't use pine or other resinous woods: these are fine for kindling, but their fumes during cooking can deposit noxious chemicals in food. And don't use ply-



wood or any composition wood at all.

The firebox should be clean save for a thin layer of ash. The grid should be completely clean. Scrape it with a wire brush every time you use it: little bits of previous meals are not appealing and do not add depth of flavor, only bitterness. Former Boy and Girl Scouts will have no trouble lighting a fire with kindling, but those less adept can employ other methods without resorting to one that ought to be taboo: lighter fluid, which gives food a chemical taste even after the fire is ready. (Plain gasoline and kerosene can explode and should never be used.)

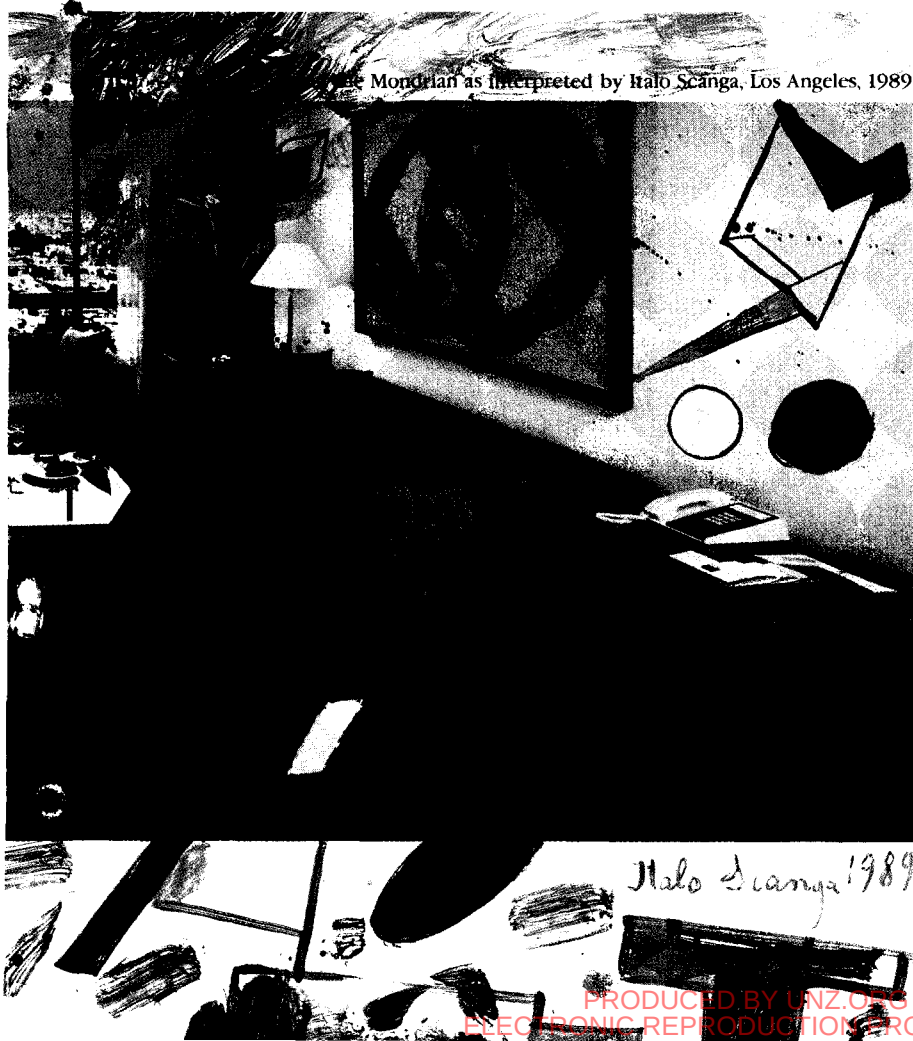
Newspaper can be made into very effective kindling by soaking strips in vegetable oil, which is cheaper than lighter fluid and not noxious. Or, if you have an electrical socket near the grill, you can use an electric starter, a long loop that you immerse in the coals and leave for seven to ten minutes; be sure to take it out soon after the coals ignite, unplug it, and set it on a fireproof surface to cool. The easiest of all is a chimney starter, which looks like a double-decker can with a handle and without top or bottom, perforated around the

lower sides. You set the starter in the grill and put newspaper in the bottom compartment and coals in the top; after twenty minutes the coals are ready to be poured into the grill, at which point you can add more charcoal, if you need it—use only enough charcoal to cover an area slightly larger than what you need as a cooking surface. A good idea, from Phillip Stephen Schulz's *Cooking With Fire & Smoke*, is to set the chimney starter in a nearby fireproof pan and light another batch of charcoal in it, in case you need more later to keep the fire even. (Electric starters and chimney starters are available in many hardware stores.)

However you light the fire, in a regular grill it won't be ready for at least forty minutes and could well require longer. This is a hard lesson for any cook to learn, especially one with hungry people waiting. Putting food on the fire too soon is the error most frequently made in grilling, and it results in that dismally familiar combination of thick carbon on the outside and cool, nearly raw meat on the inside. The coals should be uniformly covered with gray ash, and you should

be able to hold your palm over the fire at the level of the grid for the count of five seconds. If you can hold it over the fire for only two or three seconds, the fire is very hot, and good for searing but not cooking; at five to seven seconds it is medium hot, and right for cooking most foods. Spread the coals unevenly, so that some areas will be very hot and some cool, for reasons I'll explain. Be sure that the grid is at the right height for what you're cooking: between three and four inches from the coals for fish fillets; between four and six inches for nearly everything else except chicken with bone, which should be about six or seven inches from the coals.

YOU CAN COOK nearly anything on a grill, even fruit (try pears, pineapples, or bananas). Fish and vegetables of almost any kind, and cuts of meat that require short cooking and have few bones, work best. Lean fish, poultry, and meat do very well with an oil-based herb marinade, which adds moisture; marinades with an acid base, such as lemon juice, vinegar, or yogurt, are better for fatty meat and oily fish (when sea-



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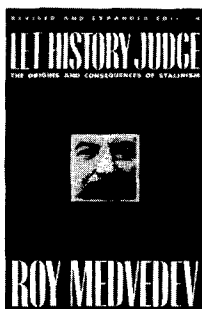
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soning an acid-based marinade, remember that acid and salt intensify flavors in a marinade). Don't let meat or fish stay too long in a marinade; poultry, especially, can become mealy if left for more than two hours. Trim off as much fat as possible from meat to prevent flare-ups.

Purists are uncomfortable with the idea of precooking food, but I endorse it, especially for foods such as chicken with bone, spareribs, eggplant, and potatoes, all of which are wonderful grilled but hard to cook through without bad charring. These can first be partly boiled, baked, or (better, because more flavor is retained) cooked in a microwave oven. Mushrooms, for example, become pliable if partly cooked and won't split if you try to thread them onto skewers. Whole onions still come out sweet and smoky, and also cook through without your having to wait an hour. Leeks (the latest grill fashion, along with scallions, heads of endive, and Mediterranean vegetables such as artichokes, which must be precooked, peppers, squash, bulb fennel, and whole heads of garlic) stay together better. Slices of sweet potato and yams are also great grilled, and are easier to grill properly if partly cooked. Most vegetables need only a brushing with olive oil and light seasoning with salt and pepper to be delicious, and they are especially good tossed in a vinaigrette just after coming off the grill.

Bring food to be grilled to room temperature, and if it has been marinated, use the leftover marinade as basting liquid. An oily marinade helps solve the problem of having food stick to the rack; it is more effective to oil the food than to oil the rack, but brushing the rack with vegetable oil or spraying it with aerosol oil will also help (take the rack off the grill and spray it well away from any heat source). If you are using metal skewers, be sure to use ones that are twisted or notched, so that you can turn them without having the same side of the chunk of lamb or onion end up facing the grill. If you use wooden skewers, first soak them in water for about half an hour. Place food perpendicular to the wires of the rack, so that it will be easier to turn. Tongs and "offset" spatulas, with the blade lower than the handle, are the most convenient implements.

THE ART OF GRILLING involves keeping the fire at an even medium-hot temperature. Using bellows or opening the vents will increase the heat; clos-

ing the vents will decrease it. If you are grilling for a long time—say, for more than half an hour—you will probably need to add some more charcoal, and it will work faster if you have lit it in advance.

Flare-ups are the most persistent problem during grilling, and the healthfulness of food permeated with smoke caused by dripping fat has lately been called into question by carcinogen monitors. If you spray water on the coals, you risk giving a wet-ash flavor to the food, so instead use tongs to pull the food over to the part of the grill you have left cool or put it onto a plate and wait for the flames to die down (close the vents or use the cover). Thick food that has not been precooked will require a certain amount of cooking time during which it is covered. Cover food only after you have seared it on all sides; if your grill doesn't have a cover, you can improvise one with aluminum foil weighted with rocks.

If your best plans fail and food seems done on the outside but not the inside, take it off the grill and finish it in the oven. (In *The Art of Cooking*, Jacques Pepin calls for this technique in an excellent recipe for boned leg of lamb marinated with soy sauce, honey, jalapeño pepper, ginger, and garlic.) Professional cooks test food for doneness by using their fingers to feel how firm or soft it is, which saves having juices escape. The easiest method for civilians, however, is to use an instant-read thermometer. Many books, including Pepin's, list cooking temperatures for most meats and poultry.

Food will continue to cook after you remove it from the grill, so take it off just before you think it's done, and let large pieces of meat rest at least fifteen minutes before cutting into them, to allow the redistribution of juices, just as you should with roast meat. Your guests won't like this, especially if you forgot how long it takes for the fire to be ready, but you'll have a much better meal.

The writer Nancy Harmon Jenkins once suggested that the patience required for grilling might make it better suited to women, even though it is the traditional preserve of men. Certainly experience in cooking by other means will help any griller, but no one should be intimidated. Finally I know enough to be able to mumble in reply to compliments on my technique, "I guess I picked it up from my father." □

BOOKS



THE EIGHTH CONTINENT

BY KENNETH BROWER

CORAL REEFS OF THE WORLD

edited by Susan M. Wells.

United Nations Environment Programme, three volumes, \$100.00.

CORAL REEFS ARE the largest structures built by life on earth. They are the last architecture an astronaut sees from high orbit. They figure to be the first enterprise the aliens detect, when they finally arrive. This third planet from a smallish sun is distinguished by the work of the translucent tentacles of the coral polyp more than by any labors of the opposable thumb. (The convolutions of the brain coral hold more ambition, in their way, than the cerebral convolutions of *Homo faber*.)

Coral communities are the most complex ecosystems on the planet, save perhaps for tropical rain forests. Western science came late to the coral reef. Biologists have only begun to unravel the reef's intricacies, to list its inhabitants, to guess at its dynamics. The coral reefs of the world amount, collectively, to a kind of scattered eighth continent, a serendipitous new world dispersed, just awash, between the tropics of Capricorn and Cancer. If anyone has a grasp of this vast, teeming, violent, polychromatic, largely unknown province of life, it is, oddly enough, an Englishwoman whose milieu is the fog and chill of Cambridge,

and whose specialty, until a few years ago, was the family life of horses.

Coral Reefs of the World began, to the best of Sue Wells's recollection, at the 4th International Coral Reef Symposium, held in Manila in 1981. "In Manila I got this feeling there was a fantastic need for information," she says. "I was collecting information on threatened invertebrates for IUCN [the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources]. I was responsible for marine stuff. When I wrote off to people for information on marine species, they all wrote back saying we should be doing something on coral reefs. It sort of grew out of that."

If her book's conception took place in Manila, its gestation occurred in the confines of what the English call a porta-cabin, a temporary bungalow, on the Cambridge campus. The IUCN has its headquarters in Switzerland, but its Conservation Monitoring Centre—its information and data-base base—is at Cambridge, in a cluster of porta-cabins near the university library. Wells began full-time work on the book in the summer of 1983.

The porta-cabin was a "shoe box," Wells says. In her own office, a Chinese box within, filing cabinets multiplied, stacks of books grew, shifted, and tumbled, sheaves of papers ascended toward the ceiling. What Wells was attempting was enormous: the transliteration, from coral limestone to English, of the coral reefs of the world. For many of the reefs reconstructed in her book, Wells seems to have tried to get every coral head in place.

Carrie Bow Cay, for example. The entry begins,

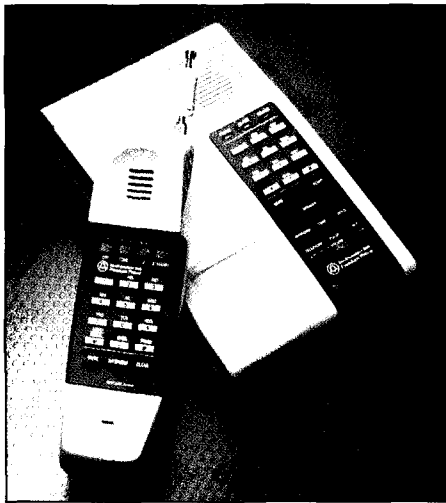
CARRIE BOW CAY. **Geographical Location** 16°48'N, 88°05'W; on the barrier reef, 22 km south-east of Dangriga and 18 km east of Sittee Point (the nearest land); prior to 1944, known as Ellen or Bird Cay.

Carrie Bow Cay is a sand islet in Belize. It has an area of 0.36 hectares (0.89 acres) and a maximum altitude of forty centimeters, according to *Coral Reefs of the World*. It was once, under its older names, twice that large, but mangrove clearing in 1944 led to erosion. "Currently it has an elliptical shape, aligned north-south, is 120 m long between mean tide level points, and has a maximum width of 36 m." Scarcely larger than a football field, yet immortalized in Wells's opus. She spends 2,000 words and twenty-seven references on it. She takes readers from the lagoon (weak currents, fine sand, beds of sea grass), to the back-reef (strong currents, patch reefs of *Montastrea annularis* and other corals), to the reef crest, to the inner fore-reef, to the outer fore-reef. She lists the flora (sea grass, mangroves, a few introduced coconut palms) and the fauna (three species of crab and a single vertebrate, the lizard *Anolis sagrei*). She describes Carrie Bow's steady whittling away by hurricanes, first Hattie in 1961, then Laura in 1971, Fifi in 1974, and Greta in 1978. She does not dally over the cay's history, but Carrie Bow has a history, extraordinarily enough. Should anyone have a burning desire to learn it, Wells refers him to a scholarly paper in the *Atoll Research Bulletin*. Wells de-

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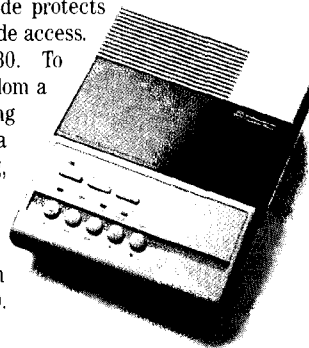
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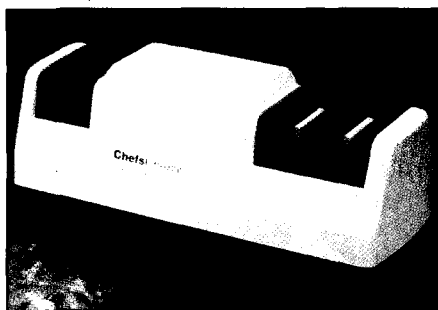
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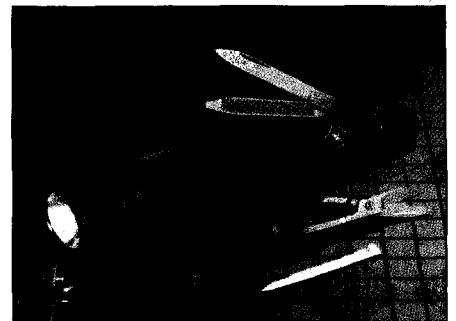


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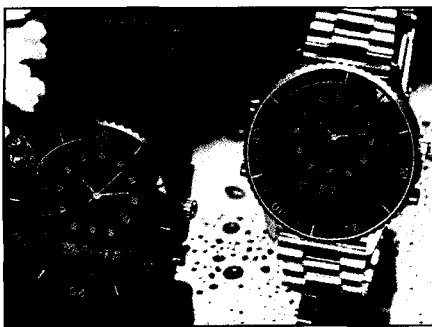
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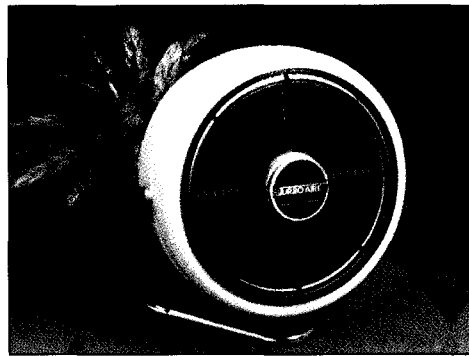
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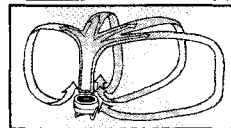


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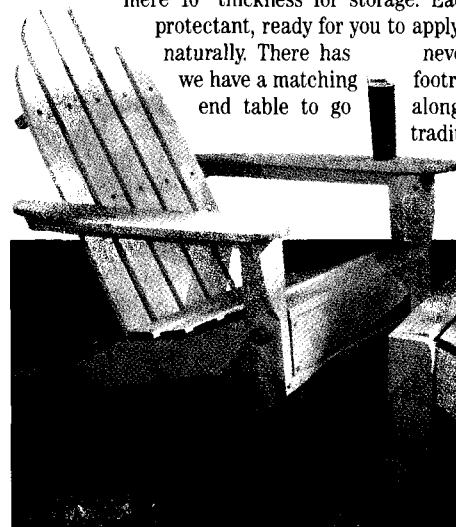


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scribes the cay in such loving detail ("Conch shells abandoned by local fishermen have accumulated along the south-west coast. . . the Loggerhead Turtle is known to nest. . . a number of seabirds feed regularly around the island, and the Boat-tailed Grackle *Cassidix mexicanus* may breed. . .") that we see Carrie Bow Cay, know those 0.36 hectares as well as that resident lizard must. Wells has liberated us. It will never be necessary to travel in person to Carrie Bow Cay—though now that we know about it, we may want to.

ALL THE REEFS of the world passed through Wells's porta-cabin. They arrived in Cambridge much compressed and abstracted, of course, but even reduced to type in the files or bytes in the computer, the reefs of the world are voluminous.

"I was at the computer only about half the time," Wells says. "There's a lot of work plowing through correspondence and documents, what we call 'the gray literature,' all these reports and managements plans and surveys that people have done. You may really only want a line out of the whole thing, but you've got to go through it." As Wells got deeper into the project, her days in the porta-cabin grew longer and longer. A coffee cup sat by the computer in the mornings, a teacup in the afternoons. In the next rooms people in the Species Monitoring Unit were monitoring species, people in the Wildlife Trade Monitoring Unit were monitoring trade in wildlife. Wells, except for some temporary assistance when money was available, and except for the considerable help that maps provided, wrestled with the reefs of the world alone.

"It was pretty nightmarish, after a while. I had this idea I would do it in a year or two years. It was originally meant to be one volume. It sort of grew and grew and grew. We had to split it up"—Volume 1: Atlantic and Eastern Pacific, Volume 2: Indian Ocean, Red Sea, and Gulf, Volume 3: Central and Western Pacific. "As time went on, the early stuff I'd written got out of date, so I was writing out again to get the new stuff. It began to get incredibly out of control."

The one or two years Wells had budgeted for the project grew to three, then to four.

Susan Wells is not a marine biologist. She saw her first coral reefs in Singapore when she was nine—her father was

there with the Royal Navy—and she loved the corals and spent all her time in the water, but that was a long time ago. Most of her adult career has taken place in the temperate zone. She worked in London at the Natural History Museum, in the south of France on the social behavior of horses, at Cambridge on wildlife trade and invertebrates for IUCN. She has no background in reef biology. "I can barely recognize one coral from another," she admits. Any number of reef biologists know given reefs, given archipelagos, given families of fish, more intimately; any number understand reef dynamics more profoundly. What Wells sees, instead, is the big picture.

The reef scientists at the 1981 Manila conference ("my base-line set of contacts") put Wells in touch with other reef scientists, who put her in touch with still more. Her ever-ramifying web of informants became as labyrinthine as one of those charts of trophic relationships on the reef. (The spawning damselfish is observed by the graduate student, who is gulped by his graduate adviser, who is cited by a colleague, who is subsumed by a biogeographer; and at the very summit of that pyramid, finning in place like some giant grouper with a great, capacious, downturned mouth—but more attractive, of course, trim and blonde, wearing a ponytail—Sue Wells sits alone.)

I MET WELLS LAST August in Townsville, Australia, at the 6th International Coral Reef Symposium. She was in constant—almost manic—motion at the symposium, as one might expect of a woman freed only periodically from a shoe box in Cambridge. In Australia she was rubbing shoulders with many friends she had not seen since the last symposium, and meeting others she had never before encountered in the flesh. (There were more than 700 reef scientists in attendance, and she seemed to know the majority of them.) If Wells was happy and excited in Townsville, she was also relieved. After five years of labor *Coral Reefs of the World* was finished. She had brought a few advance copies, which she gave away to informants who had been especially helpful. I was able to borrow one volume overnight. The next day it went to a German biologist, and Wells had no more.

Wells's remote-sensing acquaintances at the symposium—the men and women who study reefs using satellite imag-

ery from space—have a practice called “ground-truthing.” It means coming down to earth and getting wet; visiting selected spots on foot or by fin, verifying firsthand whatever computer-enhanced or infrared truths the satellite seems to have revealed. For Wells, the symposium itself was a kind of ground-truthing. She has dived now in the Red Sea, the Philippines, the Bahamas, the Maldives, Mexico, French Polynesia, and Fiji, but the world of reefs is vastly larger than that. She must depend on the accuracy of her informants.

“If I can get three people to say the same thing about a given area, then I’m perfectly happy,” she says. “But sometimes you get a really extreme conservationist who says, ‘Oh, it’s a disaster here, the reef’s been wrecked.’ Then you get somebody very pragmatic who says, ‘That’s absolute rubbish.’ And then you’re on the spot.”

The symposium, where most of the world’s reef scientists had gathered, was an opportunity to look her sources in the eye.

AT HOME IN THE United States, when Wells’s volumes arrived in the mail, I did a little ground-truthing of my own. I looked up reefs I had visited, comparing her pages with my recollections.

In Volume 3 I read Wells’s pages on the Great Barrier Reef, off eastern Australia. They coincided perfectly with the Great Barrier Reef I know. The reefs around Heron Island, at the southern end of that greatest of reef systems, and the reefs around Lizard Island, in the middle, are rendered faithfully. Wells gives short shrift to the reefs of the far northern section of the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park—a remote section, which I happen to know best—but there are 2,500 reef complexes in the Great Barrier Reef, and it is not possible to mention all of them. Her Hawaiian reefs are on target, as are her accounts of reefs I know in Ponape, Yap, and Truk, in the Federated States of Micronesia.

In Wells’s account of the corals of the Ecuadorian Parque Nacional Galápagos, I found Onslow, which I had last seen in 1977. “At Onslow, a small islet off Point Cormorant, *Pocillopora* [coral] once formed a dense monotypic stand over an area of approximately one hectare before it was killed by the El Niño event of 1983.”

The corals I remembered were dead. I wished I had never looked the place up.

WALLACE STEGNER once wrote of “the geography of hope”—the unspoiled places on the map which one will probably never visit, yet which are precious because one *might*. A large part of everyone’s geography of hope, I think, is contained in Wells’s pages. The small, separate worlds of coral reefs and coral islands have been that—dream refuges—for as long as we have known about them. Maps, as Stegner says, are good for evoking that geography, but sometimes just the names are enough. In *Coral Reefs of the World* there are hundreds of thousands of them.

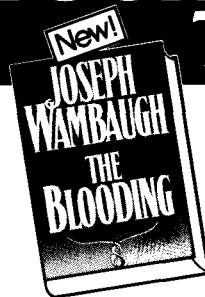
Off Kuala Trengganu, reefs are found around the Pulau Perhentian group, Pulau Lang Tengah and the Pulau Redang group. South of Pulau Redang, reefs occur around Pulau Bidong Laut, Pulau Belok, Pulau Yu, the Pulau Karah group and Pulau Kapas. . . .

Qishran Island and the North Inner Farasan Bank reefs and islands, to include Janabiyat and Melma Island, Ras Kinnateis, Ras Al Humara, Umm al Qandil, and the north arm of Ghubbet al Mahasin; Umm al Gharaniq Island; Ghubbet al Mahasin south, including the coastline from Ras Ahmar to Ras Mahasin; Sirrain Island; Safiq and Umm Ali Islands; and the Pelican Island complex have been recommended as coastal and marine protectorates.

In the British Virgin Islands is the proposed protected area of the Dogs, whose names are evocative in a funkier way. The Dogs, according to Wells, lie just west of Virgin Gorda (“Fat Virgin,” a fine name itself for an island). The protected area would include West Dog, Great Dog, George Dog, and Cockroach Island. In New South Wales is the Solitary Islands proposed marine reserve: Split Solitary, South Solitary, Southwest Solitary, Northwest Solitary, North Solitary, and North Rock. Someday, when it gets too crowded here, I believe I will head for the Solitaries.

There are villains in Sue Wells’s book. One that seems to slink into nearly all her accounts of Indo-Pacific archipelagoes, and then slink out again, heavy-laden, is the Taiwanese clam boat. *Tridacna gigas*, the giant clam, the most monumental of mollusks, emblem of unspoiled Pacific reef, is falling everywhere to those indefatigable pirates. More nearly ubiquitous even than the Taiwanese, popping up in Wells’s pages like an undersea Moriarty, is *Acanthaster planci*, the crown of thorns starfish. Pop-

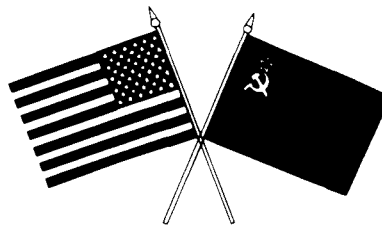
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ulation explosions of the crown of thorns, once a millennial event, are now occurring every fifteen years or so, on reefs all across the Indo-Pacific. The starfish, a coral-eater, leaves dead white reef behind it. The cause of its outbreaks is unknown, but most reef biologists suspect some perturbation by man. No great surprise, of course. The real menace to the reefs of the world—as to all terrestrial ecosystems, wet or dry—the opposable thumb.

LAST AUGUST, at the coral-reef symposium in Australia, Wells delivered a paper in which she abstracted, from the nearly two million words of her book, its salient message.

Coral reefs of significance occur in the waters of 108 countries, she said. Reef deterioration as a result of human activities has been reported in ninety-three of those countries. In forty-one countries deforestation, agriculture, and other forms of land-clearing have led to siltation that has damaged reefs. In forty countries sewage outfall has damaged reefs. In nearly sixty countries tourism is considered a threat to reefs. In seventy-nine countries reef resources are considered to be overexploited.

"It is depressing," she told me afterward. "There is so much bad news. I am pessimistic. But I'm optimistic, too. I worry about Madagascar. I feel good about Oman. I feel good about the U.S.-ASEAN programs in the Philippines. I felt good about Fiji when things were really beginning to move there. I don't feel so good about Fiji anymore. I'm confident about a lot of the Pacific atolls.

"The nice thing about doing these data books and directories is that you actually feel you're having some conservation impact just in doing them. You write somebody and say, 'Send me information.' They say, 'You want our information? That's amazing, but can you send us information in exchange?' Or, 'Oh, are our reefs important? Well, we've got to do something about it.' You find that you've stimulated some action of some kind in a country.

"For a long time I've been trying to find out what's going on in the Andaman and Nicobar islands—these really remote islands off India. I sent lots of letters at first, and coral-identification guides and information about where to learn survey techniques. Now there's talk of a marine park being developed there. It's certainly not just me—obvi-

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ously people in India were getting things going too—but the correspondence had something to do with it. The last thing I got from the Andaman and Nicobar islands was a letter asking if I would like to go out there and help.”

She would like to do that. Her book done, Wells is free now to slip into her own pages.

The Nicobars are high islands forming part of an emergent mountain chain, continuing that underlying the Andamans. Car Nicobar is the northernmost island and Great Nicobar is the southernmost. Between these lie Tillanchong, Katchall, Camorta, Tarasa Dwip, Bompoka, Batti Malv and Chaura. . . . □

CREATIVE SPIRITS

BY PHYLLIS ROSE

THE THIRSTY MUSE:

Alcohol and the American Writer
by Tom Dardis.

Ticknor & Fields, \$18.95.

IN THE THIRSTY MUSE, Tom Dardis reviews the writing and drinking careers of William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, and Eugene O'Neill to prove that alcoholism is a leading cause of death to American talent. His list of the afflicted is long and includes Hart Crane, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Conrad Aiken, Thomas Wolfe, Dorothy Parker, Dashiell Hammett, James Jones, Tennessee Williams, John Berryman, Jean Stafford, James Agee, and John Cheever. Of the Americans who have won the Nobel Prize for Literature, Dardis would call five alcoholics—Sinclair Lewis, John Steinbeck, Faulkner, Hemingway, and O'Neill.

We might conclude that if so many prizewinning writers were drunks, drinking must combine with writing in some way useful to art, but Dardis is convinced that nearly all these people would have done even better work and sustained their careers for a longer time had they stayed sober. Drink, he argues, destroyed their ability to distinguish good work from bad and was responsible for some of their worst productions. Alcoholism, the dirty secret of American literary history, explains why literary careers in America tend to have no second acts.

Dardis's tut-tut moralism inclines one to dispute his arguments even while applauding his intent: to destroy forever the myth that good writers have to be heavy drinkers. For some reason, probably Prohibition, this bad idea gained popularity in the 1920s, and America developed its distinctive 80-proof version of the romantic myth of the artist.

Europeans don't expect people who drink heavily to distinguish themselves in the arts, and few modern European writers have overindulged in drink. Virtually alone in the world, we have kept up the nineteenth-century romantic tradition of the artist as someone who breaks the bars of an imprisoning reality, empowered by whatever means of intoxication he or she can lay hands on.

Liquor has been thought to stimulate creativity because, in Alfred Kazin's words, it "cuts the connections that keep us anxious"—the same connections that give sense to the world as we know it. Break those connections and we may see things fresh. But it's also possible to break those connections and merely have the *illusion* of seeing things fresh. In other words, if creativity is a gesture of rebellion against habitual perception, alcohol may mimic the rebellion instead of stimulating it, producing pages of miserable prose from writers who *think* they've never written better.

THE CAUTIONARY tales of *The Thirsty Muse* make horrifying reading. Youthful high spirits, fueled by drink, give way to boozy decay, disaster, and death. Faulkner began heavy drinking lightheartedly, as a teenager on hunting trips. He ended requiring enormous amounts of liquor daily just to keep from feeling ill and depressed, with repeated blackouts, delirium tremens, and hospitalization. In 1937, when he was just under forty, he got so drunk that he passed out sitting on the toilet of his hotel room in New York and fell backward against a steam pipe. Insensible to pain, he stayed there, his bare skin pressed against the hot pipe by the weight of his body, until he had a third-degree burn. When a friend forced open the door of his room, he found Faulkner unconscious on the floor with the burn, which would require skin grafts and would trouble him for the rest of his life. What his drinking did to the people around him was likewise cruel. Once, when his young daughter tried to stop him from going on a bender, he shut her up brutal-

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ly: "You know, no one remembers Shakespeare's child."

From the beginning Faulkner drank while he wrote, and he had such a high tolerance for alcohol that it was a long time before his writing showed the effects of all that booze. But with each writer deterioration took a different course. Fitzgerald initially kept writing and drinking separate. He produced *This Side of Paradise*, *The Beautiful and Damned*, and *The Great Gatsby* sober. The difficulty of writing another book as good as *Gatsby*, however, seems to have turned him to drink, and he was encouraged by the example of Hemingway, who drank enormous amounts and still wrote well.



But Fitzgerald did not have Hemingway's tolerance: small amounts of alcohol quickly made him drunk. One friend said, "Scott could write and didn't; couldn't drink but did." Beginning in 1928 he used alcohol to help him work, and, according to Dardis, his work quickly deteriorated.

Hemingway, who for many years never drank while he worked, regarded his huge thirst as part of his larger appetite for life's pleasures, not as the addiction that Dardis relentlessly reminds us it was. He always distinguished between himself and such "rummies" as Fitzgerald and James Joyce. Rummies shouldn't drink. But as for him? "If you learned to drink before you were fourteen and drank ever since and love to drink and can still write well at 53 do you rate as an alcoholic?" he asked. In his fifties he was drinking a quart or two a day,

starting the morning with a highball or a Tom Collins. Lillian Ross, walking through the Metropolitan Museum with him, saw him nipping repeatedly from a pocket flask. But so tremendous were Hemingway's physical vitality and capacity for alcohol that, unlike Faulkner and Fitzgerald, he did not require hospitalization for alcoholism until late in his life.

O'Neill is Dardis's success story. From a hard-drinking family (his brother was dead from drink at forty-five), he started out bad. In Provincetown in the 1920s he boasted that he would guzzle anything, and to prove it, he topped up half a bottle of a local brew called Tiger Piss with his own urine and drank the mix-

ture down. But in his late thirties O'Neill realized that he had a drinking problem, gave up alcohol (except for occasional relapses), and went on to write *Long Day's Journey into Night* and *The Iceman Cometh*. According to Dardis, the creativity of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner began to decline at about the age when O'Neill made his renunciation, whereas O'Neill's talent "flowered" in his later years.

But the case histories keep getting away from Dardis, and the writers' careers don't neatly make the points he wants them to make, as even he has to admit:

In all fairness, O'Neill was capable of writing wretchedly at any time of his life. Merely remaining sober was no guarantee that he could write well on all occasions. It could be argued that his two plays dealing with the prob-

lem of religious faith . . . while written several years after he stopped drinking, are among his very worst efforts.

Similarly, Hemingway refuses to stay in the rummy box: *The Old Man and the Sea*, which Dardis somewhat gloatingly produces to show how Hemingway's talent left him, may not be to everyone's taste but is at the very least a highly controlled work of art, and *A Moveable Feast*, written in a period of relative abstinence at the end of his life, is one of the best things he ever wrote. The others, too, wrote final works, *The Reivers* for Faulkner and *The Last Tycoon* for Fitzgerald, that show no sign of withered talent.

Anyway, what kind of success story is O'Neill's? In 1932, after giving up drink, he began work on an immense cycle of plays that he put aside in 1939, crippled by the deadly combination of ambition and perfectionism. Later he would destroy all that work except the two plays that we know as *A Touch of the Poet* and *More Stately Mansions*. He developed a tremor that after 1943 kept him from writing, and fell into a depression that lasted for the next decade. To calm his tremor and to help him get to sleep, doctors prescribed sedatives, and both O'Neill and his third wife, Carlotta, became dependent on them. His last days were horrible, because of fights with Carlotta, who was intermittently psychotic. Once she left him lying outside, in freezing weather, with a broken leg. Should we take as a model of booze-free creativity this muted, drugged-up genius who composed these words for his tombstone? "There is something / To be said / For being dead." For Dardis, there are no dangers for writers but alcohol—whereas alcohol seems like only one among many possible enemies of promise.

IN A RECENT cartoon by Lee Lorenz, a self-satisfied man walks along thinking, "Less cholesterol, regular check-ups, no nicotine, no alcohol, low sodium, moderate exercise, no sugar." Unseen above him, a heavy safe is hurtling toward his head.

One way or another, none of us gets out of this alive, and the creative life, say its claques, is particularly treacherous. Sometimes, when I meet writers who are so mired in inner conversations that they have lost the ability to talk to real people, or who bear down too

hard, with all the weight of their powerful imaginations, on the small transactions of daily life, I am forced to wonder if writing itself shouldn't come with some sort of a warning label: "This occupation may be hazardous to your health."

Sure, alcohol destroys talent, but so do age and time. Consider Virginia Woolf, who, so far as I know, never touched a hard drink. Her great novels came between 1922 and 1931. She wrote after that steadily but never as brilliantly. Why? Perhaps she used up first the subjects that meant the most to her. Perhaps she lost her nerve and became more conventional. Perhaps her success made it harder, not easier, to write. Perhaps a curve is typically built into creative lives: one achieves a precarious mastery, and in that state, tremulous, fresh, exultant, writes the best things one can; suffers anxiety about living up to those first achievements; misses the spontaneity of early creativity; and proceeds to perform on sheer will.

That was Fitzgerald's story, and Hemingway's description is haunting: "His talent was as natural as the pattern that was made by the dust on a butterfly's wings. At one time he understood it no more than the butterfly did. . . . Later he . . . could not fly any more because the love of flight was gone and he could only remember when it had been effortless." Dardis says this loss of spontaneity resulted primarily from drinking, but it seems to me to have resulted from living. Some writers, like Thomas Mann, are able to sustain a career over the long haul, with work at the end of their lives as great as that at the start, but they are in the minority. More common, more human, is the story of willed effort replacing the efforts of youth, which were so supercharged with ambition and the joy of doing what one had always longed to do that they seemed spontaneous.

CALL ME INSENSITIVE, but I can't get too worked up about the damage drinking has done to American letters when I think of the damage it has done to thousands of Americans who never heard of Faulkner. Ultimately, our celebrated literary drunks are our tormented saints, and their stories teach a culture that veers between excessive restraint and reckless abandon how many more areas of life we have yet to get under control. □

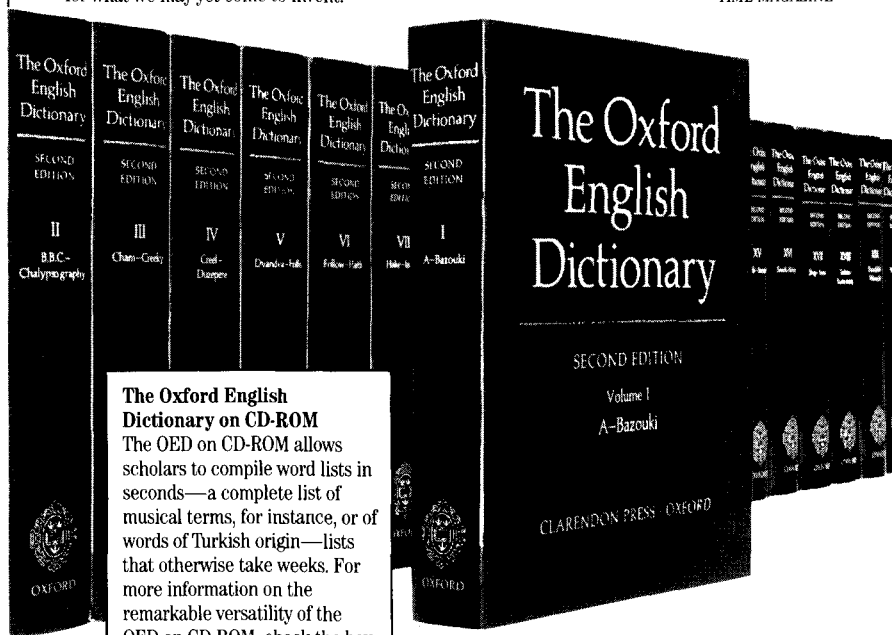
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by David Michael Kaplan

When he'd run from them, he'd been scared. And he was scared now. But the time had come to take a stand. A short story.

BRIEF REVIEWS



HOKUSAI by Matthi Forrer. Rizzoli, \$85.00. At the end of his astonishingly productive life the artist Hokusai (1760–1849) said, "If only heaven would give me another ten years . . . I could become a truly great painter." All this self-deprecating genius had done was record Japan and its people with a thoroughness unsurpassed anywhere at any time. The enterprise was presumably unplanned. If Hokusai's public tired of actors and wrestlers, he shifted to farmers and landscapes, or to fishermen, or to erotica. He introduced novel subject matter with a variety of techniques, and his popularity was high although not always financially satisfactory. Mr. Forrer's lavishly illustrated survey presents Hokusai's work, the facts (rather scanty) of his life, and much information on the artistic and publishing conditions of the period. It also includes a study of Hokusai by Edmond de Goncourt, published in 1896 and still, in Mr. Forrer's opinion, unrivaled for comprehensiveness and interest. The modern scholar and the nineteenth-century aesthete make an effective supporting team for Hokusai, who is, as he always has been, a star.

WAVES AND PLAGUES: The Art of Masami Teraoka by Howard A. Link. Chronicle, \$29.95 and \$14.95. Masami Teraoka, born in Japan in 1936 and now a resident of the United States, is a painter of satire and social criticism. His style is a deliberate imitation of that of famous Japanese painters and printmakers of the past, while his subject matter is the distortion—tragic or absurd—of traditional Japanese culture by that of the modern West. One series of paintings is called *McDonald's Hamburgers Invading Japan* and is more amusing than savage. After all, how does a geisha manage a hamburger with chopsticks? A series on bewildered Japanese tourists whizzing through Hawaii is sharper, and a recent series on AIDS is blood-chilling. The paintings are usually surrounded by Japanese text and contain a profusion of details so fine that at book-page scale a magnifying glass is required to appreciate them. Understanding them is not a

problem. Mr. Link's exposition of Teraoka's words and of his personal symbols is invaluable.

SHOW YOUR TONGUE by Günter Grass. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Helen and Kurt Wolff, \$29.95 and \$19.95. Mr. Grass has recorded in prose, poetry, and drawings the six months that he and his wife spent in Calcutta, and this triple-whammy approach is less than successful, because prose and poetry describe the same hellish mixture of poverty, filth, homelessness, and decay. The text grows repetitious, although of course it may not be so in the original German, and the reader has time to drift off and wonder what the author had expected to find in and about Calcutta. That conditions in that sad city are a disgrace to humanity is no news, but if humanity should obey Mr. Grass's order to cringe in shame before them, Calcutta would not be improved. The book becomes more a display of the author's sensibilities than a stimulus to anybody's helpful action.

BROTHER TO THE SUN KING by Nancy Nichols Barker. Johns Hopkins, \$24.95. Ms. Barker begins her biography of Philippe, Duke of Orléans, known as Monsieur, by explaining that it is not the book she set out to write. Her interests are economic. She therefore intended to study the finances and estate management of five generations of the Orléans family. She began with Monsieur, whose reputation has been anything but good. He has been viewed at best as a silly, extravagant, frivolous royal clown, a very small man in a very large wig, and at worst as the murderer of his first wife, Henrietta of England, the sister of Charles II. He has been denounced as a homosexual from both angles, although the number of his offspring by two wives suggests that bisexual might be a better term. Ms. Barker, on investigating the man, found to her surprise that he was more capable, and even likable, than she had expected, for he (or his advisers, whom he must have chosen himself) was the founder of the vast fortune that made the house of Or-

léans independent of the King, which was the last thing Louis XIV wanted any royal relative to be. The first half of Ms. Barker's book is devoted to Monsieur's life as a perpetually put-down younger brother, and the second half to the intricacies of seventeenth-century property and inheritance rights, which some readers may find hard going despite the author's careful explanations. The first half is lively and at times wryly amusing, its only defect being an excess of postmortem psychologizing. No psychiatrist herself, Ms. Barker has consulted a professional in that field and has modestly given more space than necessary to her colleague's exegeses.

WITH JUSTICE FOR NONE by *Gerry Spence*. *Times Books*, \$18.95. Mr. Spence, an experienced and successful trial lawyer, is thoroughly disgusted with the American court system, which, he maintains, pretends to offer justice (Clarence Darrow once declared, "There is no such thing as justice. . . . the word cannot be defined") while in fact it is merely protecting the interests of Power. He defines Power as the money of giant corporations. His eloquent diatribe covers law schools and court procedures and the disparity between rich and poor in the matter of fair treatment by the law. The book is frequently witty and is enlivened by unexpected information and comparisons. Who would assume that methods proposed in the *Malleus Maleficarum* (1486) are still in effect? They are, and Mr. Spence knows it. Unlike many authors who protest bad conditions, he offers an extensive and plausible corrective scheme that will no doubt bring howls of protest from the faculty of every law school in the country. This is a provocative book and deserves wide reading.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE IN THE WORLD by *Witold Rybczynski*. *Viking*, \$18.95. Mr. Rybczynski, an architect, had an itch to build a boat. Not a pretty model—a real, life-size working craft. His charming account of the project rambles through aesthetic distinctions and architectural principles and structural improvisations and the relationship of buildings to landscape and to each other as he explains how his boat ended up as a house. Once a landlubber, it seems, always a landlubber—but it is reassuring to think that Mr. Rybczynski will not drown before writing another

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The "New" PLO

Or: Can the Leopard Change its Spots?

After more than 20 years of ostracism by most of the civilized world, Yasir Arafat, Chairman of the PLO, has finally uttered the "magic words" demanded by the U.S. It didn't come easy, and he didn't get it quite right. But it was good enough for Secretary of State George Schultz who, "the words" having been spoken, declared the willingness of the U.S. to talk with the PLO. One wonders whether that surprising opening will bring peace in the Middle East any closer to realization.

What are the facts?

■ Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, having wrung major concessions from Israel, promised that the U.S. would not deal with the PLO unless it fulfilled two conditions: (1) it would accept U.N. Resolutions 242 and 238; (2) it would recognize Israel's "existence". Congress added a third condition, namely that the PLO would renounce terrorism. Finally, after 20 years of obdurate resistance, Yasir Arafat, as spokesman for the PLO, did make those statements. Secretary Schultz decided therefore that the U.S. must establish contact with the PLO. Only a week earlier, the Secretary had refused Arafat a visa to enter the United States, because of his personal association with and personal responsibility for widespread terrorism all over the world.

■ What are the goals of the PLO, and is it likely that they have changed by the uttering of those three sentences? The PLO is a terror organization, created in 1964 by the Arab League. It has only one aim: the destruction of the State of Israel through force and violence. Any apparent deviation from this single-minded aim is a temporary tactical maneuver.

■ The basic charter of the PLO is the so-called "Palestinian National Covenant." Its main theme is that the State of Israel has no right whatever to exist. It states clearly that "Palestine...is an indivisible part of the Arab homeland," and that "the Arab-Palestinian people...reject all solutions that substitute for the total liberation of Palestine." Those PLO and Arab leaders who have from time to time ventured to propose a less inflexible approach have invariably paid with their lives for such deviation from PLO "orthodoxy".

■ The recent unilateral declaration by the PLO of a "Palestinian State with its capital in Jerusalem" on territory administered by and under control of Israel is an attempted step in that direction. The PLO was founded long before Israeli administration of Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip. Its avowed purpose was then, has always been and continues to be, not the establishment of a Palestinian state, but the destruction of Israel proper.

■ The PLO is the kingpin of international terror. It maintains a complex network of relations with all of the main terror organizations throughout the world. It has written a blood-spattered record of unrelenting terror. Some of their more "glorious" exploits: the mid-air explosion of a Swissair jetliner (47 dead); the attack on pilgrims and passengers at Ben-Gurion International Airport (26 dead, 76 wounded); the attack on Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics (11 dead); attack on the Ma'alot school (24 dead, 62 wounded—mostly children); the hi-jacking of a passenger bus on the Haifa-Tel Aviv highway (35 dead, 80 wounded); the coordinated shoot-outs at the Rome and Vienna Airports (16 dead); and the murderous attack on the Istanbul Synagogue, in which 21 worshippers were killed.

■ In their attacks against Americans, the PLO hand is suspected in many of the kidnappings of U.S. hostages. American citizen Leon Klinghoffer was brutally killed in the PLO ship-jacking of the *Achille Lauro*. Some of the most brutal PLO attacks against Americans have been against U.S. diplomats. In the Sudan, in 1973, two American diplomats, Ambassador Cleo Noel and Chargé d'Affaires George C. Moore, were mercilessly machine gunned to death when blackmail demands were not met. *The Washington Post* reported on reliable evidence that Yasir Arafat personally was in charge of these executions. In 1976, Ambassador Francis Meloy, Jr. and Counselor Robert Waring were assassinated in Beirut, an attack widely believed to have been the work of the PFLP, a faction of the PLO. In March of 1988, a bomb-laden car was placed in front of the Hilton Hotel in Jerusalem in an attempt to assassinate Secretary George Schultz. There have been many bombings, hi-jackings, and terrorist attacks in virtually every Mid-East and European country, leaving countless dead and wounded. While the final verdict is not yet in, it is generally assumed by our government and by those who are investigating this terrible crime that one of the Palestinian factions patterned after and instructed by the PLO is responsible for the bombing of Pan Am flight #103, which cost over 270 mostly American lives.

Can the leopard change its spots? It does not seem likely. And it does not seem likely that the PLO, engaged in unrelenting terror since its creation 24 years ago, could suddenly become a factor for peace, just because of the intonation of a few "magic phrases". It is comforting to think that peace in the Middle East can be achieved by bestowing respectability on the PLO. But the only way to bring about peace in the Middle East is by direct negotiations between Israel and representatives of the residents of the administered territories, as agreed in the Camp David Accord: a period of autonomy, after which the final disposition and status of the territories will be decided by the people involved. The PLO cannot be a party to the peace process, because its charter calls for war and destruction and because terror and peace cannot exist together.

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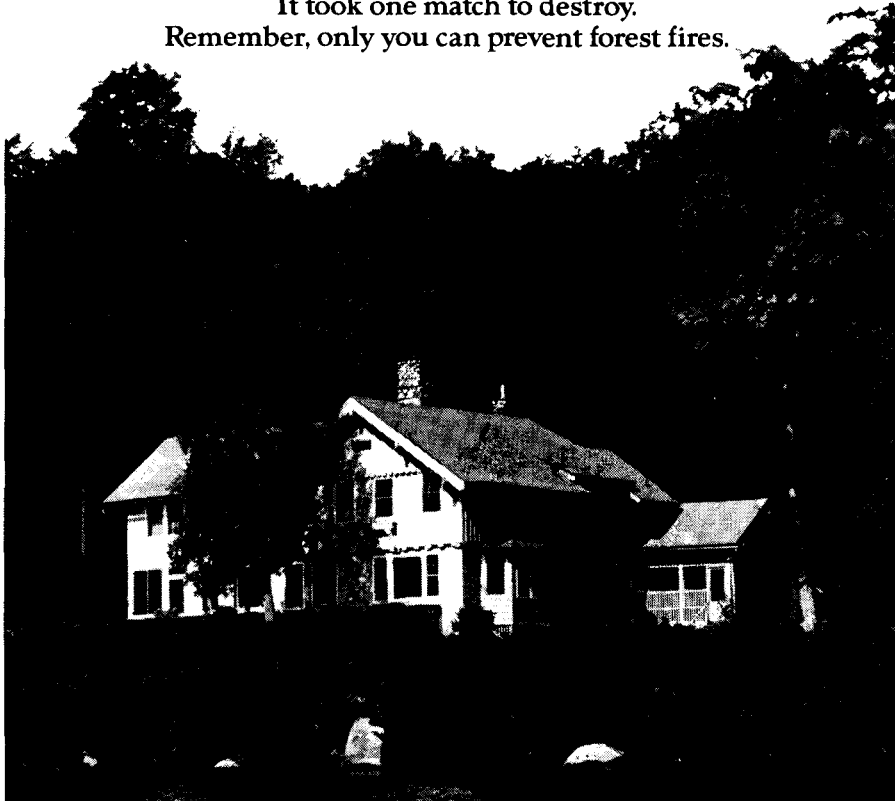
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book. His ideas are idiosyncratic and interesting.

ROXA by William B. Patrick. BOA Editions, \$20.00 and \$10.00. Mr. Patrick's novel combines prose and poetry to present the thoughts, and sometimes the words, of the Culver family in the year 1849, with their backwoods district in the grip of religious maniacs predicting the imminent arrival of Judgment Day. The author offers as sophisticated, coherent text material that would in practice be disjointed and random notions, but this unrealistic approach is eerily effective in raising a story of hardscrabble hard luck to dignity.

DIGGING DINOSAURS by John R. Horner and James Gorman. Workman, \$17.95. Mr. Horner is a paleontologist at the University of the Rockies, in Montana, and the man whose discovery of hundreds of fossil eggs and nests, and of a vast boneyard containing the fossil remains of a maiasaur herd, has caused a positive upheaval in theories about dinosaurs. His unpretentious account of his search explains not only the elements involved but also why field paleontologists are willing to endure what would be considered slow torture by anyone not obsessed with the domestic manners of the duckbilled dinosaur.

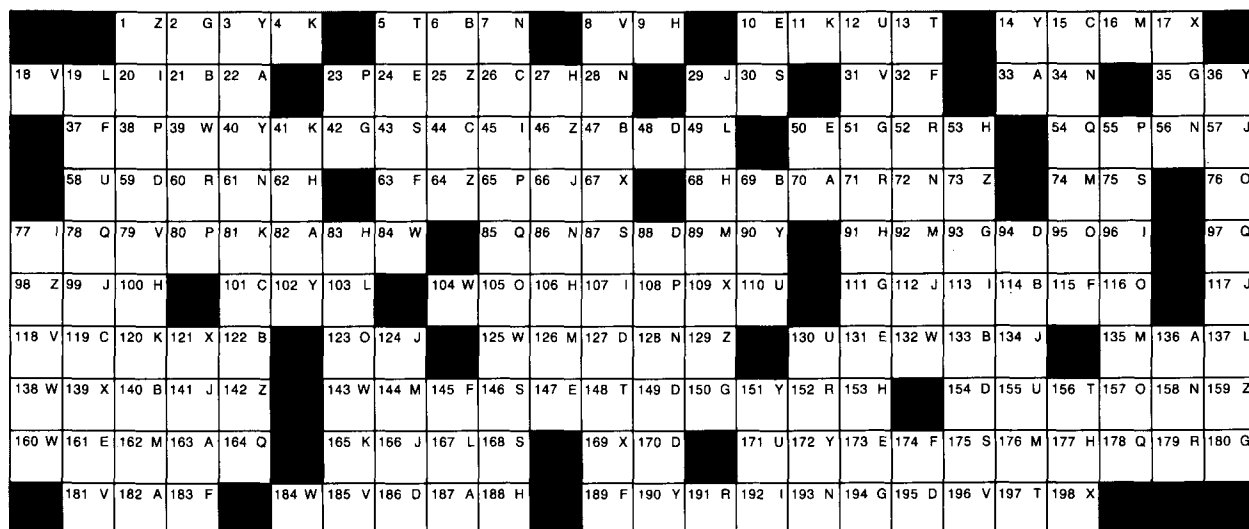
THY HAND, GREAT ANARCH! by Nirad C. Chaudhuri. Addison-Wesley, \$29.95. Subtitled "India 1921-1952," Mr. Chaudhuri's book is an extraordinary fusion of personal experience and national history. The author is a man of enormous intelligence and learning, both of which he has applied to historical analysis, gadfly journalism, and the abolition of pseudo-patriotic myth. His summary of the actual achievements of Gandhi, as opposed to the practical results of Indian independence, will shock admirers of the Mahatma. His opinions on other topics will startle and sometimes amuse many readers, for he is a savagely serious man who can put acerbic opinions wittily. There is a sad bitterness underlying this autobiography, because Mr. Chaudhuri is a man who got what he wanted, the departure of the British from India, on terms that destroyed what he wanted it for: protection of the lively intellectual culture of his native East Bengal. East Bengal is now the disastrous country of Bangladesh, and Mr. Chaudhuri is living in England.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 47

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 46 appears on page 98.

A. Schoolchild's accouterment 163 182 22 187 70 33 82 136

B. Argentine populist (2 wds.) 47 114 21 69 122 6 133 140

C. Winner of the first Oscar for Best Picture 101 15 26 119 44

D. Free from care; lighthearted 94 48 195 170 59 154 127 149 88 186

E. Soft-shell clam 161 50 24 131 10 173 147

F. Arboreal playhouse (2 wds.) 183 174 115 37 145 32 63 189

G. Achilles tendon, in a quadruped 51 35 93 111 150 42 194 2 180

H. Habitual nail-biting 9 153 53 83 188 100 106 177 91
27 62 68

I. Leader of *Les Fauces* 20 113 107 77 96 45 192

J. Distance discouraging intimacy (2 wds.) 29 134 57 66 112 117 124 141 99 166

K. Scottish royal family 4 165 11 120 41 81

L. "There is never an instant's ___ between virtue and vice" (Thoreau) 49 103 19 137 167

M. Product of poor penmanship (2 wds.) 126 135 144 176 92 74 89 16 162

N. Home to some Seminoles 158 193 7 56 61 128 86 72 34 28

O. TV show based on a novel by Eric Knight 76 105 116 157 123 95

P. Foot used in blank verse 65 55 38 23 108 80

Q. Defame; calumniate 78 178 85 97 54 164

R. Seasonal, sometimes catastrophic current along Ecuador's coast (2 wds.) 52 191 179 71 60 152

S. "Wanna bet?" (2 wds.) 30 43 168 75 175 146 87

T. Triple Crown winner of 1935 197 148 5 13 156

U. Swindle 58 130 110 171 12 155

V. Liqueur banned in the U.S. since 1912 185 181 8 196 118 31 18 79

W. 1930s jazz-band leader and drummer (2 wds.) 104 138 143 125 84 184 160 132 39

X. Fencing match preamble (2 wds.) 67 198 121 139 109 169 17

Y. Philosophical work by Thomas Hobbes 14 190 172 151 40 3 90 102 36

Z. A Don Juan (2 wds.) 159 1 129 25 142 73 46 64 98

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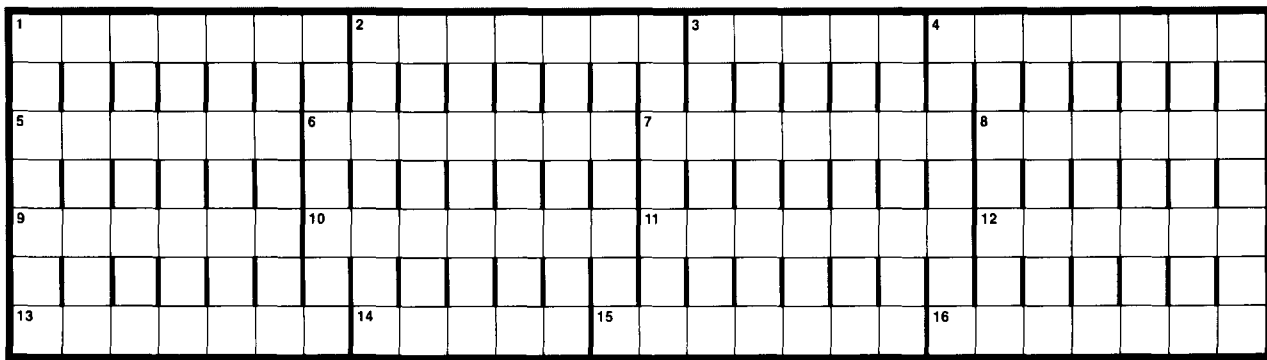
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

ALPHANAGRAMS

The six-letter answer to each Down clue, before being entered in the grid, must be anagrammed (have its letters rearranged) along with a seventh letter. In each case the seventh letter is the one that labels that Down clue. For example, the answer to clue Z must be anagrammed with a Z added. Locations of these entries may be found with the help of the Acrosses, which are normal. Answers include three proper nouns; less-than-common words are 1 Across, 12 Across, and the Down diagram word formed with the addition of O.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 98.

ACROSS

1. With J, anagram can hit mineral (7)
2. Return to seize tritium prepared for weapons pact (7) (*two words*)
3. Exams covering western strikes (5)
4. Two tons loaded into sleek new vessels (7)
5. Bee (a queen) captured by herb artist (6)
6. Scam described by secular brief (7)
7. Bishop fell, getting hit on the head (7)
8. After 1960s dance, a lady gets tight (6)
9. Still holding second extra page (6)
10. Sadder row about listener (7)
11. Apt housing 5 in decent condition (7)
12. Emu-like bird in strange attire (6)
13. Nicer general let off soldier at the rear (7)
14. See, Meryl displays polish (5)

15. Counter dish is locked? (7)
16. People planting trees by the sound (7)

DOWN

- A. Make a collection for a nurse in Germany
- B. Fantastic neural disorder
- C. Captivating navy, make a speech fancy
- D. Sutter pitches with greatest accuracy
- E. Longest-lasting part of hotel destroyed
- F. Speaking about military unit again
- G. Announced rough part of curriculum
- H. Jails holding on to laws of churches
- I. Prickly feeling can hurt leg
- J. Ape is big on bananas, eating first of bunch
- K. Urges I'd rejected for a movie company
- L. Struggles with head of the rocking horse
- M. Gastropod turned around a bunch of vines
- N. Rock musician live at The Parisian
- O. Celebrity Asner took a long look
- P. Reduce in exercise for audience
- Q. Organizes backward group in University
- R. 100 laws about uranium plant
- S. Mail for a rent collector?
- T. Get back in control outside Georgia
- U. Learn wrongly about Teagarden's first horn
- V. Leans on false tales
- W. Some sharks have ravaged a youngster
- X. Mom has bugs and bad blood
- Y. Joker and thief getting one for nothing
- Z. Congressman has to dine in state again

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

halter-top briefs *noun*, a woman's sleeveless upper garment constructed from men's knitted, close-fitting briefs: "You probably have no idea what *halter-top briefs* might be, but we predict that by Memorial Day, *halter-top briefs* will be seen on streets, in stores, and in shopping malls everywhere" (Donna Salyers, a syndicated columnist).

BACKGROUND: *Halter-top briefs* are constructed by slitting the crotch and edging the crotch opening and the leg holes with white binding. The crotch then becomes the neck of the garment, with the leg holes accommodating the arms of the wearer. The result is a close-fitting sleeveless halter, the elastic waistline of which hugs the wearer's midriff. "The legs furnish armholes with a high-cut racing style," says Salyers, who adds that "the fly front on the wearer's back makes an interesting conversation piece."

office *verb*, 1. To work in or have as an office: "[She] has accepted the position of . . . Supervisor. . . . She will be *officing* at 1005 17th St., Room 850" (organizational announcement, US WEST Communications). 2. To provide (one) with an office: "You wouldn't expect to find someone like Ken Norton in the William Morris office, or even to find him *officed* in Beverly Hills" (*Los Angeles Times*); "[Japan] has launched a national debate on how to reap the benefits of *officing*" (*High Technology Business*).

BACKGROUND: The *Oxford English Dictionary Supplement* has this citation from the July, 1936, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "A local newspaper has just carried two want ads containing this wording:— 'Chance for public accountant to *office* with lawyer.' 'Chance for high grade realtor to *office* with lawyer.'" Obviously, the writer found these usages worthy of note at that time. Readers who love to hate such instances of functional shift from

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

noun to verb may be surprised to learn that such usages of *office* have been extant at least since 1892: "An attorney *officing* in the same building" (*The Nation*). We have 115 instances of the verb's occurrence in print in recent years, including evidence of the use of the *-ing* form as a modifier: "*officing* and manufacturing facilities" (*Oil & Gas Journal*).

undertoad *noun*, fear of the forces of doom and of the unknown, coupled with an anticipation of mortality, often accompanied by acts of violence and cruelty and displays of personal weakness and excess: "It scares me sometimes, the state of things in the world right now. . . . My ultimate fear is the annihilation of nuclear war. I mean, that's the real *undertoad*" (Robin Williams).

BACKGROUND: John Irving, who introduced *undertoad* into

general parlance by way of a child character in *The World According to Garp* (1976), follows the examples of Lewis Carroll (*chortle*), Horace Walpole (*serendipity*), and Gelett Burgess (*blurb*). In Irving's novel the boy Walt, having been warned many times by his elders about the dangers of an undertow, takes part in this dialogue, set on a New Hampshire beach:

"What are you doing, Walt?" Helen asked. . . .

"I'm trying to see the *Under Toad*," Walt said.

"The what?" said Garp.

"The *Under Toad*," Walt said. "I'm trying to *see* it. How *big* is it?"

"And Garp and Helen and Duncan . . . realized that all these years Walt had been dreading a giant *toad*, lurking offshore, waiting to suck him under and drag him out to sea. The terrible *Under Toad*."

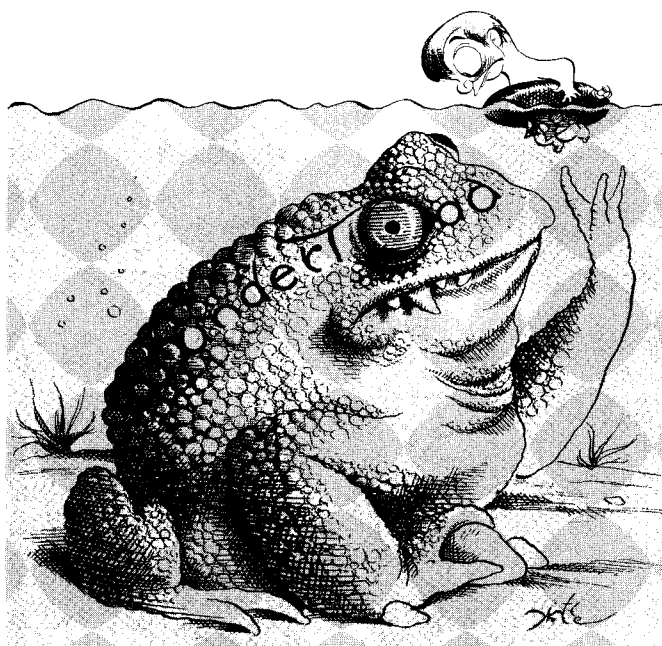
"Garp tried to imagine it. . . . Would it ever surface? Did it ever float?"

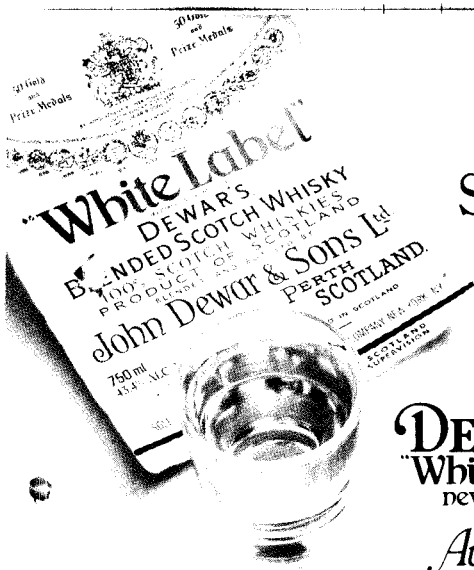
Since *Garp* appeared, we have collected nine citations for *undertoad* in various sources, including *The Sciences*, *Quest*, *Time*, *The Washington Post*, *People*, and *The New York Times*.

wallet biopsy *noun, slang*, a speedy but close examination of a patient's financial status and insurance coverage before admittance to a hospital: "Helicopter operators . . . do *wallet biopsies* . . . before transporting [patients] to hospitals" (UPI). **BACKGROUND:** This term, associated primarily with pre-transplant evaluations, is also used in connection with emergency-room care. Even though transplanted organs are free, the bills for the surgery and hospitalization can be catastrophic.

wolf ticket *noun, slang*, a bad conduct report or a poor efficiency rating filed by management against a worker: "It also threatens blue-collar workers like those at the Lenin shipyard in Gdansk, about 50 of whom were fired after an attempted strike. . . . Many . . . workers have also received *wolf tickets* . . . making it hard for them to get new jobs" (*Time*).

BACKGROUND: Although the origin of *wolf ticket* is unknown, its use in American English can be traced back to the argot of the underworld (specifically the language of narcotics traffickers and addicts) and the language of hoboes. It also has strong ties with black English. Most current uses of the term occur in sports contexts. A typical contextual example of the idiom is this one, taken from a 1985 Associated Press story, in which the speaker is a basketball player: "Most guys in the league push and shove and it's all a facade. Most guys are *selling wolf tickets*." The verb *wolf* appears in Maurice H. Weisen's *Dictionary of American Slang* (1934) with the definition "to deceive; to betray."

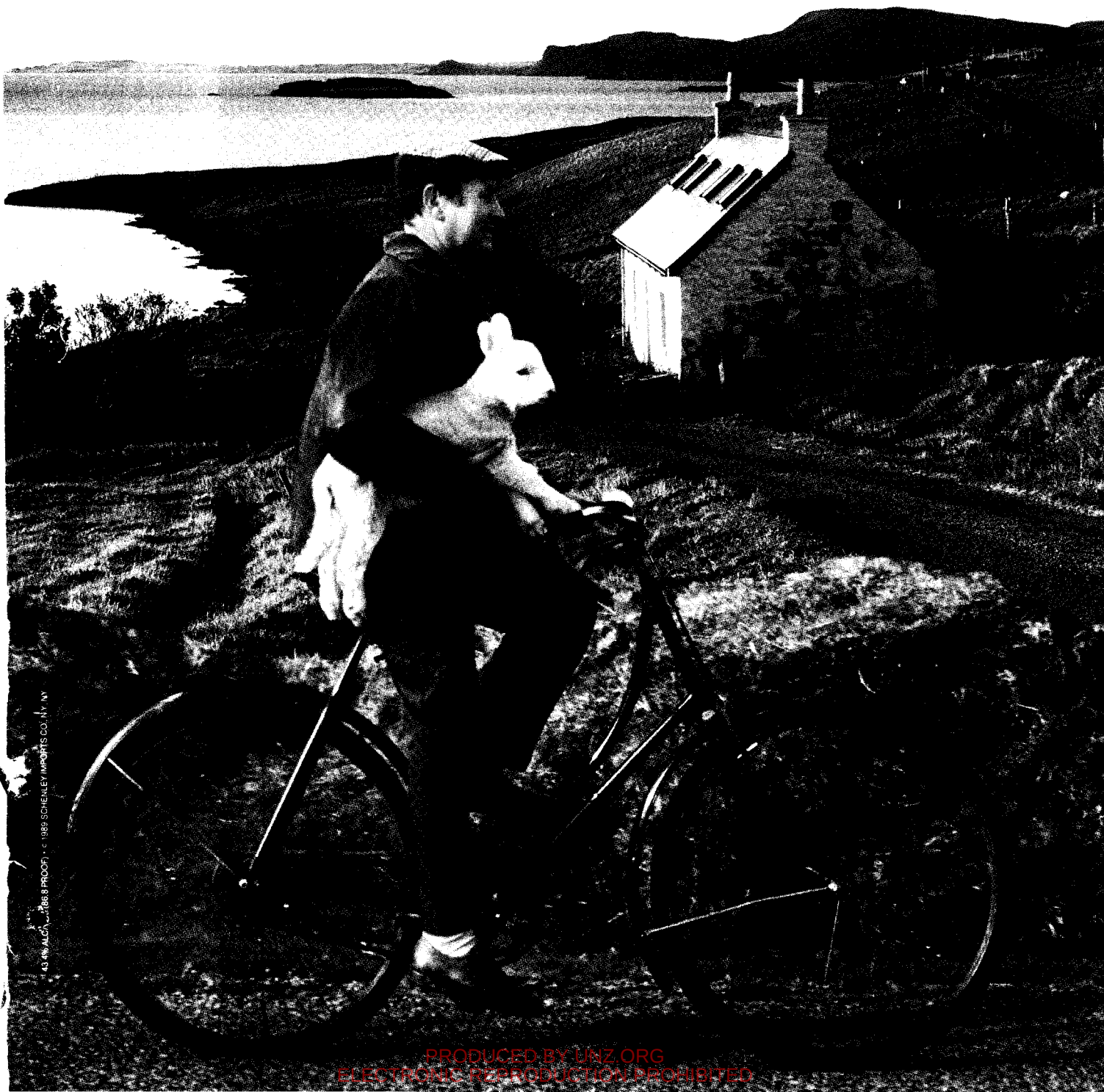




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